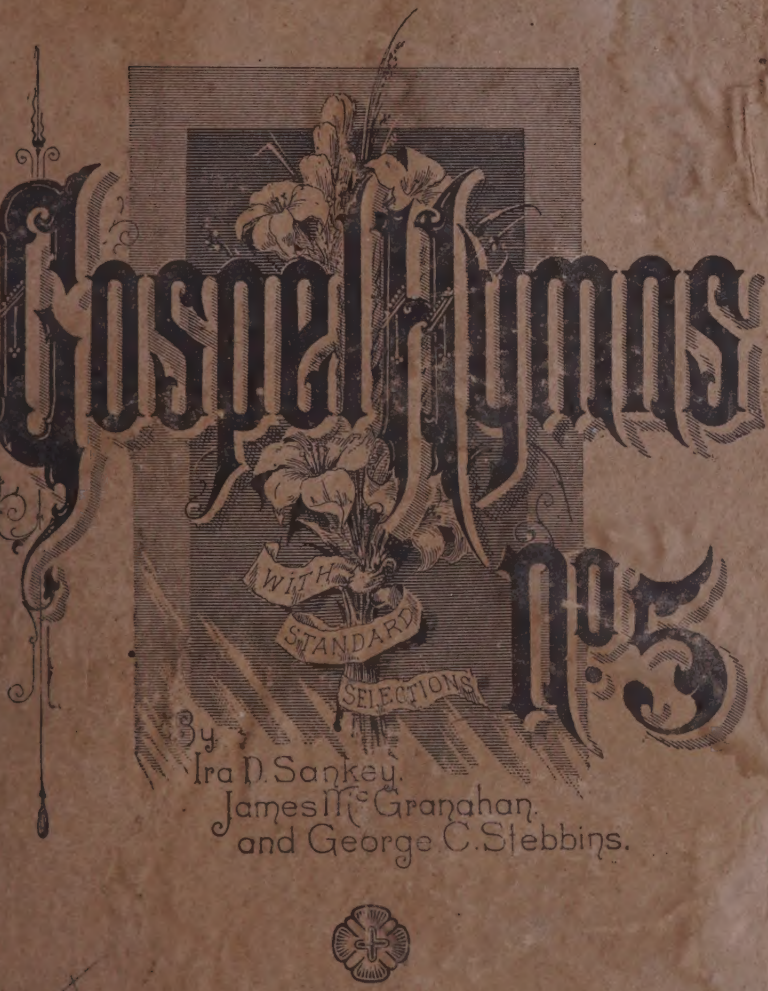
For use in Gospel Meetings
and other Religious Services



Gospel Hymns No. 5

By
Ira D. Sankey.
James McGranahan.
and George C. Stebbins.

PUBLISHED BY

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GOSPEL HYMNS

No. 5.

WITH STANDARD SELECTIONS

BY

IRA D. SANKEY,

JAMES McGRANAHAN AND GEO. C. STEBBINS.

PUBLISHED BY

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74 WEST FOURTH ST., CINCINNATI, O.
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Sa5

PREFACE.

This collection, used by Mr. D. L. MOODY, Dr. GEO. F. PENTECOST, Mr. D. W. WHITTLE, and other Christian workers, contains the latest and best pieces of the compilers, and a large number of the most useful and popular Sacred Songs by many of the leading composers of the day. A few Standard Hymns and Tunes by the best English authors will also be found in this volume, which, together with the fine selection from "Gospel Hymns Consolidated," make a book which we hope will give satisfaction to all who use it. *It contains more new pieces than any of the single numbers that have preceded it.*

IRA D. SANKEY,
JAMES McGRANAHAN.
GEORGE C. STEBBINS.

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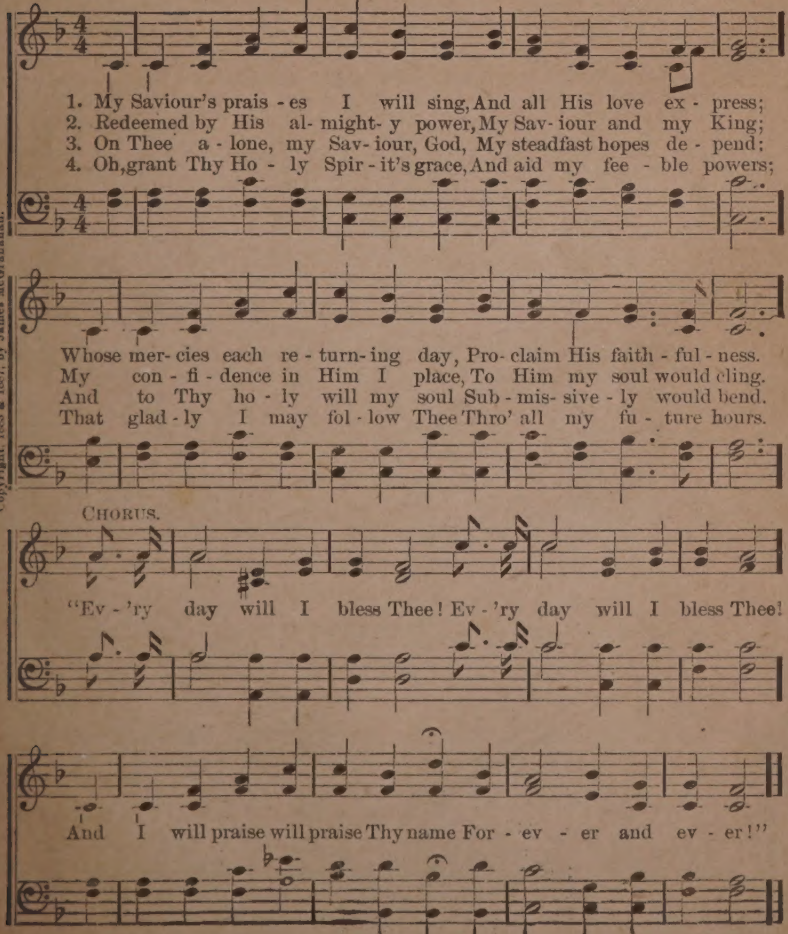
GOSPEL HYMNS
No. 5,
WITH STANDARD SELECTIONS.

No. 1. **Every Day Will I Bless Thee.**

Ps. 145: 2.

J. E. A. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.


1. My Saviour's prais - es I will sing, And all His love ex - press;
2. Redeemed by His al- might- y power, My Sav- iour and my King;
3. On Thee a - lone, my Sav- iour, God, My steadfast hopes de - pend;
4. Oh, grant Thy Ho - ly Spir - it's grace, And aid my fee - ble powers;
Whose mer- cies each re - turn- ing day, Pro- claim His faith - ful - ness.
My con - fi - dence in Him I place, To Him my soul would cling.
And to Thy ho - ly will my soul Sub - mis- sive - ly would bend.
That glad - ly I may fol - low Thee Thro' all my fu - ture hours.
CHORUS.
"Ev - 'ry day will I bless Thee! Ev - 'ry day will I bless Thee!
And I will praise will praise Thy name For - ev - er and ev - er!"

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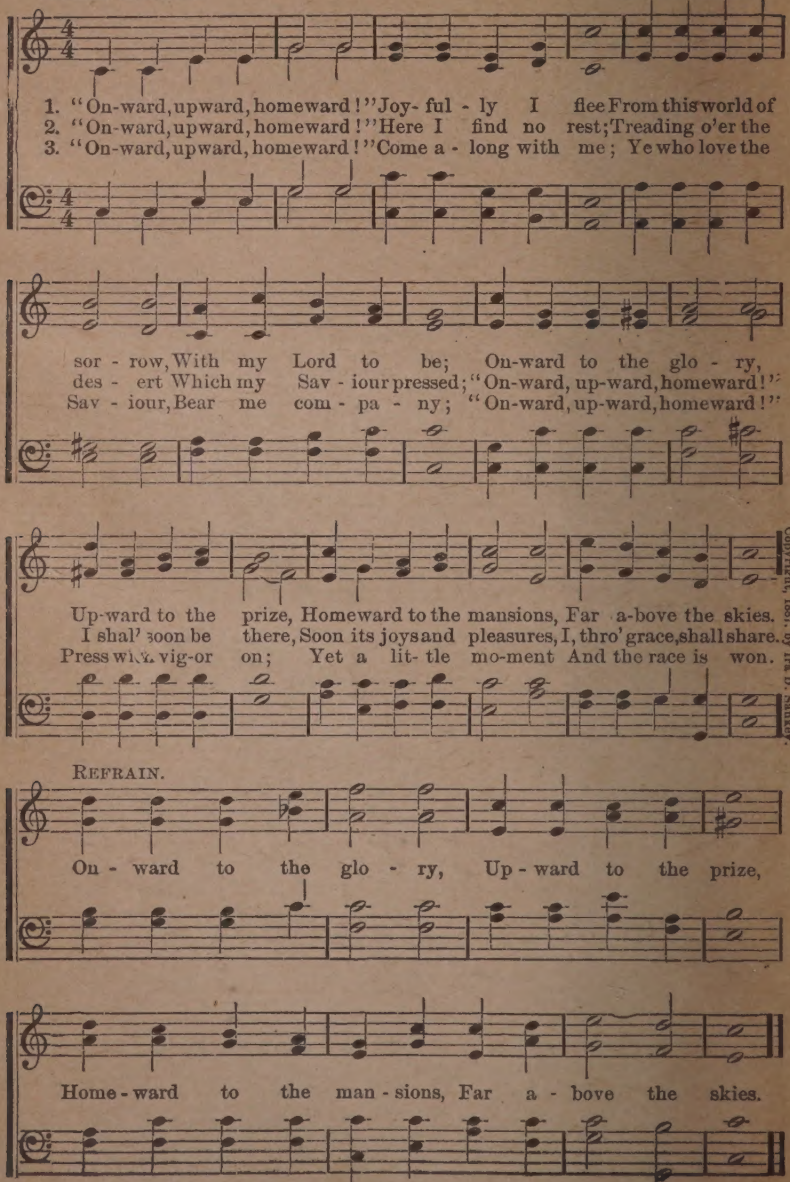
No. 2. Onward, Upward, Homeward!

"I press toward the mark."—PHIL. 3: 16.

ALBERT MIDLANE. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. "On-ward, upward, homeward!" Joy- ful - ly I flee From this world of
2. "On-ward, upward, homeward!" Here I find no rest; Treading o'er the
3. "On-ward, upward, homeward!" Come a - long with me; Ye who love the
sor - row, With my Lord to be; On-ward to the glo - ry,
des - ert Which my Sav - iour pressed; "On-ward, up-ward, homeward!"
Sav - iour, Bear me com - pa - ny; "On-ward, up-ward, homeward!"
Up-ward to the prize, Homeward to the mansions, Far a-bove the skies.
I shal' soon be there, Soon its joys and pleasures, I, thro' grace, shall share.
Press with vig-or on; Yet a lit- tle mo-ment And the race is won.
REFRAIN.
On - ward to the glo - ry, Up - ward to the prize,
Home - ward to the man - sions, Far a - bove the skies.

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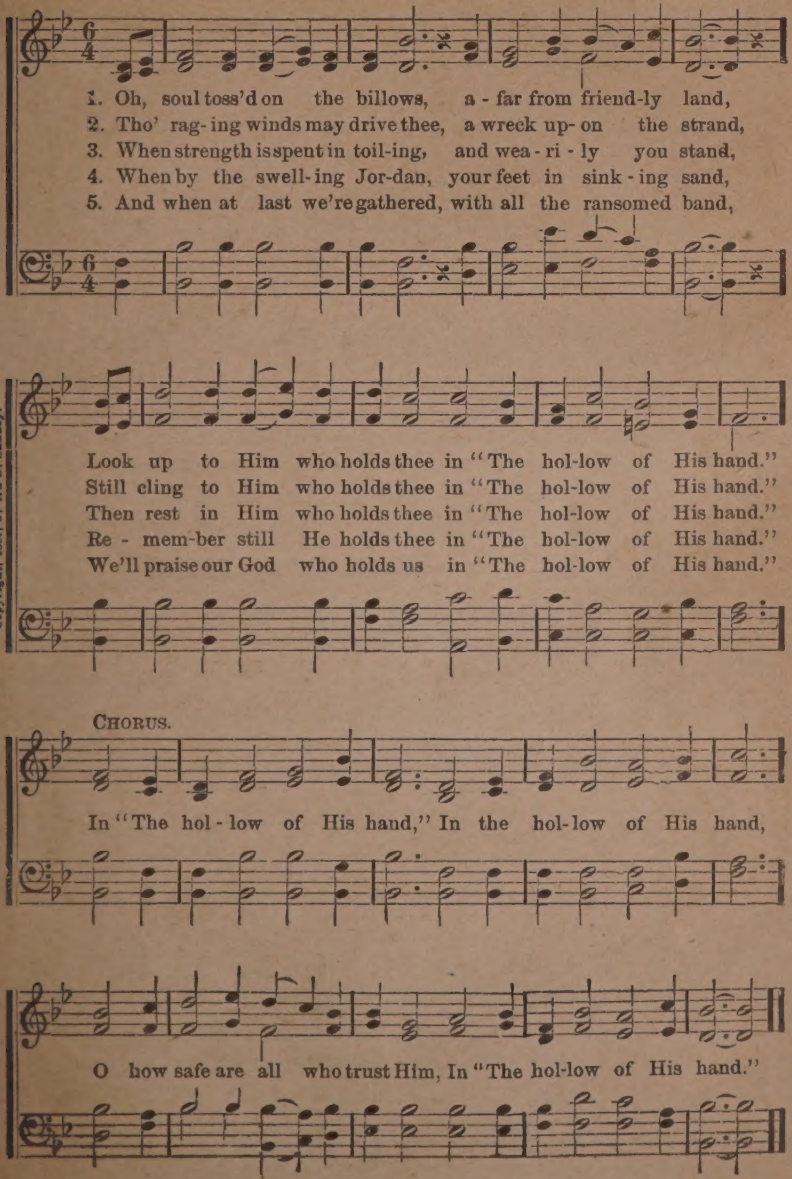
No. 3. In The Hollow of His Hand.

"Neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand."—JOHN 10. 28.

LOUISE J. KIRKWOOD, alt. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Oh, soul toss'd on the billows, a - far from friend-ly land,
2. Tho' rag-ing winds may drive thee, a wreck up-on the strand,
3. When strength is spent in toil-ing, and wea - ri - ly you stand,
4. When by the swell-ing Jor-dan, your feet in sink - ing sand,
5. And when at last we're gathered, with all the ransomed band,
Look up to Him who holds thee in "The hol-low of His hand."
Still cling to Him who holds thee in "The hol-low of His hand."
Then rest in Him who holds thee in "The hol-low of His hand."
Re - mem-ber still He holds thee in "The hol-low of His hand."
We'll praise our God who holds us in "The hol-low of His hand."
CHORUS.
In "The hol - low of His hand," In the hol-low of His hand,
O how safe are all who trust Him, In "The hol-low of His hand."

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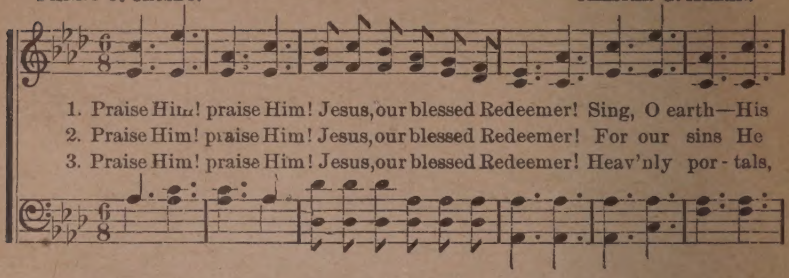
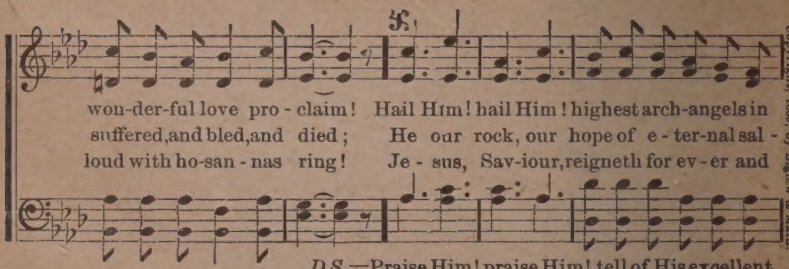
No. 4. Praise Him! Praise Him!

"I will sing praises unto my God."—Ps. 146: 2.

FANNY J. CROSBY. CHESTER G. ALLEN.


1. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Redeemer! Sing, O earth—His
2. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Redeemer! For our sins He
3. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Redeemer! Heav'nly por - tals,


won-der-ful love pro - claim! Hail Him! hail Him! highest arch-angels in
suffered, and bled, and died; He our rock, our hope of e - ter-nal sal -
loud with ho-san - nas ring! Je - sus, Sav-iour, reigneth for ev - er and
D.S.—Praise Him! praise Him! tell of His excellent

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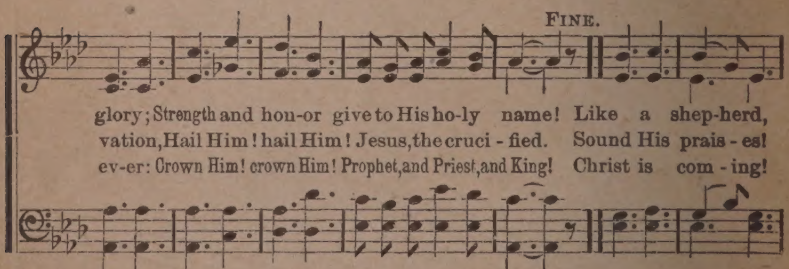
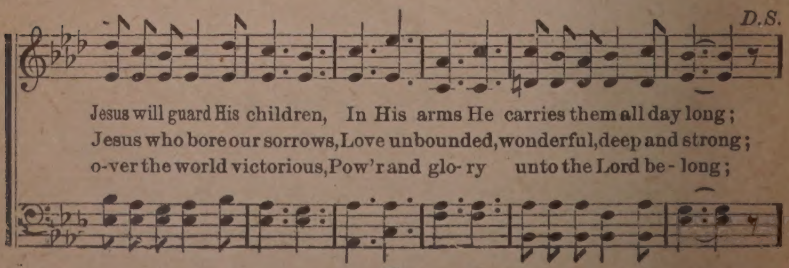

FINE.
glory; Strength and hon-or give to His ho-ly name! Like a shep-herd,
vation, Hail Him! hail Him! Jesus, the cruci - fied. Sound His prais - es!
ev-er: Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King! Christ is com - ing!
greatness, Praise Him! praise Him! ever in joyful song!

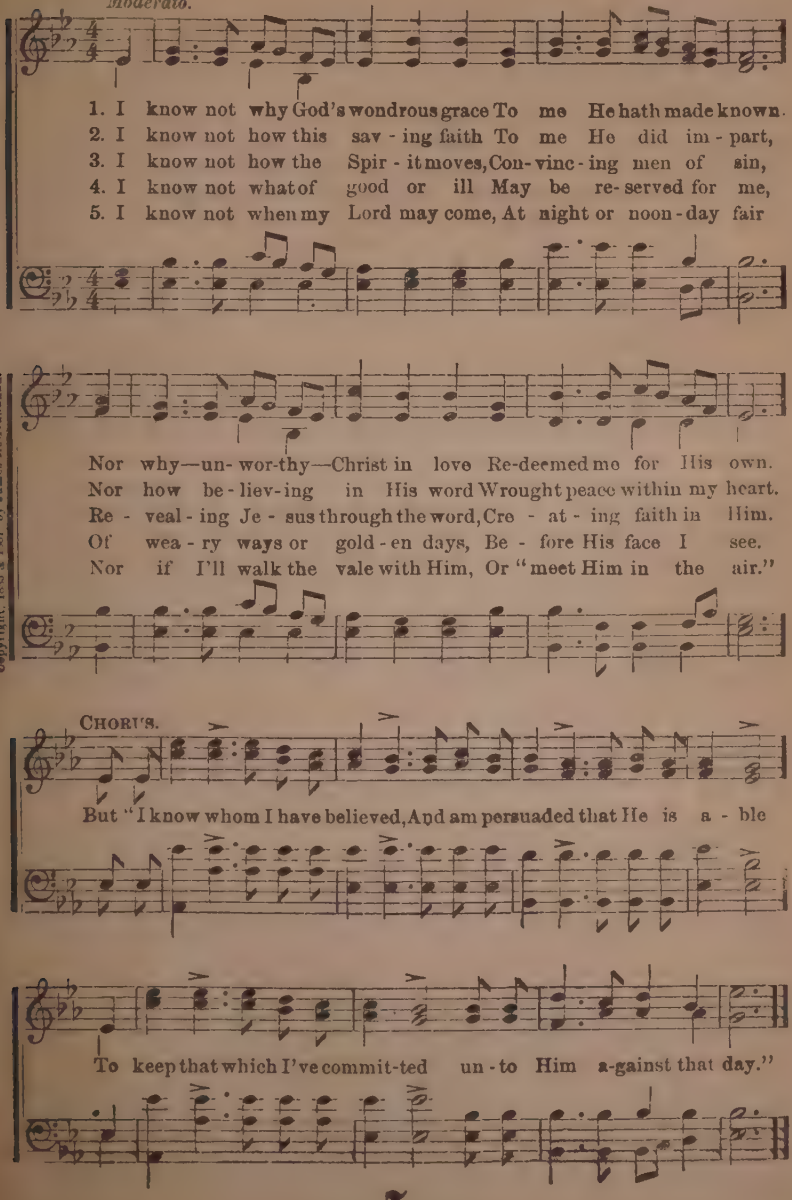

D.S.
Jesus will guard His children, In His arms He carries them all day long;
Jesus who bore our sorrows, Love unbounded, wonderful, deep and strong;
o-ver the world victorious, Pow'r and glo-ry unto the Lord be - long;

No. 5 I Know Whom I Have Believed.

2 Tim. 1: 12.

El. Nathan. James McGranahan.

Moderato.


1. I know not why God's wondrous grace To me He hath made known.
2. I know not how this sav - ing faith To me He did im - part,
3. I know not how the Spir - it moves, Con - vinc - ing men of sin,
4. I know not what of good or ill May be re - served for me,
5. I know not when my Lord may come, At night or noon - day fair
Nor why—un- wor-thy—Christ in love Re-deemed me for His own.
Nor how be - liev - ing in His word Wrought peace within my heart.
Re - veal - ing Je - sus through the word, Cre - at - ing faith in Him.
Of wea - ry ways or gold - en days, Be - fore His face I see.
Nor if I'll walk the vale with Him, Or "meet Him in the air."
Chorus.
But "I know whom I have believed, And am persuaded that He is a - ble
To keep that which I've commit-ted un - to Him a-gainst that day."

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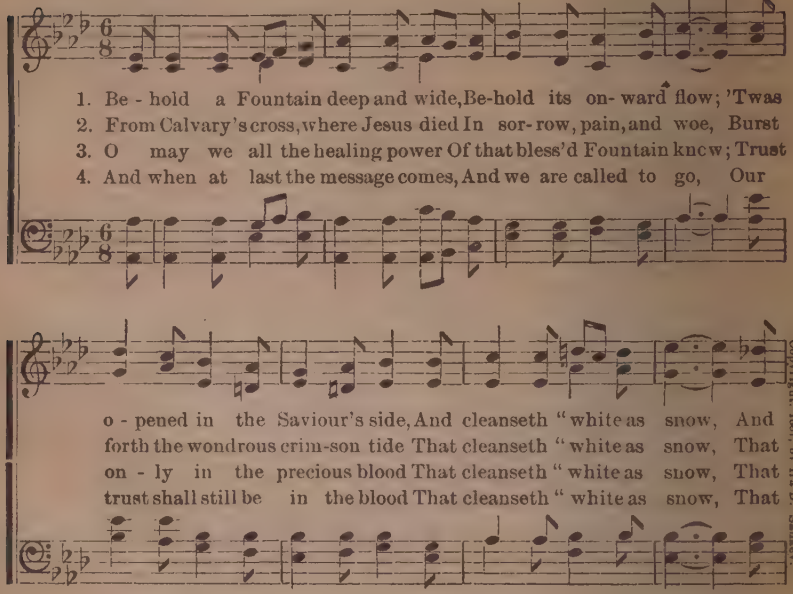
No. 6. The Cleansing Fountain.

"A fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness."—ZECH. 13: 1.

RIAN A. DYKES. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Be - hold a Fountain deep and wide, Be-hold its on- ward flow; 'Twas
2. From Calvary's cross, where Jesus died In sor- row, pain, and woe, Burst
3. O may we all the healing power Of that bless'd Fountain know; Trust
4. And when at last the message comes, And we are called to go, Our
o - pened in the Saviour's side, And cleanseth "white as snow, And
forth the wondrous crim-son tide That cleanseth "white as snow, That
on - ly in the precious blood That cleanseth "white as snow, That
trust shall still be in the blood That cleanseth "white as snow, That

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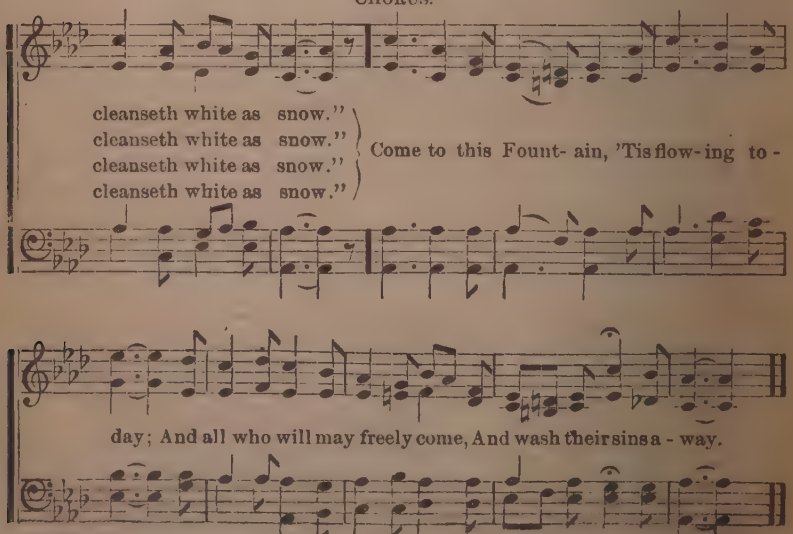
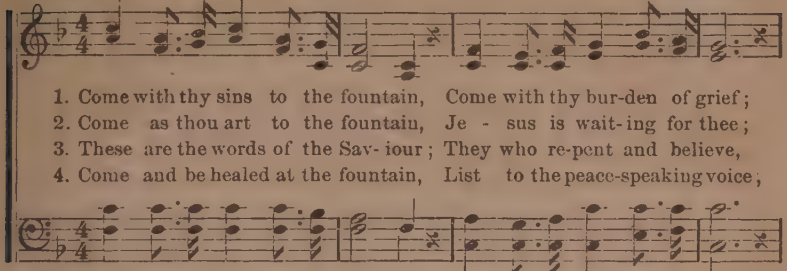
CHORUS.

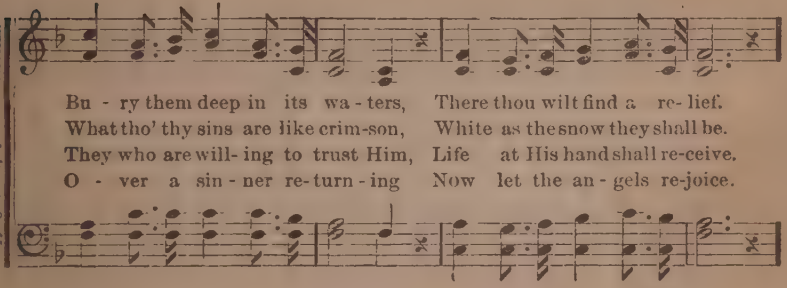

cleanseth white as snow."
cleanseth white as snow."
cleanseth white as snow."
cleanseth white as snow."
Come to this Fount- ain, 'Tis flow- ing to -
day; And all who will may freely come, And wash their sins a - way.

No. 7. Come to the Fountain.

"For with thee is the fountain of life."—Ps. 36: 9.

FANNY J. CROSBY. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Come with thy sins to the fountain, Come with thy bur-den of grief;
2. Come as thou art to the fountain, Je - sus is wait-ing for thee;
3. These are the words of the Sav-iour; They who re-pent and believe,
4. Come and be healed at the fountain, List to the peace-speaking voice;


Bu - ry them deep in its wa - ters, There thou wilt find a re-lief.
What tho' thy sins are like crim-son, White as the snow they shall be.
They who are will-ing to trust Him, Life at His hand shall re-ceive.
O - ver a sin - ner re-turn - ing Now let the an - gels re-joice.

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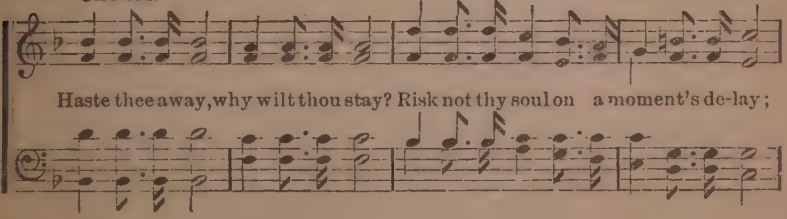
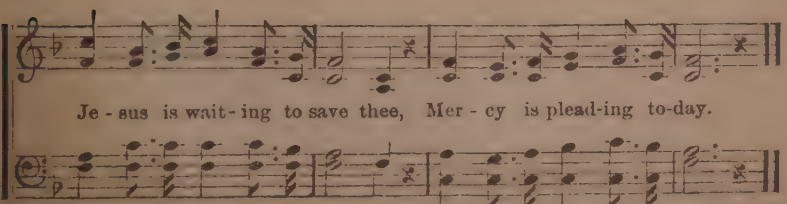
CHORUS.

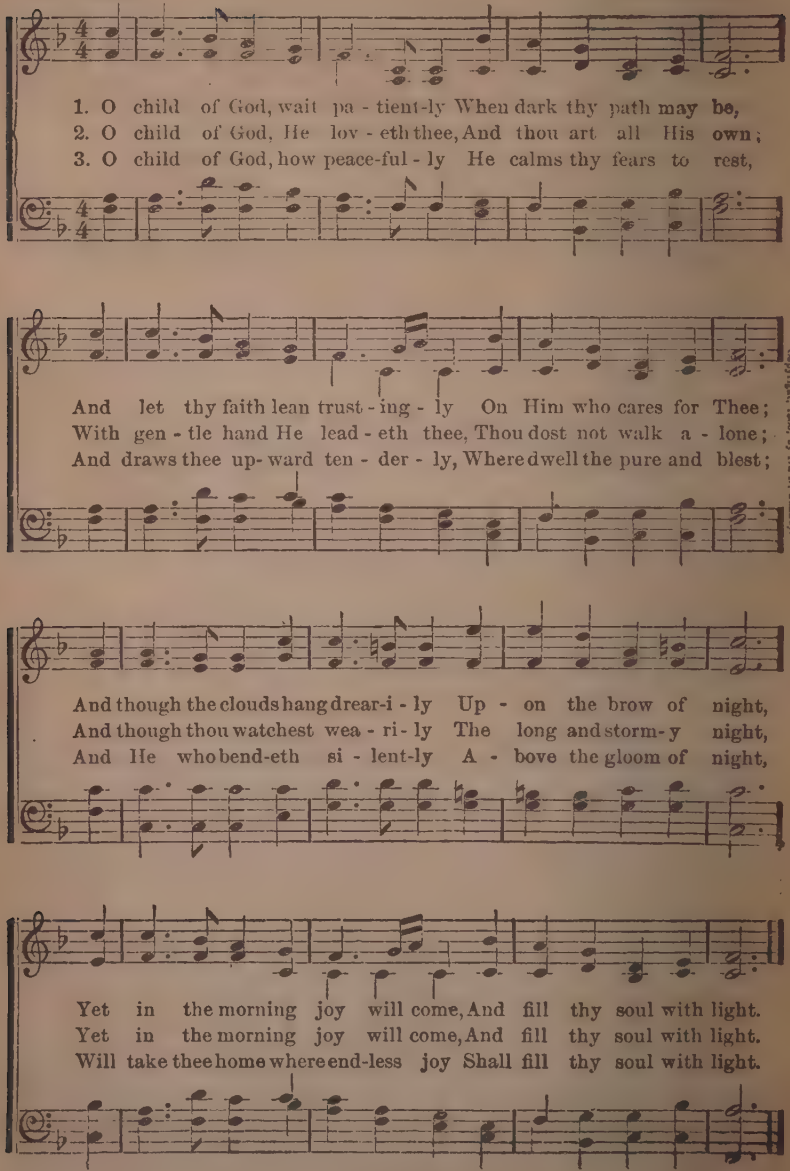




No. 8. O Child of God.

"Joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. 30:5.

F. J. CROSBY. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. O child of God, wait pa - tient-ly When dark thy path may be,
2. O child of God, He lov - eth thee, And thou art all His own;
3. O child of God, how peace-ful - ly He calms thy fears to rest,
And let thy faith lean trust - ing - ly On Him who cares for Thee;
With gen - tle hand He lead - eth thee, Thou dost not walk a - lone;
And draws thee up- ward ten - der - ly, Where dwell the pure and blest;
And though the clouds hang drear-i - ly Up - on the brow of night,
And though thou watchest wea - ri - ly The long and storm- y night,
And He who bend-eth si - lent-ly A - bove the gloom of night,
Yet in the morning joy will come, And fill thy soul with light.
Yet in the morning joy will come, And fill thy soul with light.
Will take thee home where end-less joy Shall fill thy soul with light.

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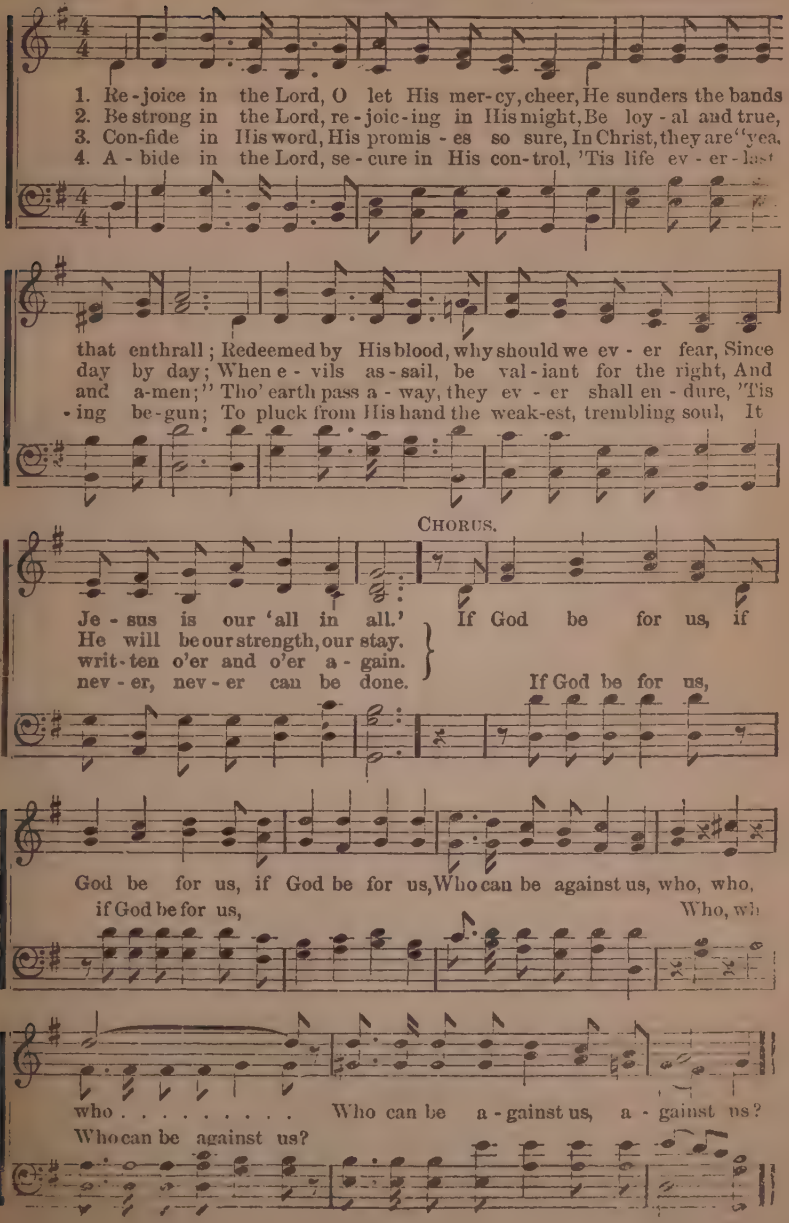
No. 9.

If God be For Us.

G. M. J. ROM. 8: 13. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. Re-joice in the Lord, O let His mer-cy, cheer, He sunders the bands
2. Be strong in the Lord, re-joic-ing in His might, Be loy-al and true,
3. Con-fide in His word, His promis-es so sure, In Christ, they are "yea,
4. A-bide in the Lord, se-cure in His con-trol, 'Tis life ev-er-last
that enthrall; Redeemed by His blood, why should we ev-er fear, Since
day by day; When e-vils as-sail, be val-iant for the right, And
and a-men;" Tho' earth pass a-way, they ev-er shall en-dure, 'Tis
-ing be-gun; To pluck from His hand the weak-est, trembling soul, It
CHORUS.
Je-sus is our 'all in all.' If God be for us, if
He will be our strength, our stay.
writ-ten o'er and o'er a-gain.
nev-er, nev-er can be done.
If God be for us,
God be for us, if God be for us, Who can be against us, who, who,
if God be for us, Who, wh
who . . . . . Who can be a-gainst us, a-gainst us?
Who can be against us?

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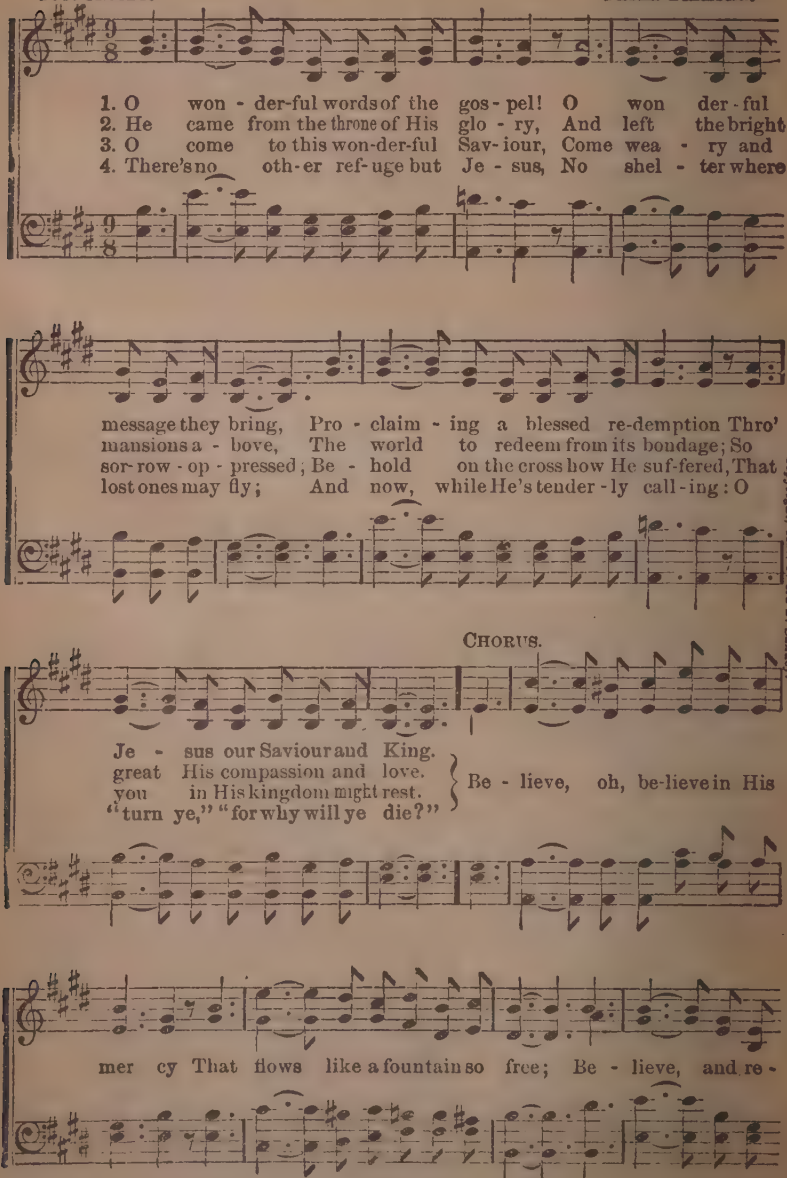
No. 10.

Redemption.

"In whom we have redemption through his blood."—Eph. 1: 7.

F. J. Crosby. Peter Bilhorn.


1. O won - der-ful words of the gos - pel! O won der - ful
2. He came from the throne of His glo - ry, And left the bright
3. O come to this won-der-ful Sav - iour, Come wea - ry and
4. There's no oth-er ref-uge but Je - sus, No shel - ter where
message they bring, Pro - claim - ing a blessed re-demption Thro'
mansions a - bove, The world to redeem from its bondage; So
sor-row - op - pressed; Be - hold on the cross how He suf-fered, That
lost ones may fly; And now, while He's tender - ly call - ing: O
Chorus.
Je - sus our Saviour and King.
great His compassion and love.
you in His kingdom might rest.
"turn ye," "for why will ye die?"
Be - lieve, oh, be-lieve in His
mer cy That flows like a fountain so free; Be - lieve, and re -

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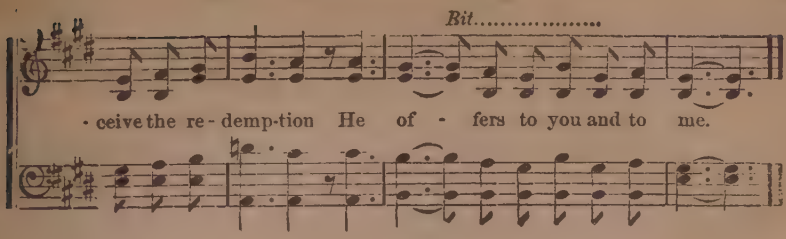
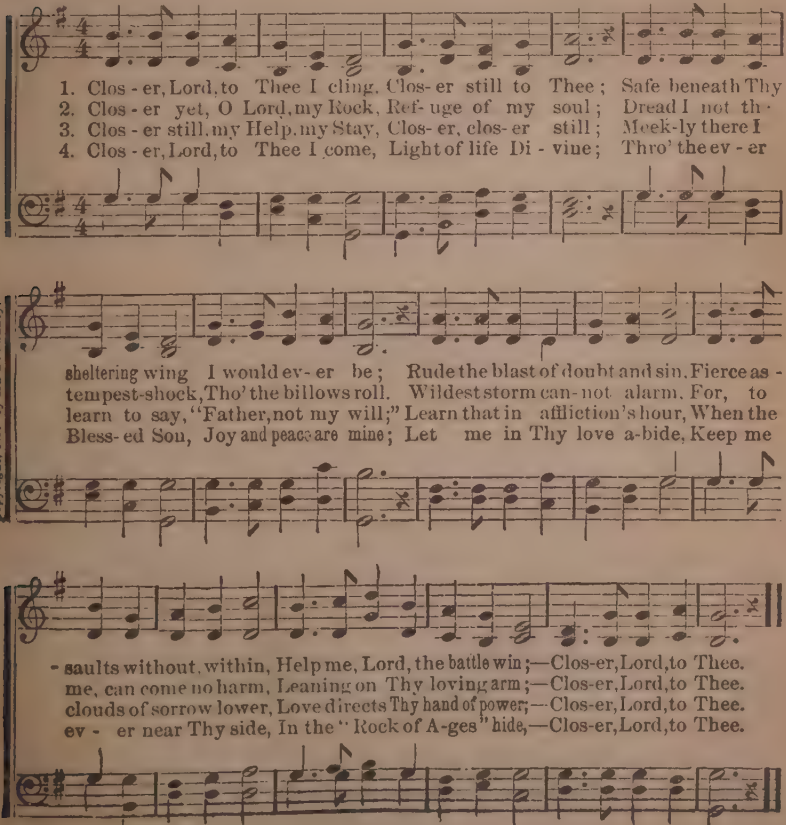


No. 11. Closer, Lord, to Thee.

"It is good for me to draw near to God."—Ps. 73: 28.

E. G. TAYLOR, D.D. Alt. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Clos - er, Lord, to Thee I cling, Clos-er still to Thee; Safe beneath Thy
2. Clos - er yet, O Lord, my Rock, Ref-uge of my soul; Dread I not the
3. Clos - er still, my Help, my Stay, Clos-er, clos-er still; Meek-ly there I
4. Clos - er, Lord, to Thee I come, Light of life Di - vine; Thro' the ev - er
sheltering wing I would ev-er be; Rude the blast of doubt and sin, Fierce as -
tempest-shock, Tho' the billows roll. Wildest storm can-not alarm, For, to
learn to say, "Father, not my will;" Learn that in affliction's hour, When the
Bless-ed Son, Joy and peace are mine; Let me in Thy love a-bide, Keep me
- saults without, within, Help me, Lord, the battle win;—Clos-er, Lord, to Thee.
me, can come no harm, Leaning on Thy loving arm;—Clos-er, Lord, to Thee.
clouds of sorrow lower, Love directs Thy hand of power;—Clos-er, Lord, to Thee.
ev - er near Thy side, In the "Rock of A-ges" hide,—Clos-er, Lord, to Thee.

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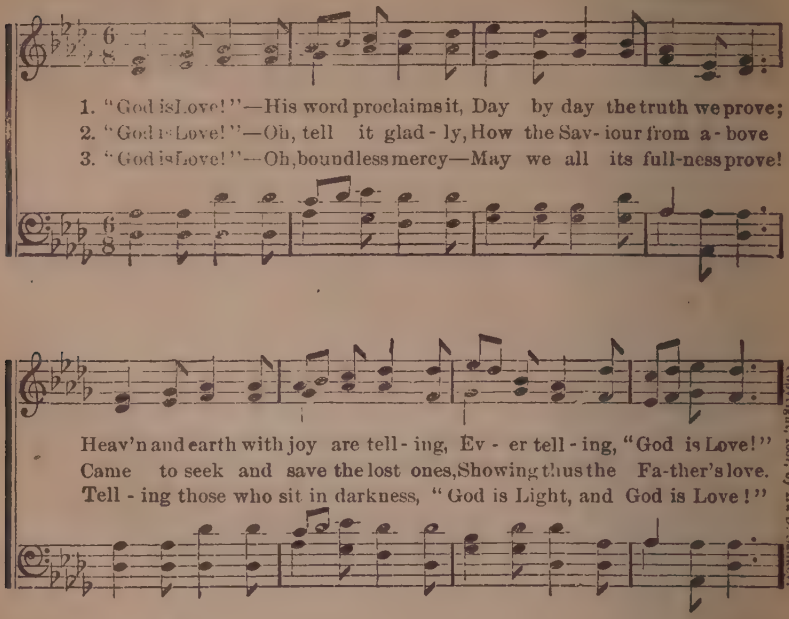
No. 12. God is Love!

"He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love."—1 JOHN 4: 8.

RIAN A. DYKES. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. "God is Love!"—His word proclaims it, Day by day the truth we prove;
2. "God is Love!"—Oh, tell it glad - ly, How the Sav - iour from a - bove
3. "God is Love!"—Oh, boundless mercy—May we all its full-ness prove!
Heav'n and earth with joy are tell - ing, Ev - er tell - ing, "God is Love!"
Came to seek and save the lost ones, Showing thus the Fa-ther's love.
Tell - ing those who sit in darkness, "God is Light, and God is Love!"
CHORUS.
Hal - le - lu - jah! tell the sto - ry, Sung by an - gel choirs a - bove;
Sounding forth the mighty chorus—"God is Light, and God is Love!"

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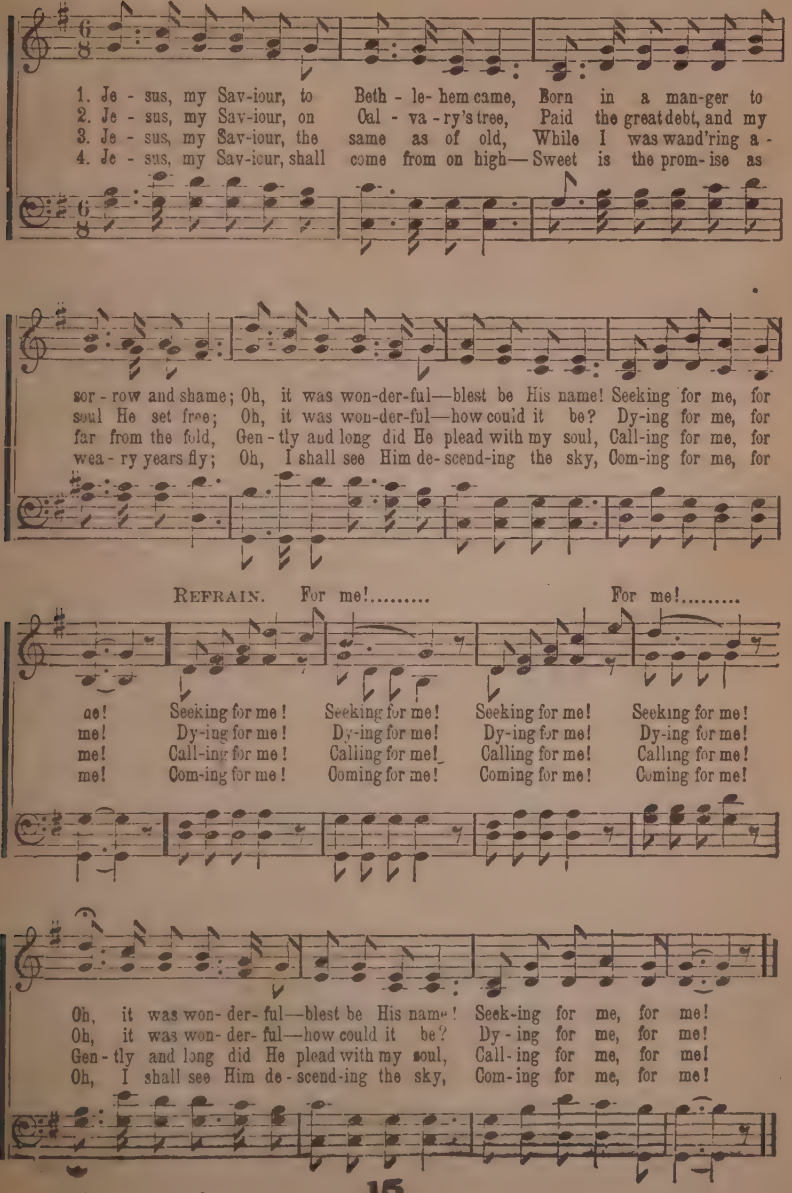
No. 13.

Seeking for Me.

"I will both search My sheep, and seek them out."—EZEK. 34: 11.

A. N. E. E. HASTY, by per.

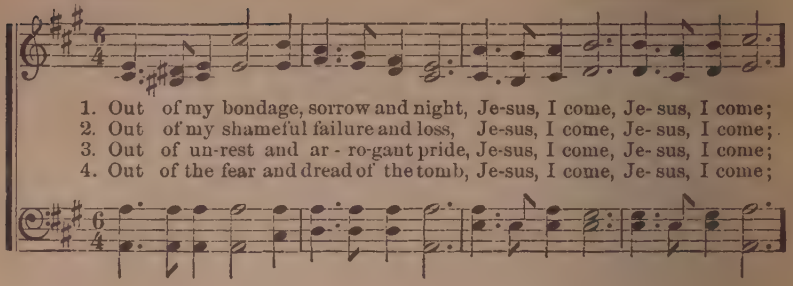

1. Je - sus, my Sav-iour, to Beth - le- hem came, Born in a man-ger to
2. Je - sus, my Sav-iour, on Cal - va - ry's tree, Paid the great debt, and my
3. Je - sus, my Sav-iour, the same as of old, While I was wand'ring a -
4. Je - sus, my Sav-iour, shall come from on high— Sweet is the prom- ise as
sor - row and shame; Oh, it was won-der-ful—blest be His name! Seeking for me, for
soul He set free; Oh, it was won-der-ful—how could it be? Dy-ing for me, for
far from the fold, Gen - tly and long did He plead with my soul, Call-ing for me, for
wea - ry years fly; Oh, I shall see Him de- scend-ing the sky, Com-ing for me, for
REFRAIN. For me!..... For me!.....
me! Seeking for me! Seeking for me! Seeking for me! Seeking for me!
me! Dy-ing for me! Dy-ing for me! Dy-ing for me! Dy-ing for me!
me! Call-ing for me! Calling for me! Calling for me! Calling for me!
me! Com-ing for me! Coming for me! Coming for me! Coming for me!
Oh, it was won- der- ful—blest be His name! Seek-ing for me, for me!
Oh, it was won- der- ful—how could it be? Dy - ing for me, for me!
Gen - tly and long did He plead with my soul, Call- ing for me, for me!
Oh, I shall see Him de - scend-ing the sky, Com- ing for me, for me!

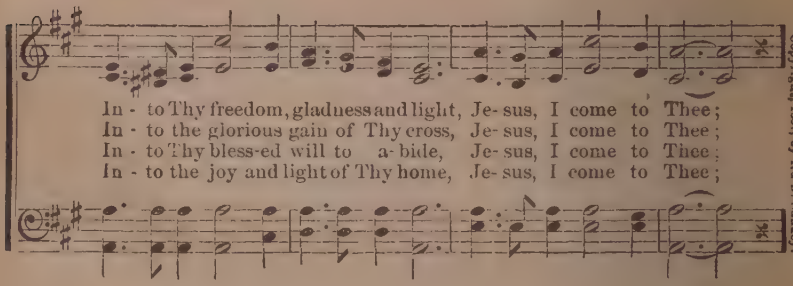
No. 14.

Jesus, I Come.

"Deliver me, O my God."—Ps. 71 : 4.

W. T. SLEEPER. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Out of my bondage, sorrow and night, Je-sus, I come, Je- sus, I come;
2. Out of my shameful failure and loss, Je-sus, I come, Je- sus, I come;
3. Out of un-rest and ar - ro-gant pride, Je-sus, I come, Je- sus, I come;
4. Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Je-sus, I come, Je- sus, I come;


In - to Thy freedom, gladness and light, Je- sus, I come to Thee;
In - to the glorious gain of Thy cross, Je- sus, I come to Thee;
In - to Thy bless-ed will to a- bide, Je- sus, I come to Thee;
In - to the joy and light of Thy home, Je- sus, I come to Thee;

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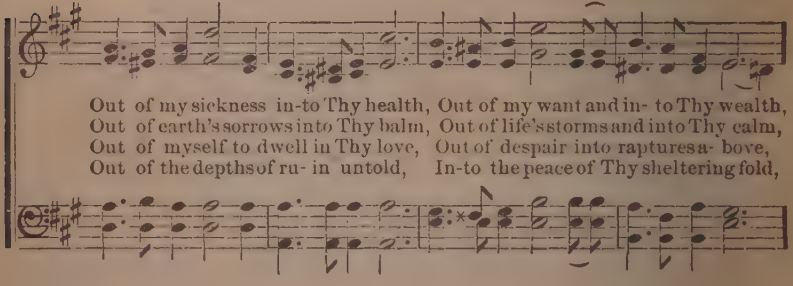
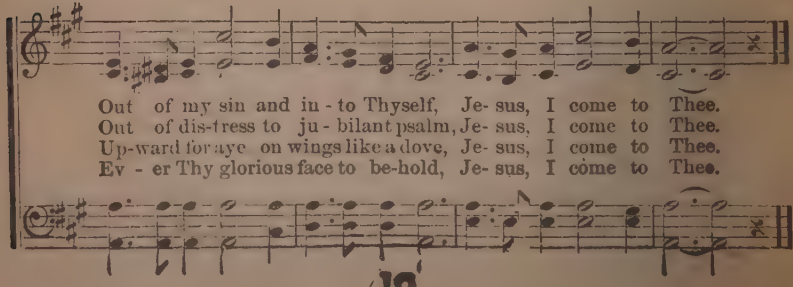
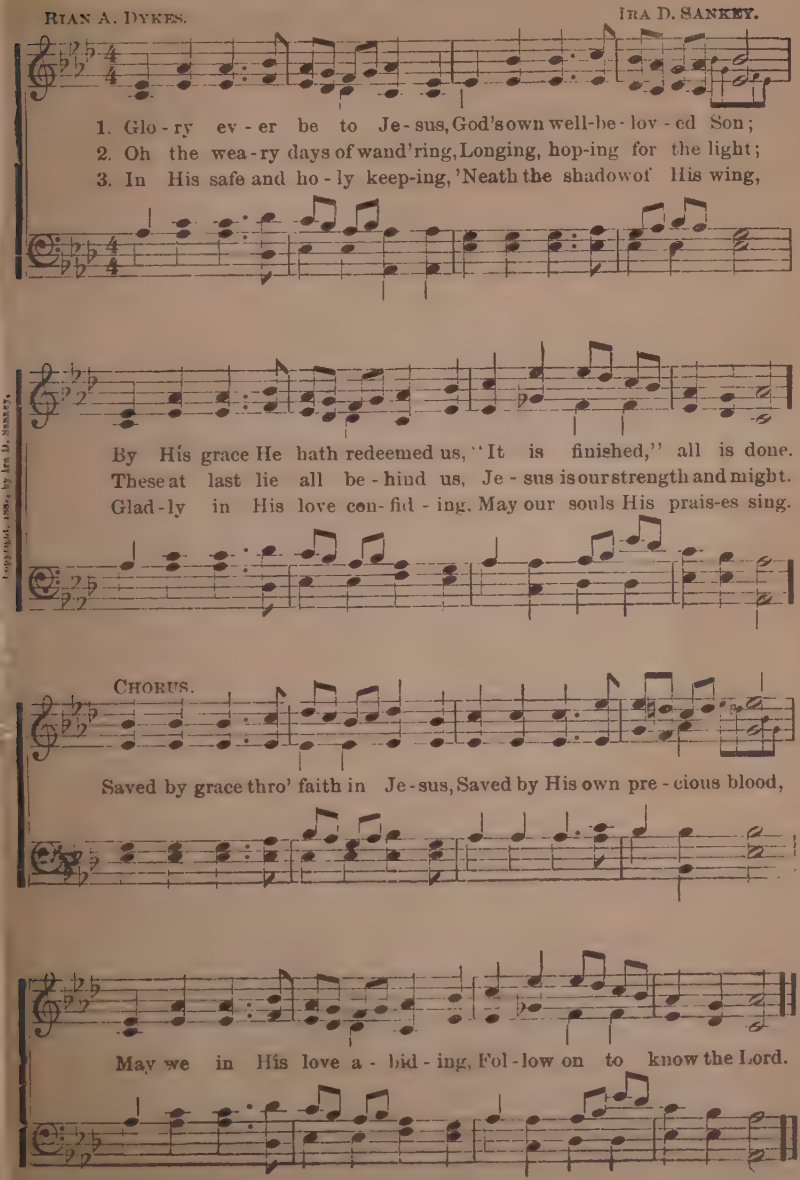

Out of my sickness in-to Thy health, Out of my want and in- to Thy wealth,
Out of earth's sorrows into Thy balm, Out of life's storms and into Thy calm,
Out of myself to dwell in Thy love, Out of despair into raptures a- bove,
Out of the depths of ru- in untold, In-to the peace of Thy sheltering fold,


Out of my sin and in - to Thyself, Je- sus, I come to Thee.
Out of dis-tress to ju - bilant psalm, Je- sus, I come to Thee.
Up-ward for aye on wings like a dove, Je- sus, I come to Thee.
Ev - er Thy glorious face to be-hold, Je- sus, I come to Thee.

No. 15. Glory Ever be to Jesus.

"Give unto the Lord glory and strength."—Psa. 96: 7.

RIAN A. DYKES. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Glo - ry ev - er be to Je - sus, God's own well-be - lov - ed Son;
2. Oh the wea - ry days of wand'ring, Longing, hop-ing for the light;
3. In His safe and ho - ly keep-ing, 'Neath the shadow of His wing,
By His grace He hath redeemed us, "It is finished," all is done.
These at last lie all be - hind us, Je - sus is our strength and might.
Glad - ly in His love con- fid - ing, May our souls His prais-es sing.
CHORUS.
Saved by grace thro' faith in Je - sus, Saved by His own pre - cious blood,
May we in His love a - bid - ing, Fol - low on to know the Lord.

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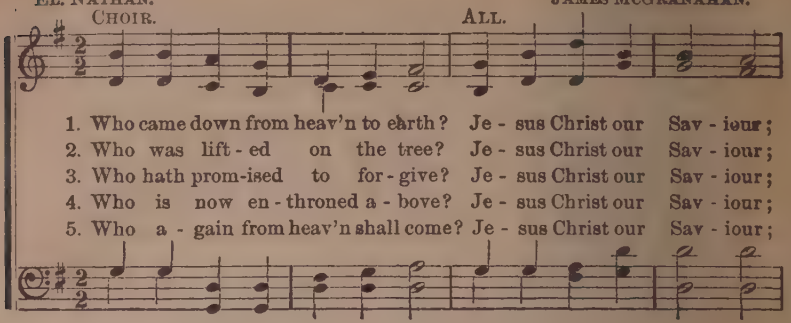
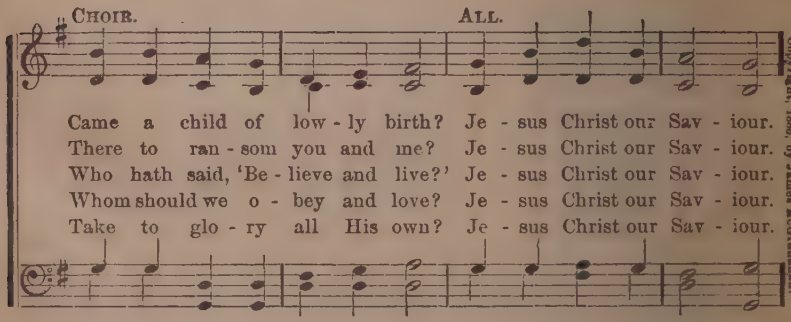
No. 16. Jesus Christ our Saviour.

"This is indeed the Christ the Saviour of the world."—JOHN 4: 42.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


CHOIR.
ALL.
1. Who came down from heav'n to earth? Je - sus Christ our Sav - iour;
2. Who was lift - ed on the tree? Je - sus Christ our Sav - iour;
3. Who hath prom-ised to for - give? Je - sus Christ our Sav - iour;
4. Who is now en - throned a - bove? Je - sus Christ our Sav - iour;
5. Who a - gain from heav'n shall come? Je - sus Christ our Sav - iour;


CHOIR.
ALL.
Came a child of low - ly birth? Je - sus Christ our Sav - iour.
There to ran - som you and me? Je - sus Christ our Sav - iour.
Who hath said, 'Be - lieve and live?' Je - sus Christ our Sav - iour.
Whom should we o - bey and love? Je - sus Christ our Sav - iour.
Take to glo - ry all His own? Je - sus Christ our Sav - iour.

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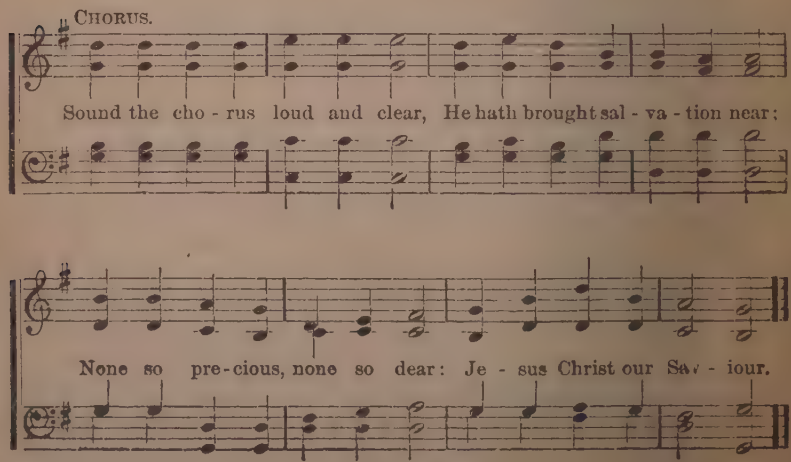
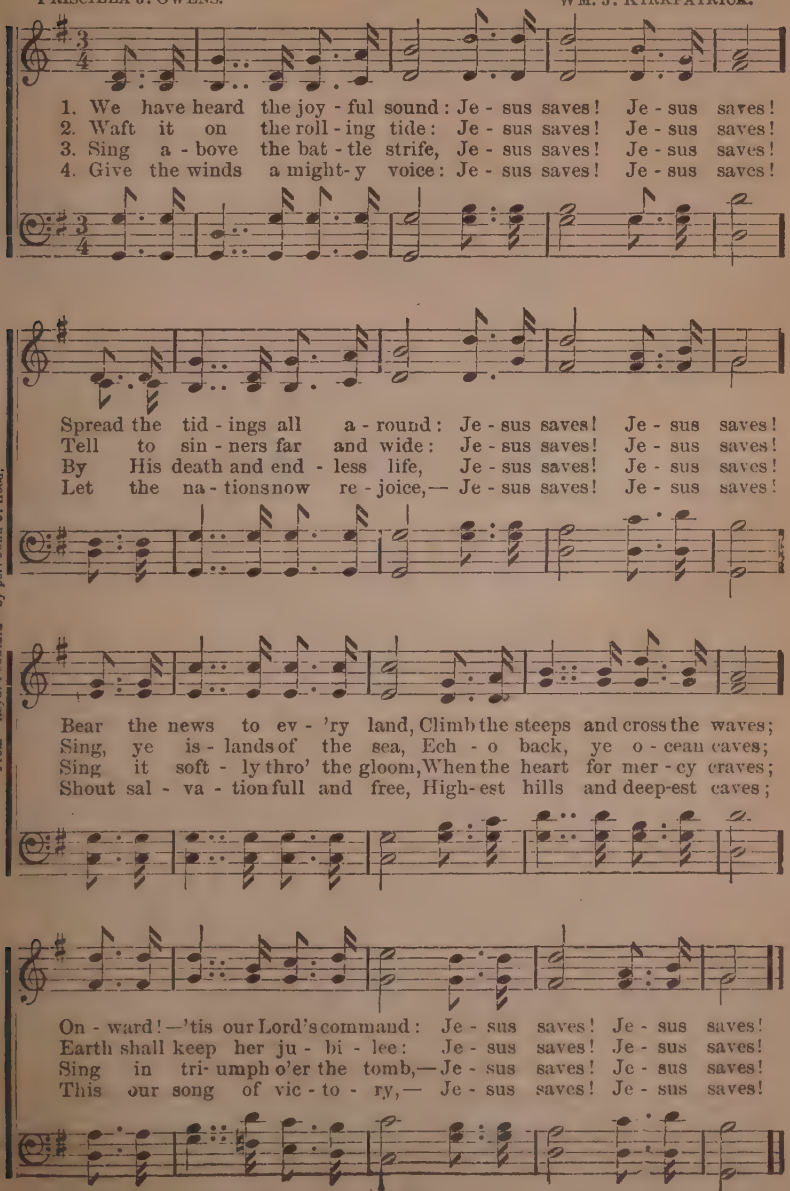

CHORUS.
Sound the cho - rus loud and clear, He hath brought sal - va - tion near;
None so pre - cious, none so dear: Je - sus Christ our Sav - iour.

No. 17. Jesus Saves!

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."—Acts 16: 31.

Priscilla J. Owens. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. We have heard the joy - ful sound: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle strife, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
4. Give the winds a might - y voice: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Spread the tid - ings all a - round: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Tell to sin - ners far and wide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
By His death and end - less life, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Let the na - tions now re - joice,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves;
Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves;
Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves;
Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deep - est caves;
On - ward!—'tis our Lord's command: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
This our song of vic - to - ry,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

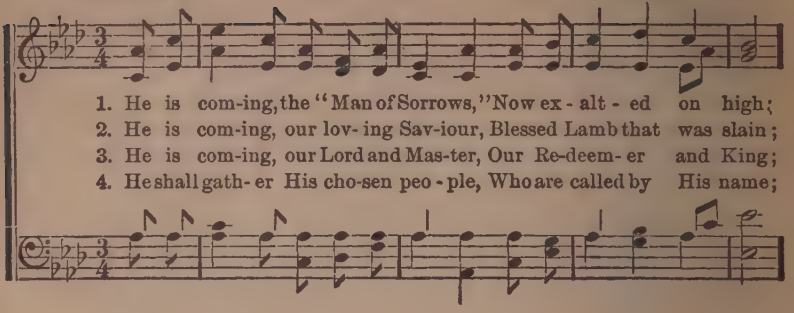
From "Royal Fountains" by per. John J. Hood.

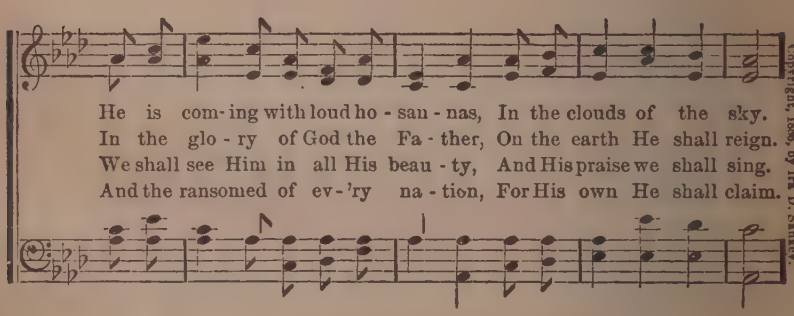
No. 18.

He is Coming.

"I will come again."—JOHN 14: 3.

ALICE MONTEITH. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. He is com-ing, the "Man of Sorrows," Now ex-alt-ed on high;
2. He is com-ing, our lov-ing Sav-iour, Blessed Lamb that was slain;
3. He is com-ing, our Lord and Mas-ter, Our Re-deem-er and King;
4. He shall gath-er His cho-sen peo-ple, Who are called by His name;


He is com-ing with loud ho-san-nas, In the clouds of the sky.
In the glo-ry of God the Fa-ther, On the earth He shall reign.
We shall see Him in all His beau-ty, And His praise we shall sing.
And the ransomed of ev-'ry na-tion, For His own He shall claim.

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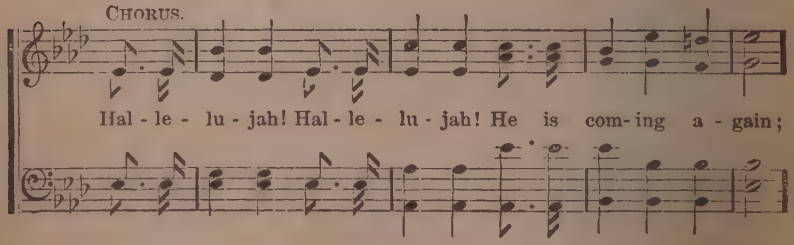
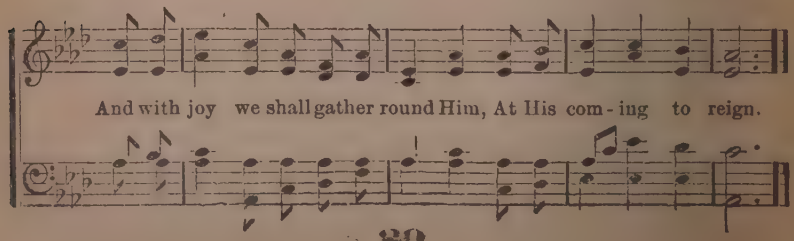
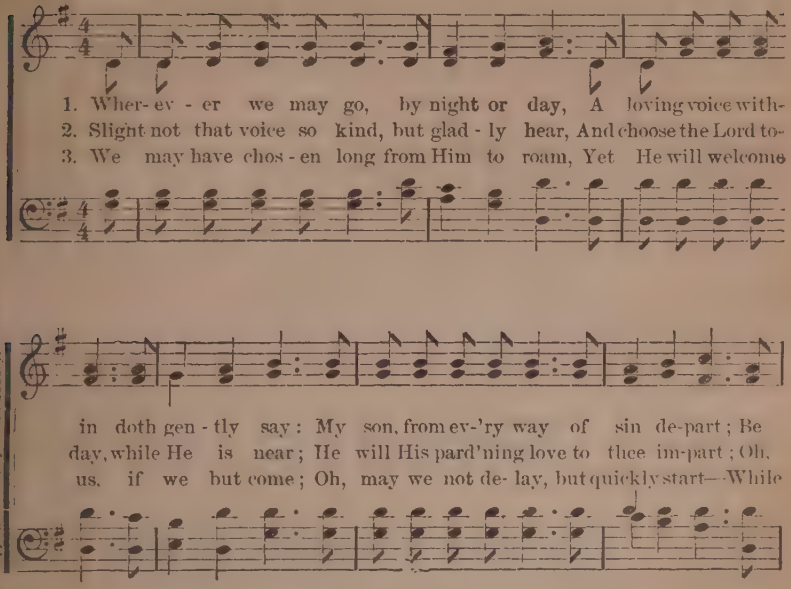




No. 19. Give Me Thine Heart!

"My son, give Me thine heart."—PROVERBS 23: 26.

E. R. LATTA. A. J. ABBEY, arr.


1. Wher-ev - er we may go, by night or day, A loving voice with-
2. Slight not that voice so kind, but glad - ly hear, And choose the Lord to-
3. We may have chos - en long from Him to roam, Yet He will welcome
in doth gen - tly say: My son, from ev-'ry way of sin de-part; Be
day, while He is near; He will His pard'ning love to thee im-part; Oh,
us, if we but come; Oh, may we not de- lay, but quickly start—While

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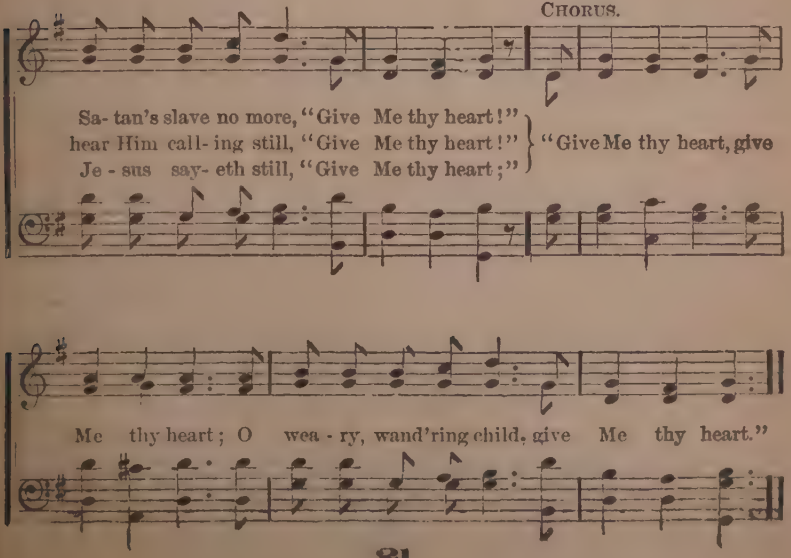
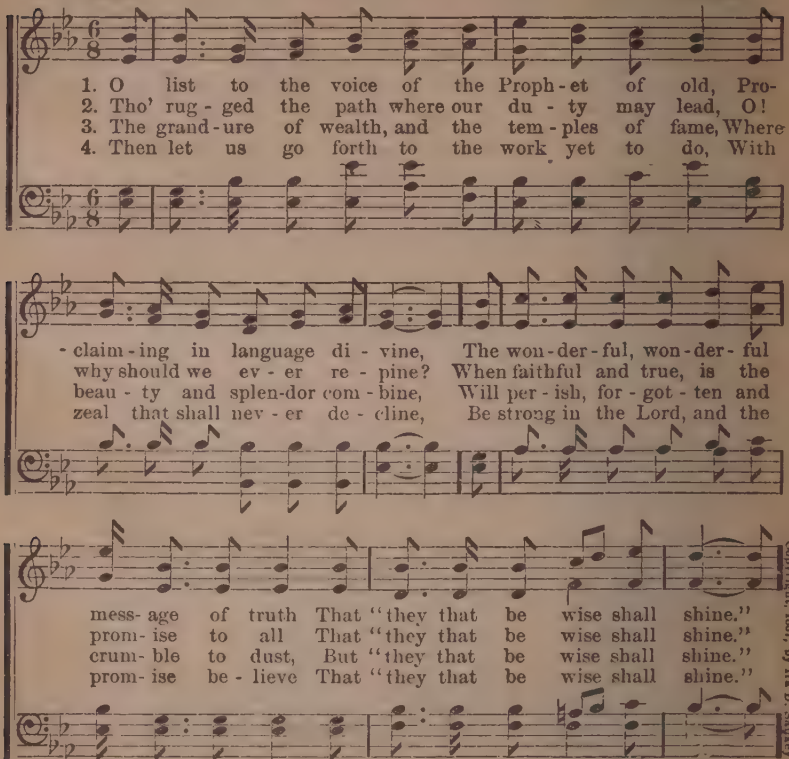
CHORUS.


Sa- tan's slave no more, "Give Me thy heart!"
hear Him call- ing still, "Give Me thy heart!"
Je - sus say- eth still, "Give Me thy heart;"
"Give Me thy heart, give
Me thy heart; O wea - ry, wand'ring child, give Me thy heart."

No. 20. They that be Wise.

"They that be wise shall shine as the firmament."—DAN. 12: 3.

F. J. CROSBY. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. O list to the voice of the Proph-et of old, Pro-
2. Tho' rug-ged the path where our du-ty may lead, O!
3. The grand-ure of wealth, and the tem-ples of fame, Where
4. Then let us go forth to the work yet to do, With
-claim-ing in language di-vine, The won-der-ful, won-der-ful
why should we ev-er re-pine? When faithful and true, is the
beau-ty and splen-dor com-bine, Will per-ish, for-got-ten and
zeal that shall nev-er de-cline, Be strong in the Lord, and the
mess-age of truth That "they that be wise shall shine."
prom-ise to all That "they that be wise shall shine."
crum-ble to dust, But "they that be wise shall shine."
prom-ise be-lieve That "they that be wise shall shine."
CHORUS.
They shall shine as bright as the stars, In the firmament jeweled with light;
Rit.
And they that turn many to righteousness As the stars for-ev-er bright.

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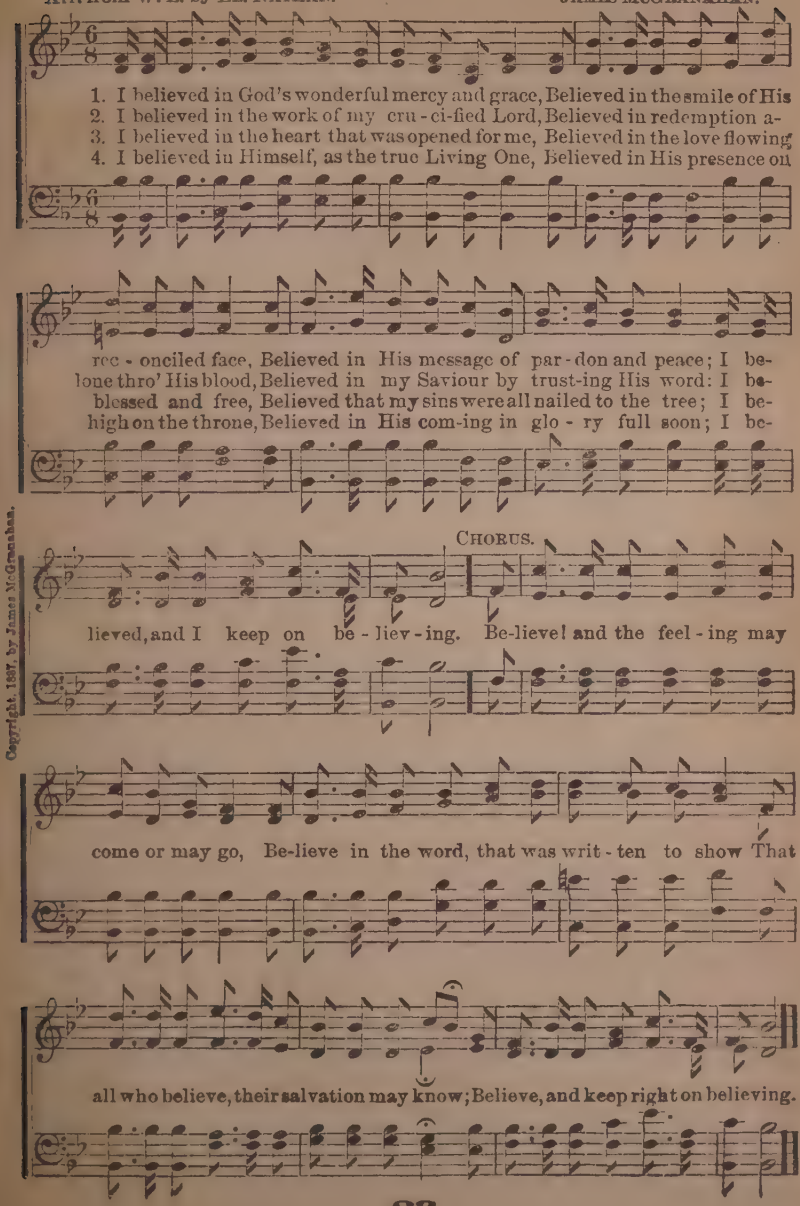
No. 21. Believe, and Keep on Believing.

"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life."—JNO. 3: 36.

Arr. from W. L. by EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.


1. I believed in God's wonderful mercy and grace, Believed in the smile of His
2. I believed in the work of my cru - ci-fied Lord, Believed in redemption a-
3. I believed in the heart that was opened for me, Believed in the love flowing
4. I believed in Himself, as the true Living One, Believed in His presence on
rec - onciled face, Believed in His message of par - don and peace; I be-
lone thro' His blood, Believed in my Saviour by trust-ing His word: I be-
blessed and free, Believed that my sins were all nailed to the tree; I be-
high on the throne, Believed in His com-ing in glo - ry full soon; I be-
CHORUS.
lieved, and I keep on be - liev - ing. Be-lieve! and the feel - ing may
come or may go, Be-lieve in the word, that was writ - ten to show That
all who believe, their salvation may know; Believe, and keep right on believing.

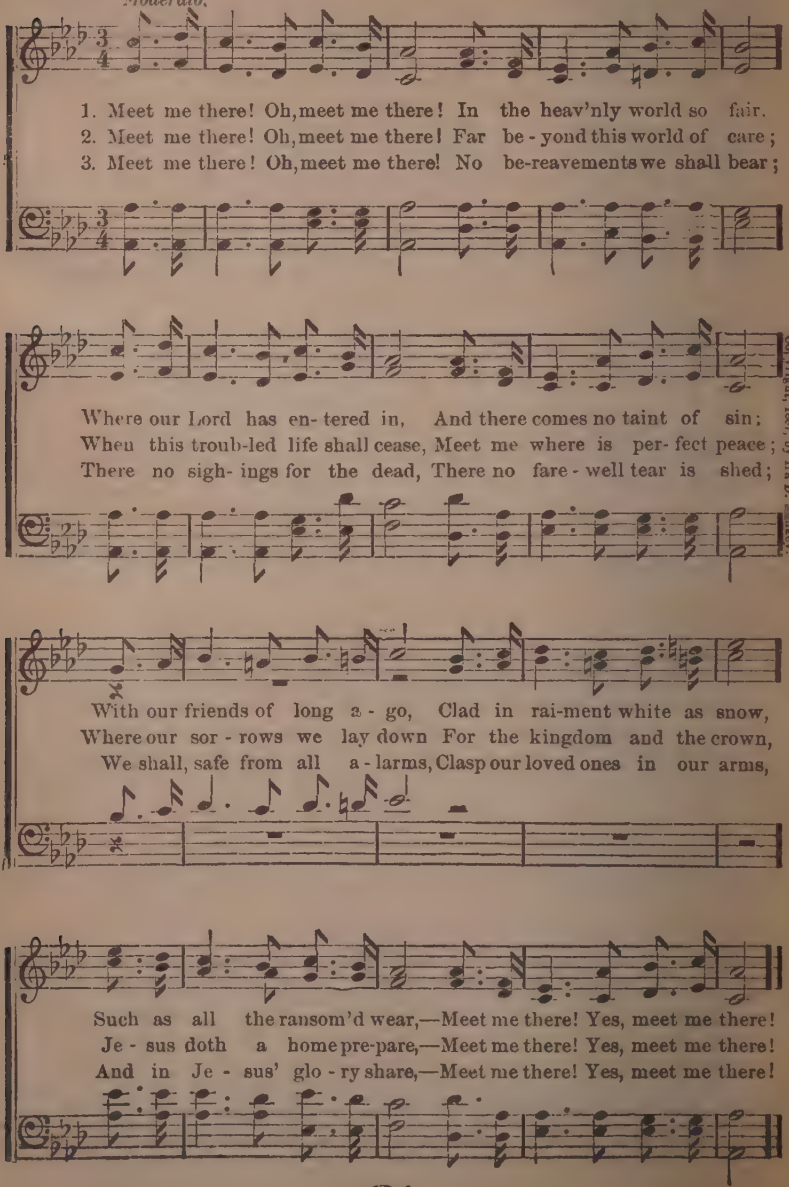
Copyright, 1887, by James McGranahan.

No. 22. Meet me There!

"Where I am there ye may be also."—JOHN 14: 3.

E. G. TAYLOR. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

Moderato.


1. Meet me there! Oh, meet me there! In the heav'nly world so fair.
2. Meet me there! Oh, meet me there! Far be - yond this world of care;
3. Meet me there! Oh, meet me there! No be-reavements we shall bear;
Where our Lord has en- tered in, And there comes no taint of sin;
When this troub-led life shall cease, Meet me where is per- fect peace;
There no sigh- ings for the dead, There no fare - well tear is shed;
With our friends of long a - go, Clad in rai-ment white as snow,
Where our sor - rows we lay down For the kingdom and the crown,
We shall, safe from all a - larms, Clasp our loved ones in our arms,
Such as all the ransom'd wear,—Meet me there! Yes, meet me there!
Je - sus doth a home pre-pare,—Meet me there! Yes, meet me there!
And in Je - sus' glo - ry share,—Meet me there! Yes, meet me there!

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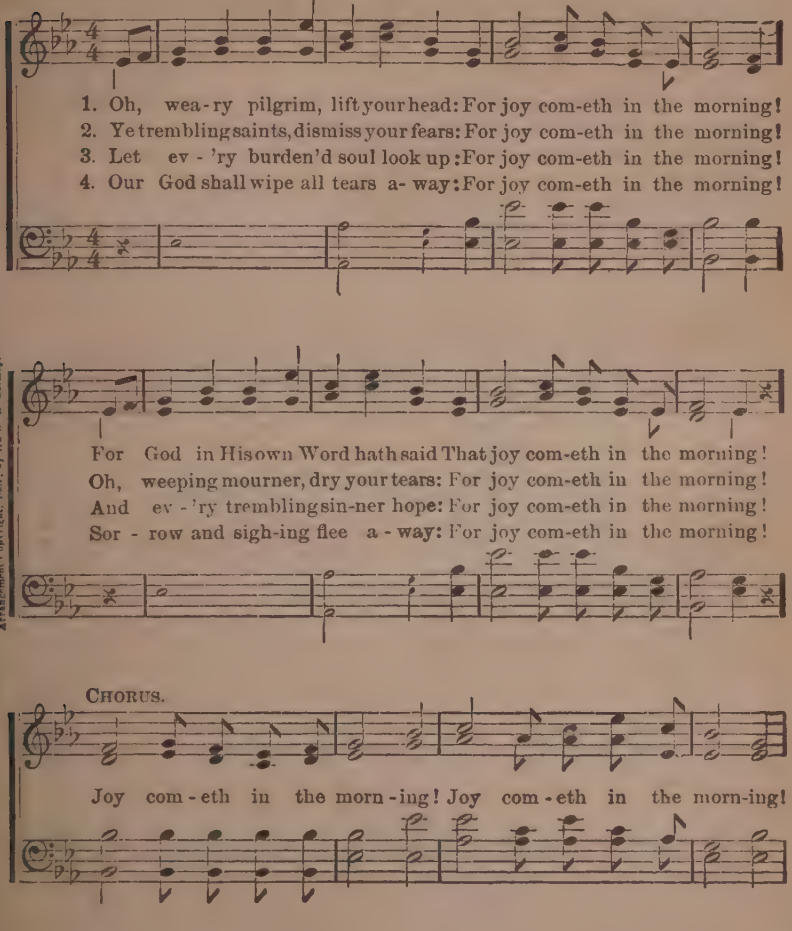
No. 23. Joy Cometh in the Morning!

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. 30: 5.

M. M. WIENLAND. E. S. LORENZ, (Arr.)

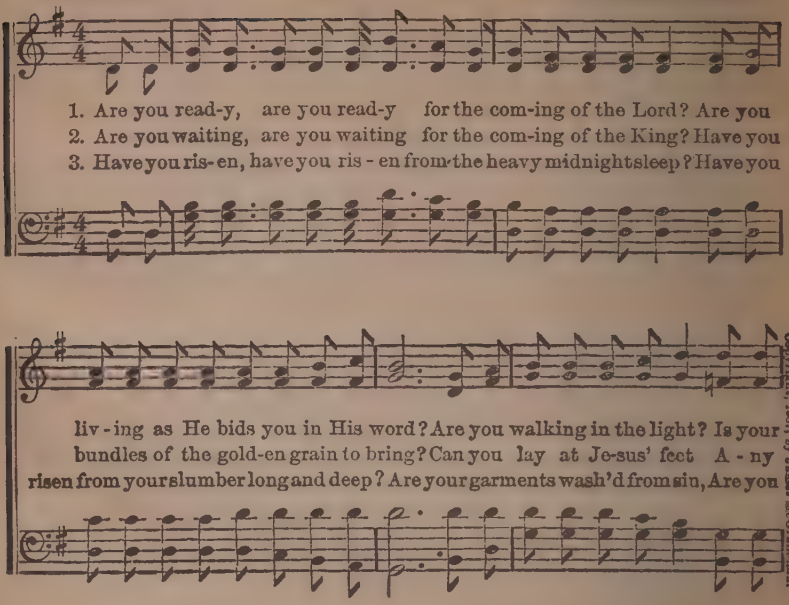

1. Oh, wea-ry pilgrim, lift your head: For joy com-eth in the morning!
2. Ye trembling saints, dismiss your fears: For joy com-eth in the morning!
3. Let ev - 'ry burden'd soul look up: For joy com-eth in the morning!
4. Our God shall wipe all tears a- way: For joy com-eth in the morning!
For God in His own Word hath said That joy com-eth in the morning!
Oh, weeping mourner, dry your tears: For joy com-eth in the morning!
And ev - 'ry trembling sin-ner hope: For joy com-eth in the morning!
Sor - row and sigh-ing flee a - way: For joy com-eth in the morning!
CHORUS.
Joy com - eth in the morn - ing! Joy com - eth in the morn-ing!
Weep-ing may en-dure for a night; But joy com-eth in the morn-ing!

Arrangement Copyright, 1897, by Ira D. Sankey.

No. 24. Be Ye also Ready.

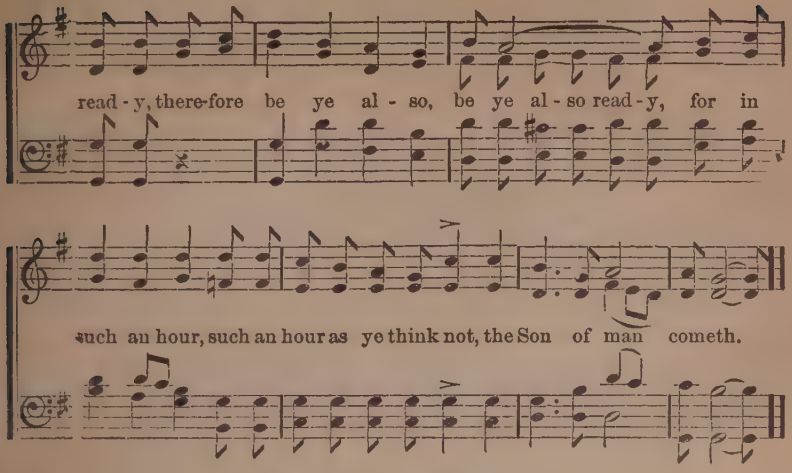
MATT. 24: 44.

GEO. R. CLARK. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. Are you read-y, are you read-y for the com-ing of the Lord? Are you
2. Are you waiting, are you waiting for the com-ing of the King? Have you
3. Have you ris-en, have you ris-en from the heavy midnight sleep? Have you
liv-ing as He bids you in His word? Are you walking in the light? Is your
bundles of the gold-en grain to bring? Can you lay at Je-sus' feet A-ny
risen from your slumber long and deep? Are your garments wash'd from sin, Are you
hope of heaven bright? Could you welcome Him to-night? Are you ready?
gather'd sheaves of wheat, There your blessed Lord to greet? Are you ready?
cleansed and pure within? Are you ready for the King? Are you ready?
CHORUS.
There-fore be ye al-so read-y, (there-fore) be ye al-so

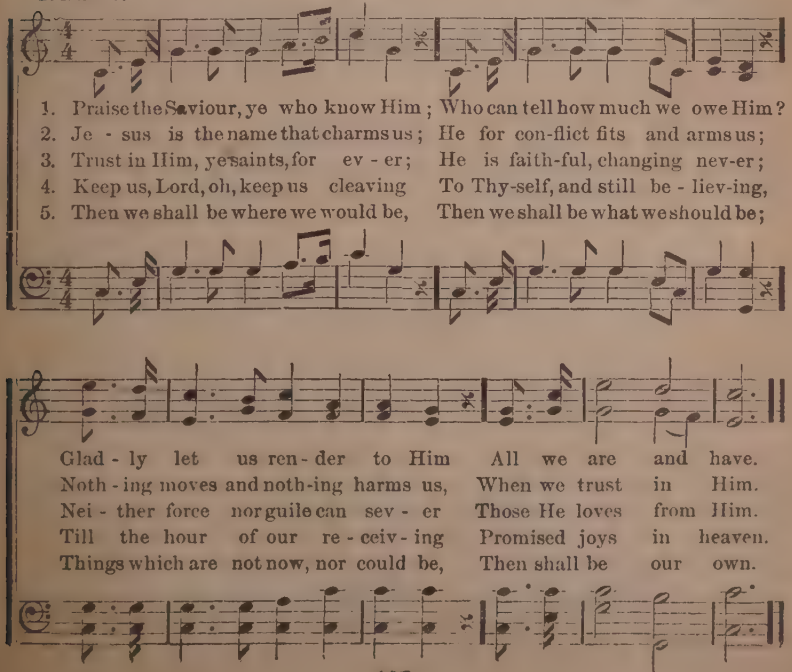
Copyright, 1881, by Jesse McGranahan.

Be Ye also Ready. —Concluded.



No. 25. Praise the Saviour.

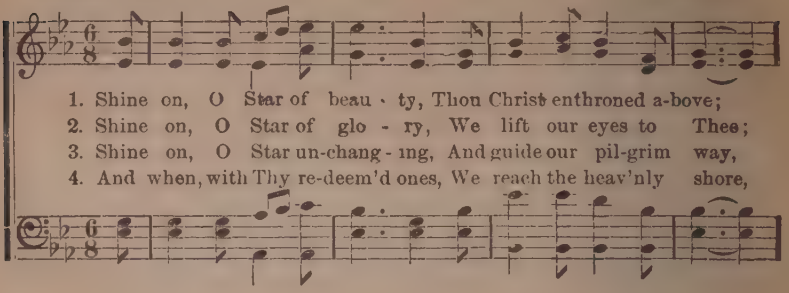
T. Kelly. Heb. 13: 15. German Melody.

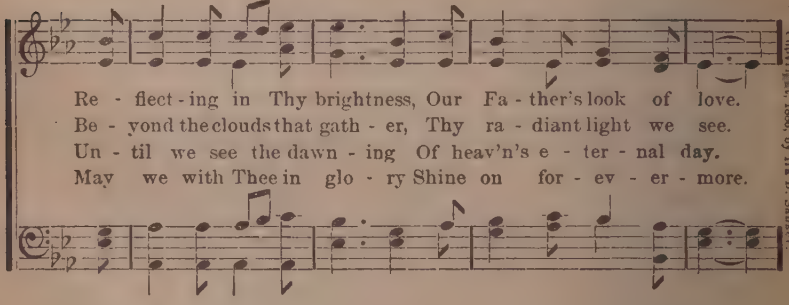

1. Praise the Saviour, ye who know Him; Who can tell how much we owe Him?
2. Je - sus is the name that charms us; He for con-flict fits and arms us;
3. Trust in Him, ye saints, for ev - er; He is faith-ful, changing nev-er;
4. Keep us, Lord, oh, keep us cleaving To Thy-self, and still be - liev-ing,
5. Then we shall be where we would be, Then we shall be what we should be;
Glad - ly let us ren - der to Him All we are and have.
Noth - ing moves and noth-ing harms us, When we trust in Him.
Nei - ther force nor guile can sev - er Those He loves from Him.
Till the hour of our re - ceiv - ing Promised joys in heaven.
Things which are not now, nor could be, Then shall be our own.

No. 26. Shine on, O Star!

"The bright and morning Star."—Rev. 22: 16.

Victoria Stuart. Ira D. Sankey.


1. Shine on, O Star of beau - ty, Thou Christ enthroned a-bove;
2. Shine on, O Star of glo - ry, We lift our eyes to Thee;
3. Shine on, O Star un-chang - ing, And guide our pil-grim way,
4. And when, with Thy re-deem'd ones, We reach the heav'nly shore,


Re - flect - ing in Thy brightness, Our Fa - ther's look of love.
Be - yond the clouds that gath - er, Thy ra - diant light we see.
Un - til we see the dawn - ing Of heav'n's e - ter - nal day.
May we with Thee in glo - ry Shine on for - ev - er - more.

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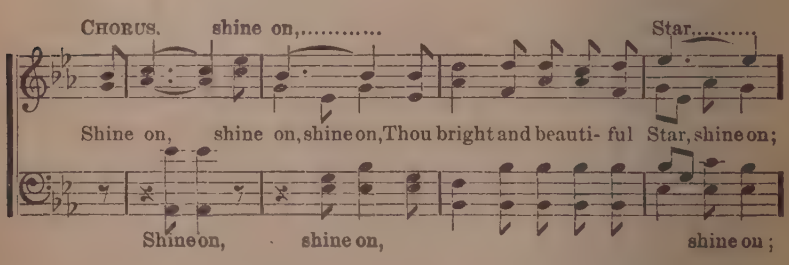
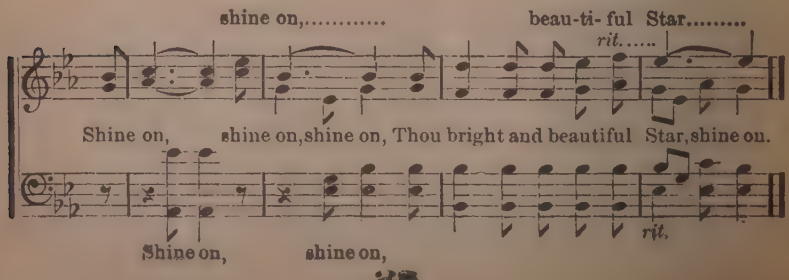
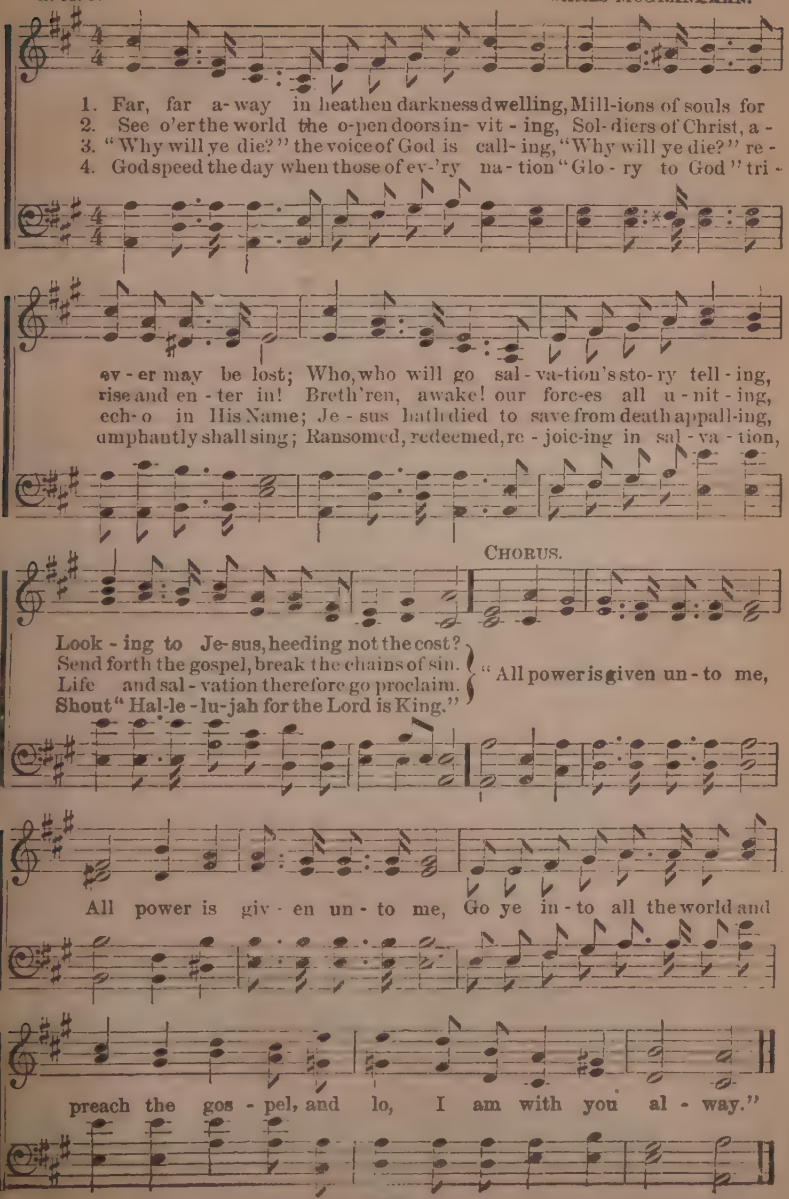




No. 27. Go Ye Into all the World.

MATT. 28: 18. MARK 16: 15.

G. M. J. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. Far, far a-way in heathen darkness dwelling, Mill-ions of souls for
2. See o'er the world the o-pen doors in-vit-ing, Sol-diers of Christ, a-
3. "Why will ye die?" the voice of God is call-ing, "Why will ye die?" re-
4. God speed the day when those of ev-'ry na-tion "Glo-ry to God" tri-
ev-er may be lost; Who, who will go sal-va-tion's sto-ry tell-ing,
rise and en-ter in! Breth'ren, awake! our forc-es all u-nit-ing,
ech-o in His Name; Je-sus hath died to save from death appall-ing,
umphantly shall sing; Ransomed, redeemed, re-joic-ing in sal-va-tion,
CHORUS.
Look-ing to Je-sus, heeding not the cost?
Send forth the gospel, break the chains of sin.
Life and sal-vation therefore go proclaim.
Shout "Hal-le-lu-jah for the Lord is King."
"All power is given un-to me,
All power is giv-en un-to me, Go ye in-to all the world and
preach the gos-pel, and lo, I am with you al-way."

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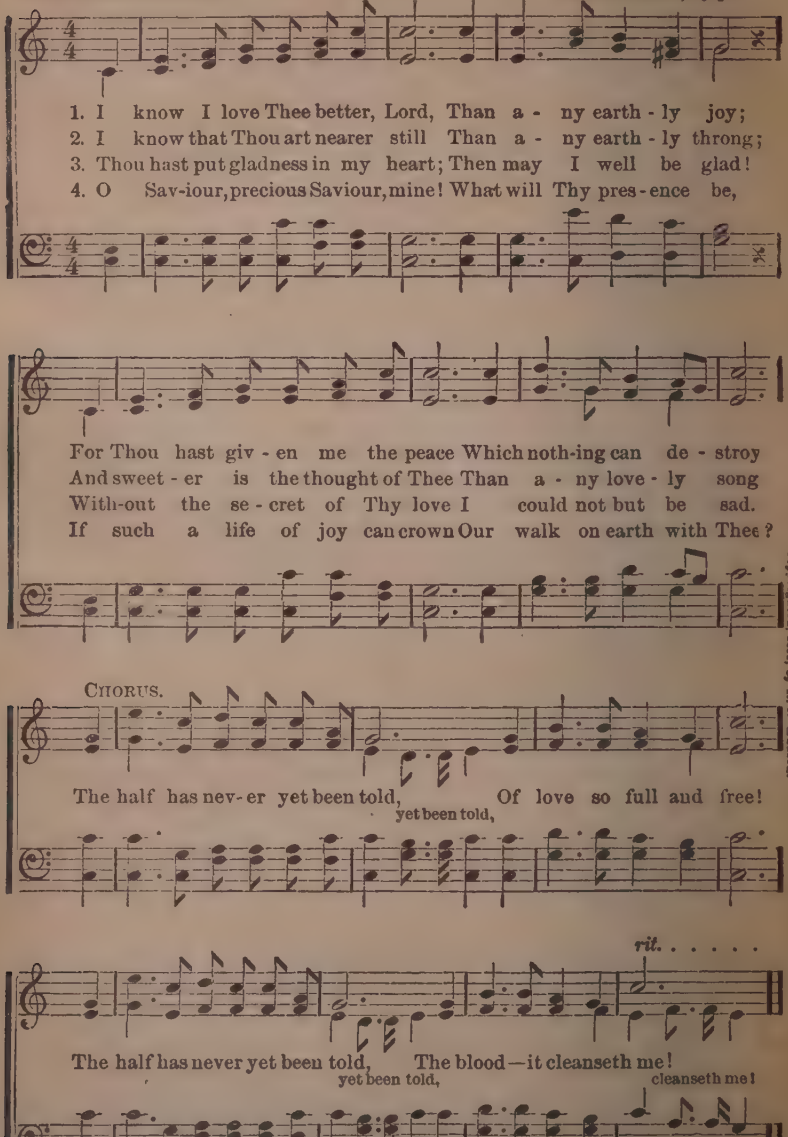
No. 28. I know I love Thee better, Lord.

"Behold, the half was not told."—1 KINGS 10: 7.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. R. E. HUDSON, by per.


1. I know I love Thee better, Lord, Than a - ny earth - ly joy;
2. I know that Thou art nearer still Than a - ny earth - ly throng;
3. Thou hast put gladness in my heart; Then may I well be glad!
4. O Sav-iour, precious Saviour, mine! What will Thy pres - ence be,
For Thou hast giv - en me the peace Which noth-ing can de - stroy
And sweet - er is the thought of Thee Than a - ny love - ly song
With-out the se - cret of Thy love I could not but be sad.
If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with Thee?
CHORUS.
The half has nev - er yet been told, Of love so full and free!
yet been told,
rit. . . . . .
The half has never yet been told, The blood—it cleanseth me!
yet been told, cleanseth me!

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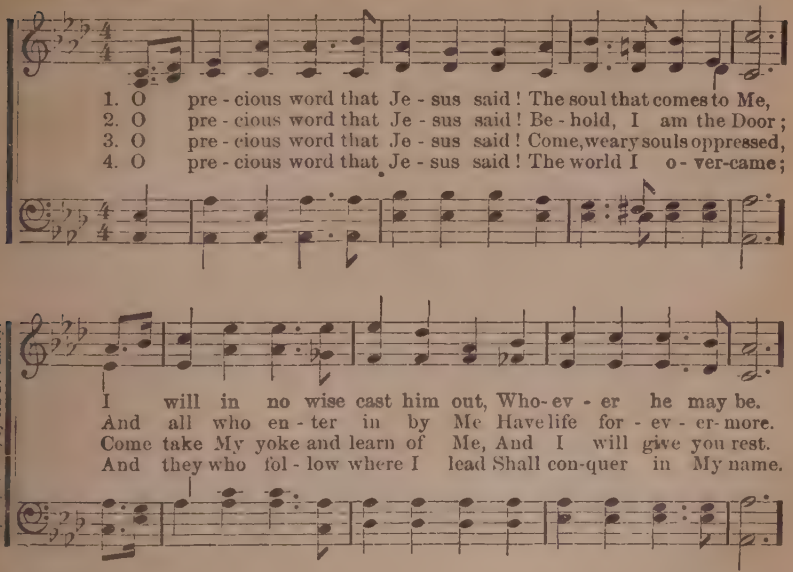
No. 29. O Precious Word.

"Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."—JOHN 6: 37.

FANNY J. CROSBY. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. O pre - cious word that Je - sus said! The soul that comes to Me,
2. O pre - cious word that Je - sus said! Be - hold, I am the Door;
3. O pre - cious word that Je - sus said! Come, weary souls oppressed,
4. O pre - cious word that Je - sus said! The world I o - ver-came;
I will in no wise cast him out, Who-ev - er he may be.
And all who en - ter in by Me Have life for - ev - er-more.
Come take My yoke and learn of Me, And I will give you rest.
And they who fol - low where I lead Shall con-quer in My name.

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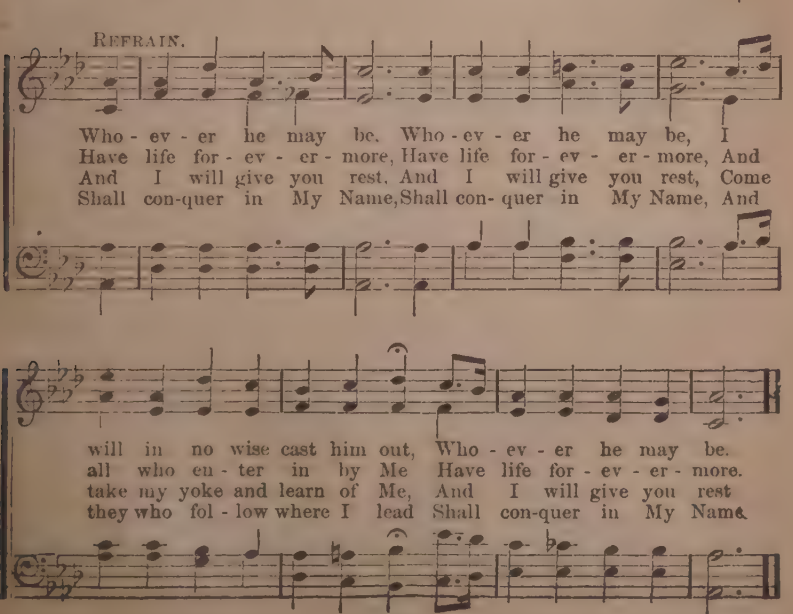
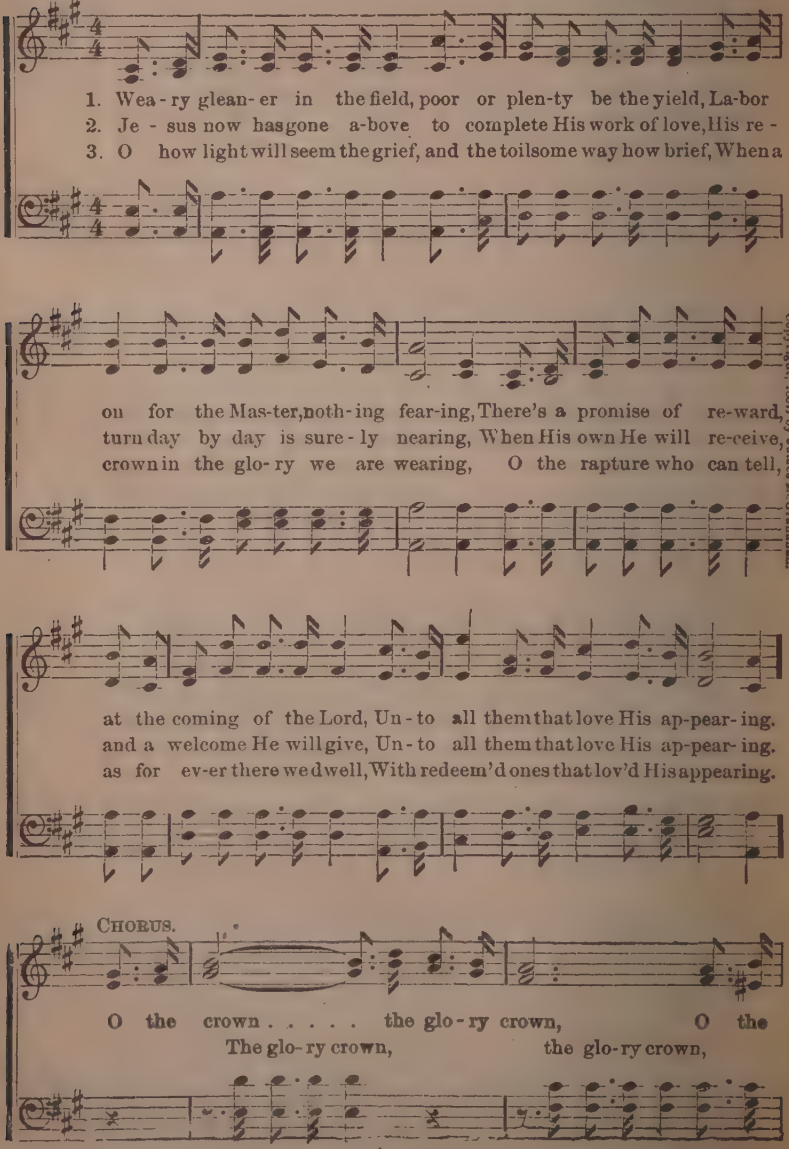

REFRAIN.
Who - ev - er he may be, Who - ev - er he may be, I
Have life for - ev - er - more, Have life for - ev - er - more, And
And I will give you rest, And I will give you rest, Come
Shall con-quer in My Name, Shall con- quer in My Name, And
will in no wise cast him out, Who - ev - er he may be.
all who en - ter in by Me Have life for - ev - er - more.
take my yoke and learn of Me, And I will give you rest
they who fol - low where I lead Shall con-quer in My Name

No. 30. O the Crown, the Glory-Crown.

"When the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away."—1 Peter 5: 4.

G. M. J. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.


1. Wea - ry glean- er in the field, poor or plen-ty be the yield, La-bor
2. Je - sus now has gone a-bove to complete His work of love, His re -
3. O how light will seem the grief, and the toilsome way how brief, When a
on for the Mas-ter, noth-ing fear-ing, There's a promise of re-ward,
turn day by day is sure - ly nearing, When His own He will re-ceive,
crown in the glo- ry we are wearing, O the rapture who can tell,
at the coming of the Lord, Un - to all them that love His ap-pear- ing.
and a welcome He will give, Un - to all them that love His ap-pear- ing.
as for ev-er there we dwell, With redeem'd ones that lov'd His appearing.
CHORUS.
O the crown . . . . . the glo - ry crown, O the
The glo- ry crown, the glo- ry crown,

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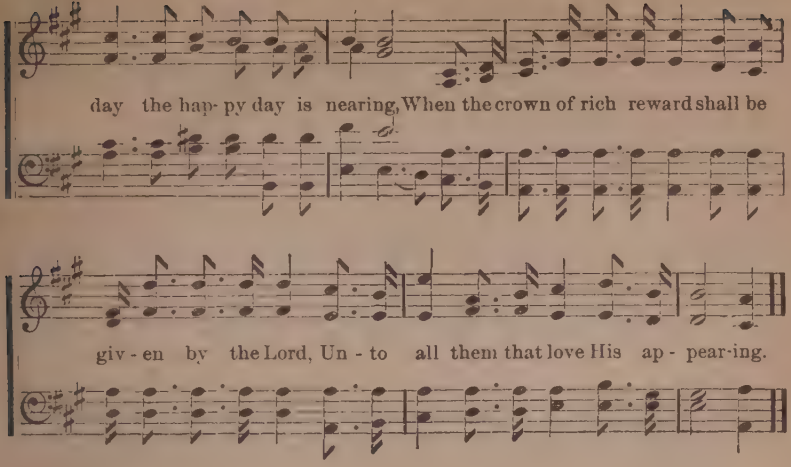
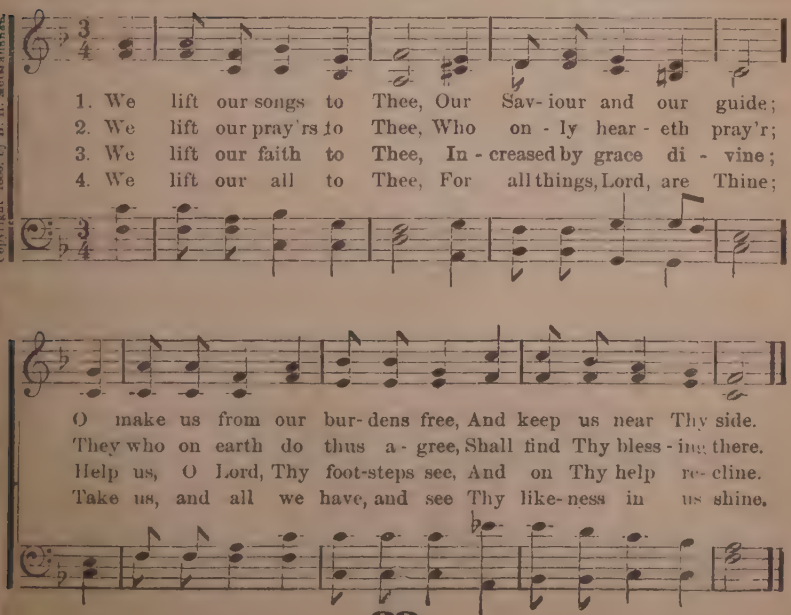
O the Crown.—Concluded.



No. 31. We lift our Songs to Thee.

"Ye are not your own."—1 Cor. 6: 19.

N. J. Squires. H. H. McGranahan.


1. We lift our songs to Thee, Our Sav- iour and our guide;
2. We lift our pray'rs to Thee, Who on - ly hear - eth pray'r;
3. We lift our faith to Thee, In - creased by grace di - vine;
4. We lift our all to Thee, For all things, Lord, are Thine;
O make us from our bur- dens free, And keep us near Thy side.
They who on earth do thus a - gree, Shall find Thy bless - ing there.
Help us, O Lord, Thy foot-steps see, And on Thy help re- cline.
Take us, and all we have, and see Thy like- ness in us shine.

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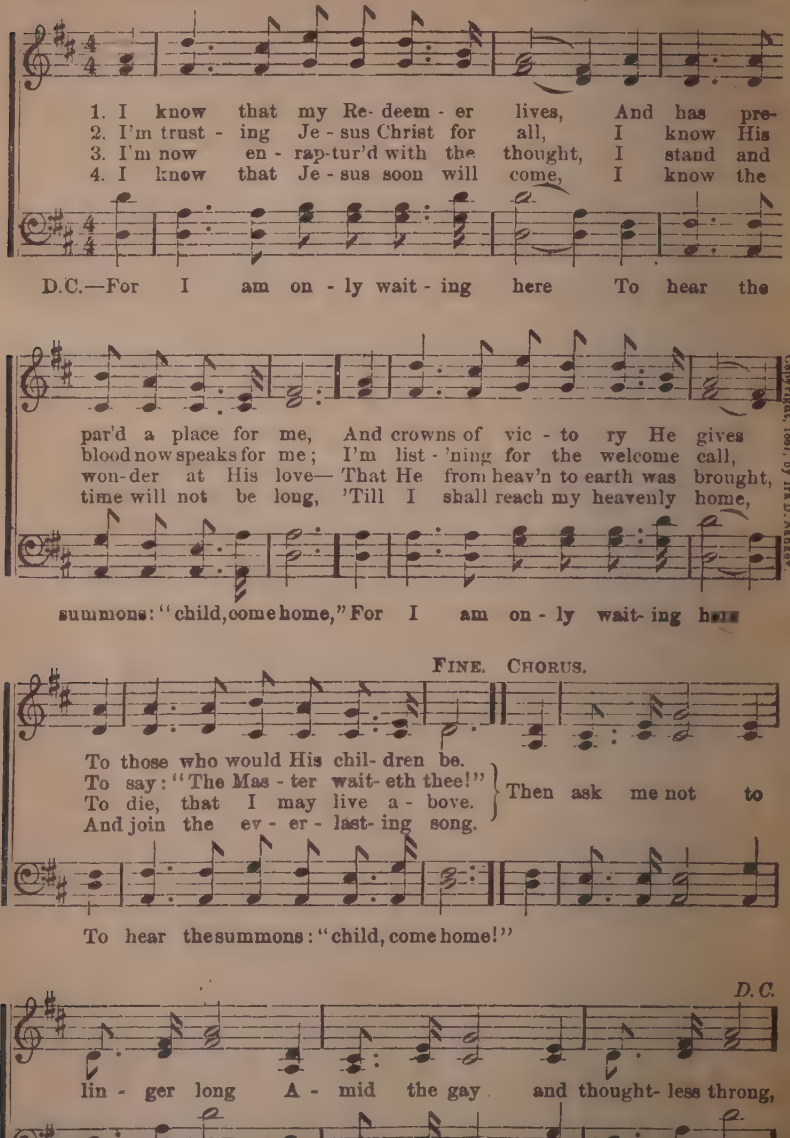
No. 32. I Know that my Redeemer Lives.

"For I know that my Redeemer liveth."—Job 19: 25.

Rev. H. A. Merrill, alt. Arr. by Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. I know that my Re- deem - er lives, And has pre-
2. I'm trust - ing Je - sus Christ for all, I know His
3. I'm now en - rap-tur'd with the thought, I stand and
4. I know that Je - sus soon will come, I know the
D.C.—For I am on - ly wait - ing here To hear the
par'd a place for me, And crowns of vic - to ry He gives
blood now speaks for me; I'm list - 'ning for the welcome call,
won-der at His love— That He from heav'n to earth was brought,
time will not be long, 'Till I shall reach my heavenly home,
summons: "child, come home," For I am on - ly wait- ing here
Fine. Chorus.
To those who would His chil- dren be.
To say: "The Mas - ter wait- eth thee!"
To die, that I may live a - bove.
And join the ev - er - last- ing song.
Then ask me not to
To hear the summons: "child, come home!"
D.C.
lin - ger long A - mid the gay and thought- less throng,

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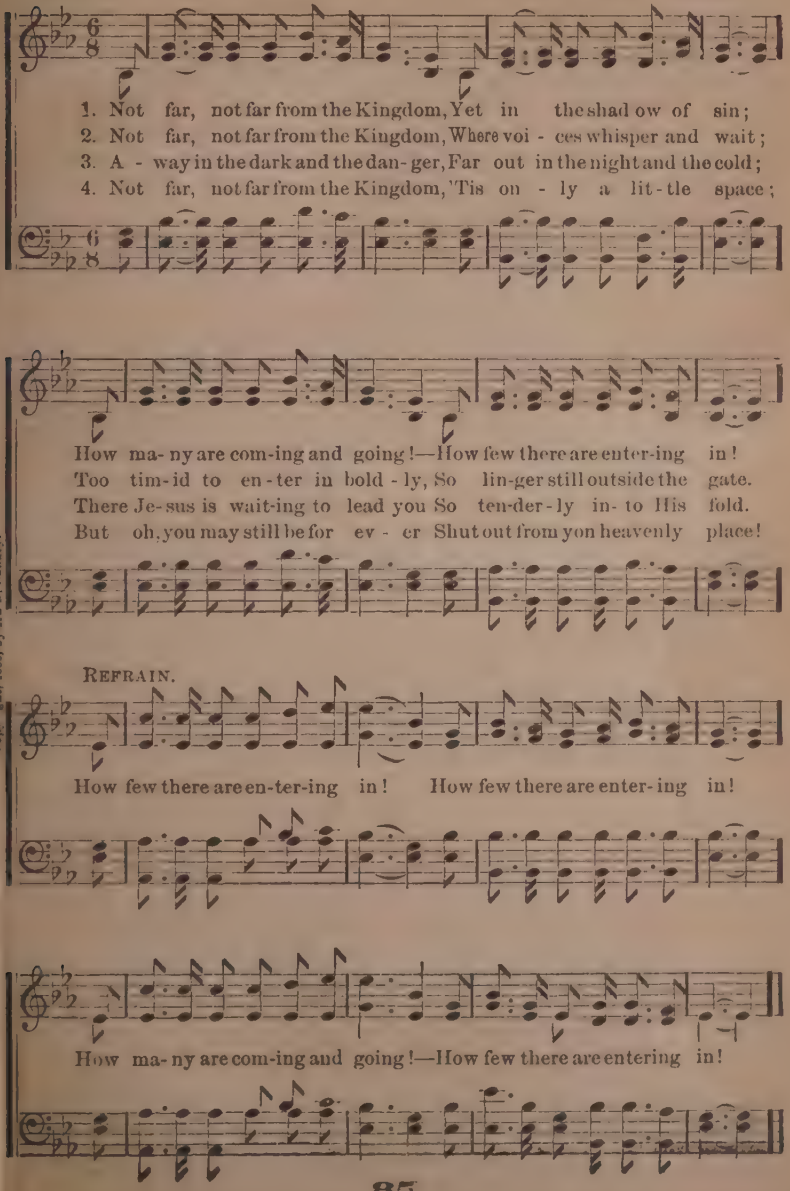
No. 33. Not far from the Kingdom.

"Thou art not far from the Kingdom of God."—MARK 12: 34.

Words arr. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Not far, not far from the Kingdom, Yet in the shad ow of sin;
2. Not far, not far from the Kingdom, Where voi - ces whisper and wait;
3. A - way in the dark and the dan-ger, Far out in the night and the cold;
4. Not far, not far from the Kingdom, 'Tis on - ly a lit-tle space;
How ma- ny are com-ing and going!—How few there are enter-ing in!
Too tim-id to en-ter in bold - ly, So lin-ger still outside the gate.
There Je-sus is wait-ing to lead you So ten-der-ly in- to His fold.
But oh, you may still be for ev - er Shut out from yon heavenly place!
REFRAIN.
How few there are en-ter-ing in! How few there are enter-ing in!
How ma- ny are com-ing and going!—How few there are entering in!

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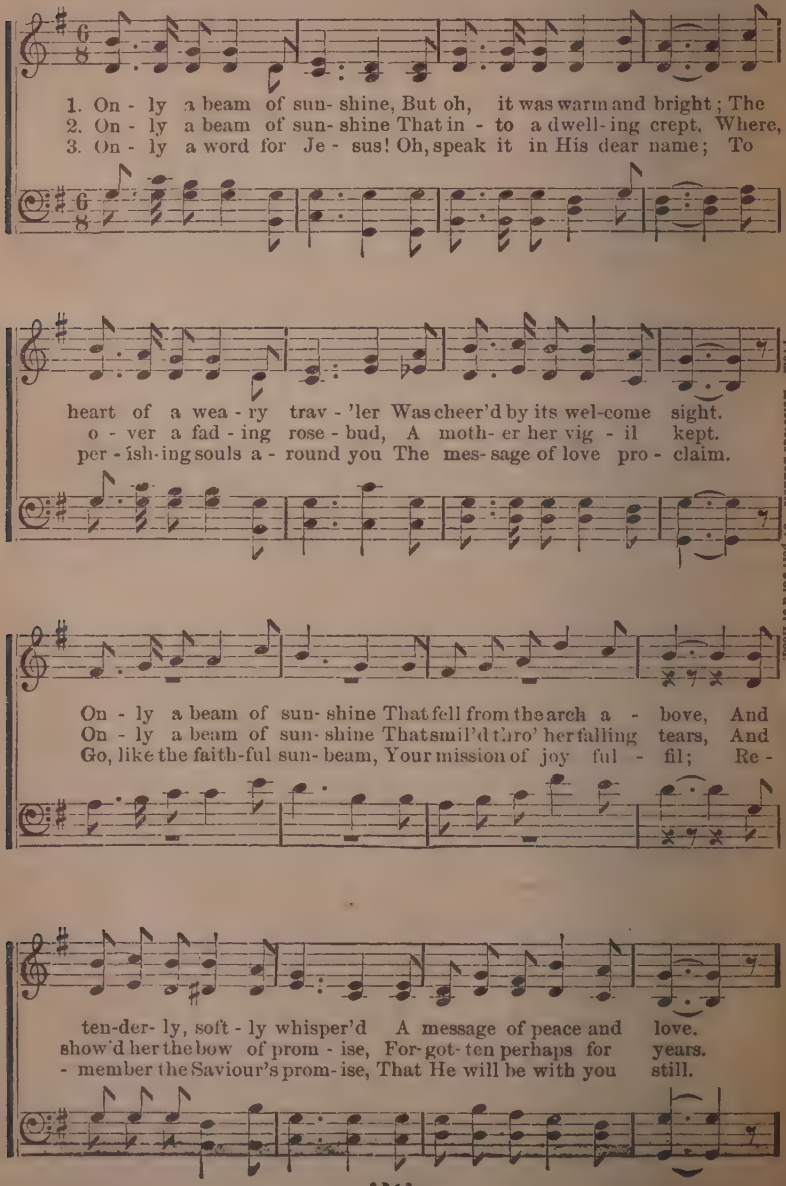
No. 34. Only a Beam of Sunshine.

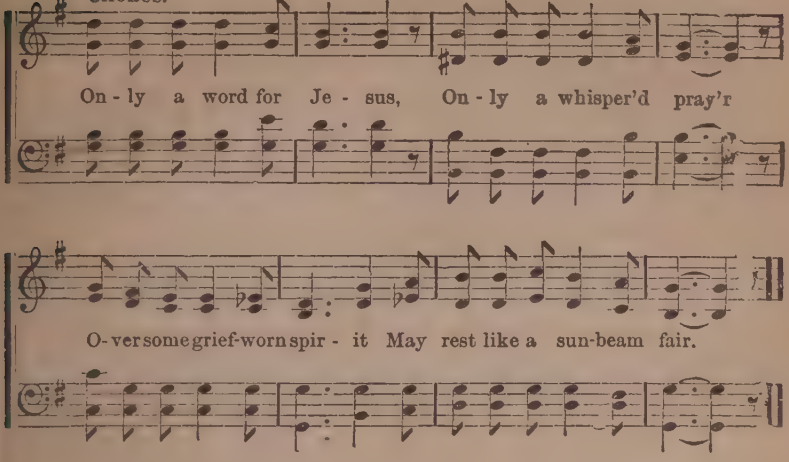
"Be kindly affectioned one to another."—Rom. 12: 10.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. On - ly a beam of sun- shine, But oh, it was warm and bright; The
2. On - ly a beam of sun- shine That in - to a dwell- ing crept, Where,
3. On - ly a word for Je - sus! Oh, speak it in His dear name; To
heart of a wea - ry trav - 'ler Was cheer'd by its wel-come sight.
o - ver a fad - ing rose - bud, A moth- er her vig - il kept.
per - ish-ing souls a - round you The mes- sage of love pro - claim.
On - ly a beam of sun- shine That fell from the arch a - bove, And
On - ly a beam of sun- shine That smil'd thro' her falling tears, And
Go, like the faith-ful sun- beam, Your mission of joy ful - fil; Re -
ten-der- ly, soft - ly whisper'd A message of peace and love.
show'd her the bow of prom - ise, For- got- ten perhaps for years.
- member the Saviour's prom- ise, That He will be with you still.

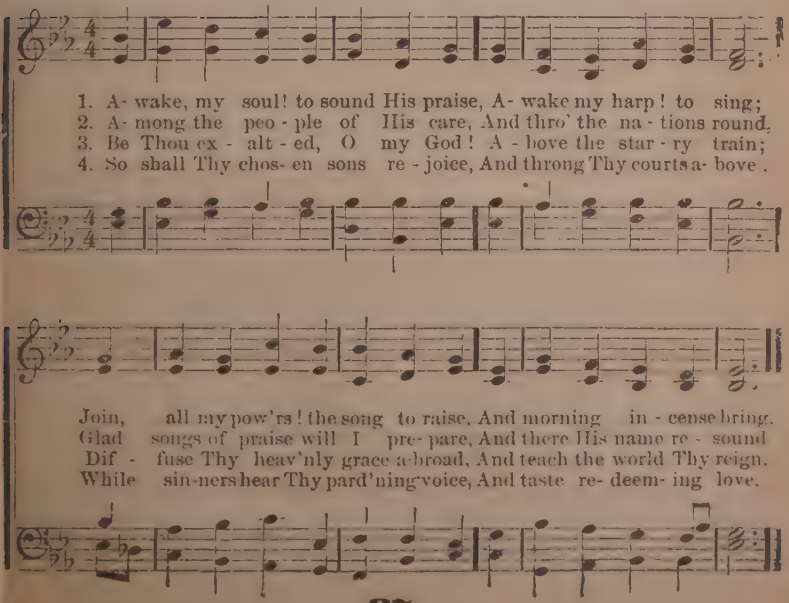
From "Melodious Sounds," by per. John J. Hood.

Only a Beam of Sunshine.—Concluded.



No. 35. Awake, my Soul.

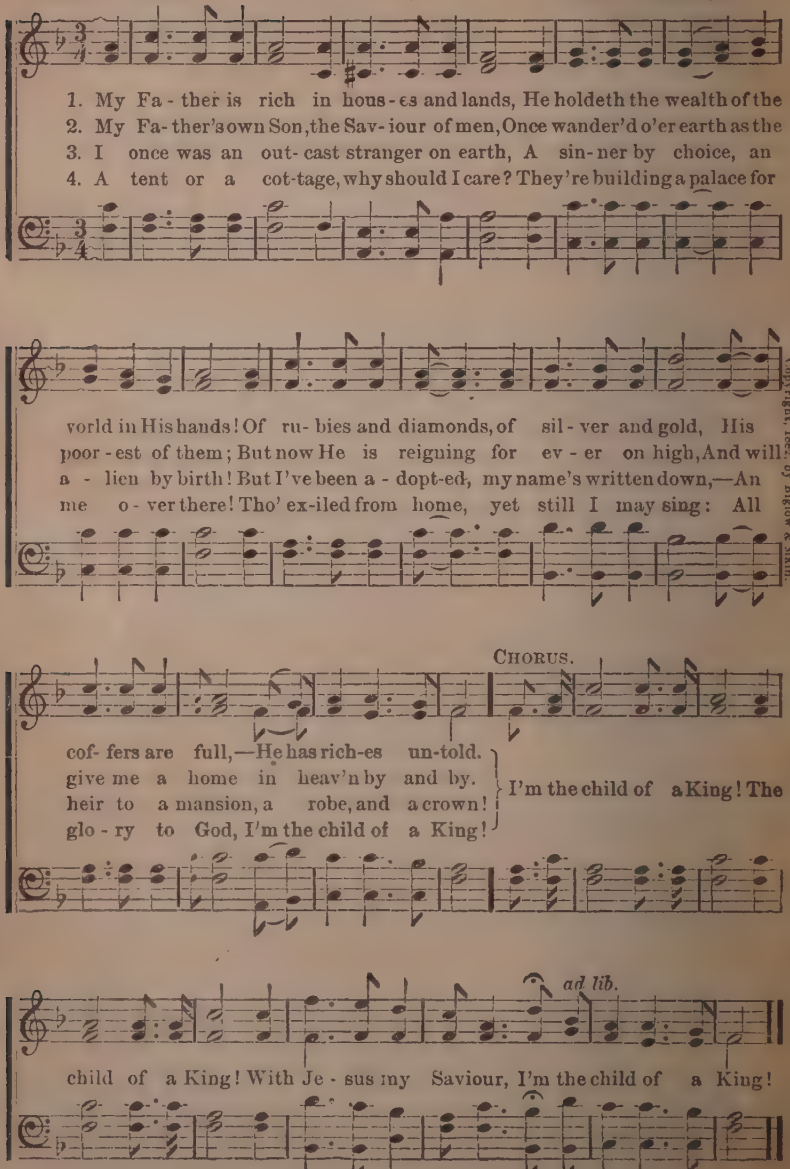
Joel Barlow. (ST. PETER. C. M.) A. R. Reinagle.


1. A - wake, my soul! to sound His praise, A - wake my harp! to sing;
2. A - mong the peo - ple of His care, And thro' the na - tions round,
3. Be Thou ex - alt - ed, O my God! A - bove the star - ry train;
4. So shall Thy chos - en sons re - joice, And throng Thy courts a - bove.
Join, all my pow'rs! the song to raise, And morning in - cense bring.
Glad songs of praise will I pre - pare, And there His name re - sound
Dif - fuse Thy heav'nly grace a-broad, And teach the world Thy reign.
While sin-ners hear Thy pard'ning voice, And taste re - deem - ing love.

No. 36. The Child of a King!

"Heirs of the kingdom."—JAMES 2: 5.

HATTIE E. BUELL. JOHN B. SUMNER, arr.


1. My Fa - ther is rich in hous - es and lands, He holdeth the wealth of the
2. My Fa-ther's own Son, the Sav - iour of men, Once wander'd o'er earth as the
3. I once was an out - cast stranger on earth, A sin - ner by choice, an
4. A tent or a cot-tage, why should I care? They're building a palace for
vorld in His hands! Of ru - bies and diamonds, of sil - ver and gold, His
poor - est of them; But now He is reigning for ev - er on high, And will
a - lien by birth! But I've been a - dopt-ed, my name's written down,—An
me o - ver there! Tho' ex-iled from home, yet still I may sing: All
CHORUS.
cof- fers are full,—He has rich-es un-told.
give me a home in heav'n by and by.
heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown!
glo - ry to God, I'm the child of a King!
I'm the child of a King! The
ad lib.
child of a King! With Je - sus my Saviour, I'm the child of a King!

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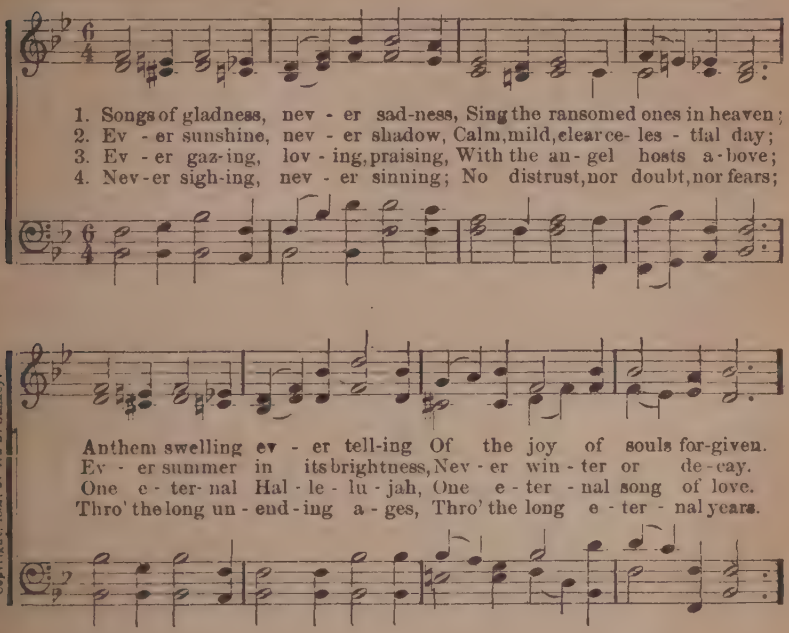
"In thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures forever more."—Ps. 16: 11.

HORATIUS BONAR. Alt. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Songs of gladness, nev - er sad-ness, Sing the ransomed ones in heaven;
2. Ev - er sunshine, nev - er shadow, Calm, mild, clear ce- les - tial day;
3. Ev - er gaz-ing, lov - ing, praising, With the an - gel hosts a - bove;
4. Nev-er sigh-ing, nev - er sinning; No distrust, nor doubt, nor fears;
Anthem swelling ev - er tell-ing Of the joy of souls for-given.
Ev - er summer in its brightness, Nev - er win - ter or de - cay.
One e - ter- nal Hal - le - lu - jah, One e - ter - nal song of love.
Thro' the long un - end - ing a - ges, Thro' the long e - ter - nal years.

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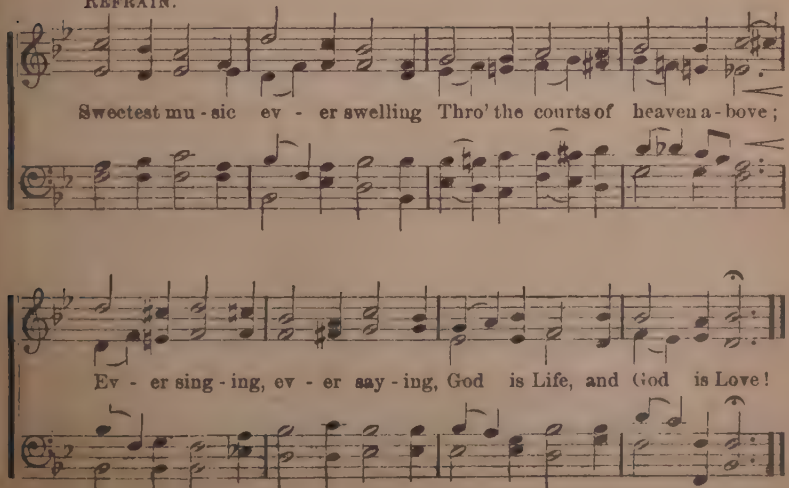
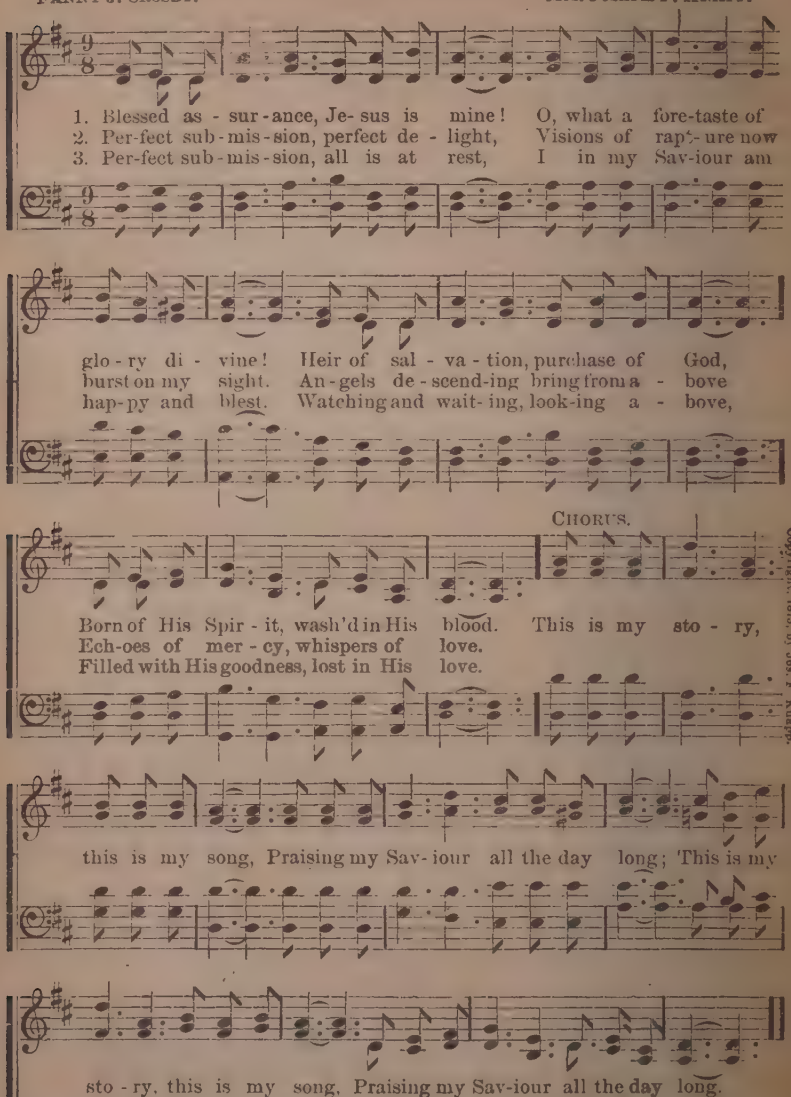
REFRAIN.



No. 38. Blessed Assurance.

"He that believeth on me hath everlasting life."—JOHN 6: 47.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.


1. Blessed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! O, what a fore-taste of
2. Per-fect sub - mis - sion, perfect de - light, Visions of rap - ture now
3. Per-fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-iour am
glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchase of God,
burst on my sight. An - gels de - scend-ing bring from a - bove
hap-py and blest. Watching and wait - ing, look-ing a - bove,
CHORUS.
Born of His Spir - it, wash'd in His blood. This is my sto - ry,
Ech-oes of mer - cy, whispers of love.
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.
this is my song, Praising my Sav - iour all the day long; This is my
sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav-iour all the day long.

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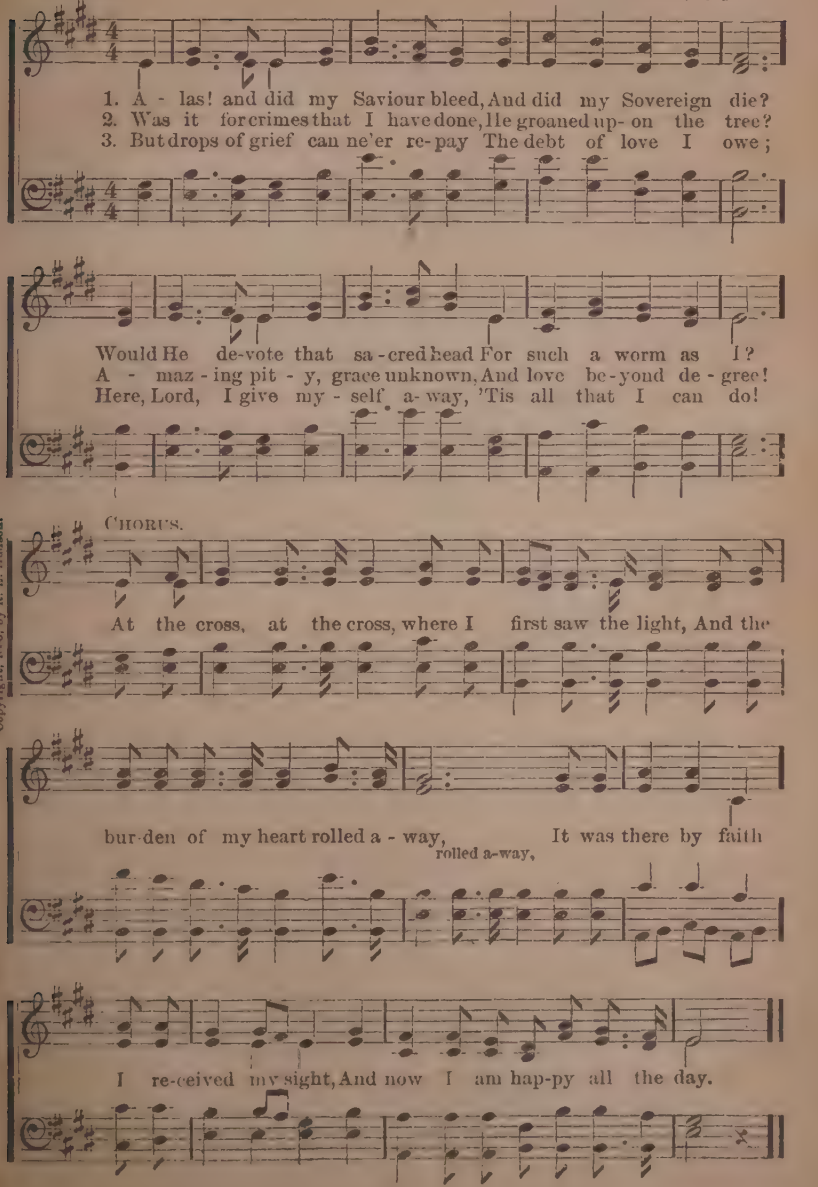
No. 39.

At the Cross.

"Look unto me, and be ye saved."—Isa. 45: 22.

I. Watts. R. H. Hudson, by per

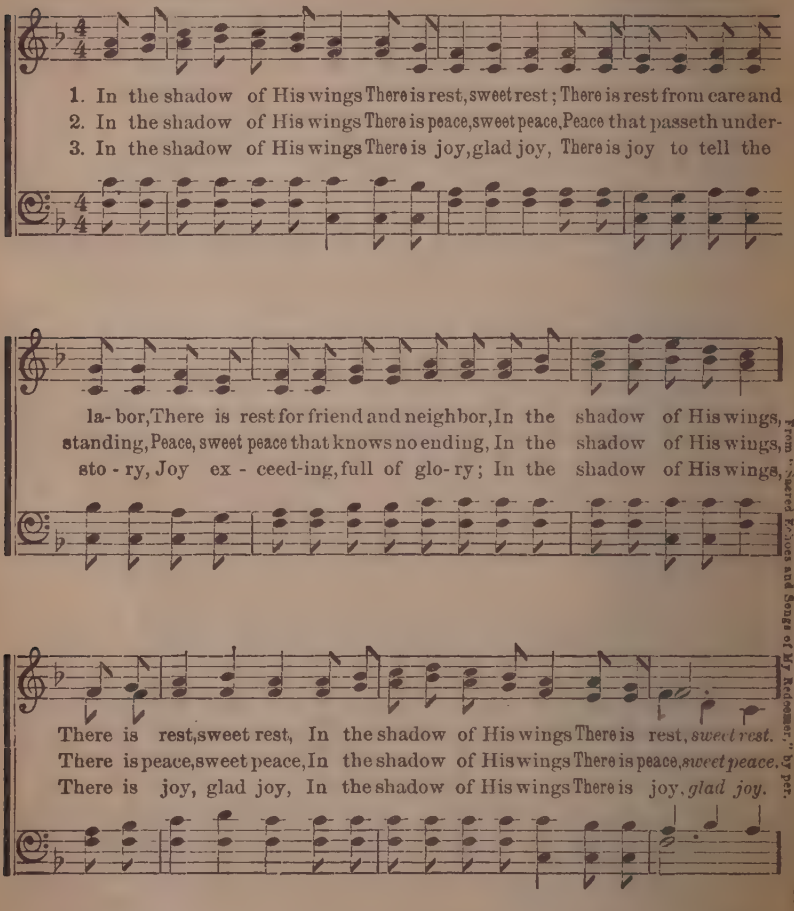

1. A - las! and did my Saviour bleed, And did my Sovereign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up- on the tree?
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe;
Would He de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y, grace unknown, And love be-yond de - gree!
Here, Lord, I give my - self a-way, 'Tis all that I can do!
Chorus.
At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the
bur-den of my heart rolled a - way,
rolled a-way,
It was there by faith
I re-ceived my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day.

Copyright, 1903, by R. H. Hudson.

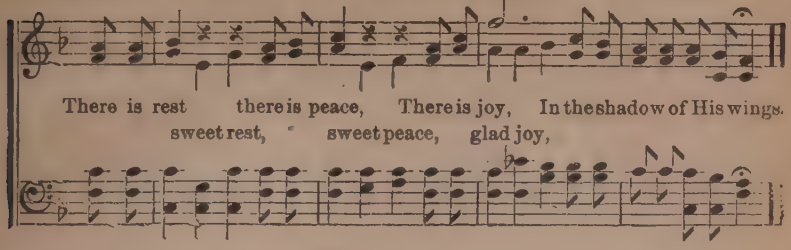
No. 40. In the Shadow of His Wings.

"Hide me under the shadow of thy wings."—Ps. 17: 8.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson. E. O. Excell.


1. In the shadow of His wings There is rest, sweet rest; There is rest from care and
2. In the shadow of His wings There is peace, sweet peace, Peace that passeth under-
3. In the shadow of His wings There is joy, glad joy, There is joy to tell the
la- bor, There is rest for friend and neighbor, In the shadow of His wings,
standing, Peace, sweet peace that knows no ending, In the shadow of His wings,
sto - ry, Joy ex - ceed-ing, full of glo- ry; In the shadow of His wings,
There is rest, sweet rest, In the shadow of His wings There is rest, sweet rest.
There is peace, sweet peace, In the shadow of His wings There is peace, sweet peace.
There is joy, glad joy, In the shadow of His wings There is joy, glad joy.
Chorus.
There is rest, There is peace, There is joy In the shadow of His wings:
sweet rest, sweet peace, glad joy,

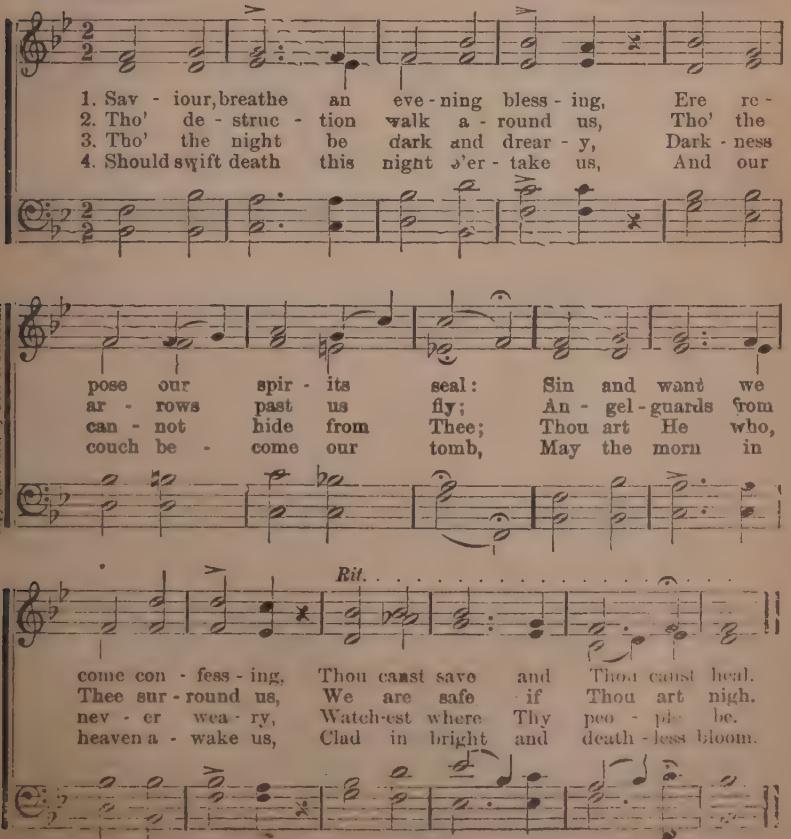
From "Sacred Echoes and Songs of My Redeemer," by per.



No. 41. Evening Prayer.

"bless me—O my Father."—GEN. 27: 38.

J. EDMESTON. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Sav - iour, breathe an eve - ning bless - ing, Ere re -
2. Tho' de - struc - tion walk a - round us, Tho' the
3. Tho' the night be dark and drear - y, Dark - ness
4. Should swift death this night o'er - take us, And our
pose our spir - its seal: Sin and want we
ar - rows past us fly; An - gel - guards from
can - not hide from Thee; Thou art He who,
couch be - come our tomb, May the morn in
Rit.
come con - fess - ing, Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
Thee sur - round us, We are safe if Thou art nigh.
nev - er wea - ry, Watch-est where Thy peo - ple be.
heaven a - wake us, Clad in bright and death - less bloom.

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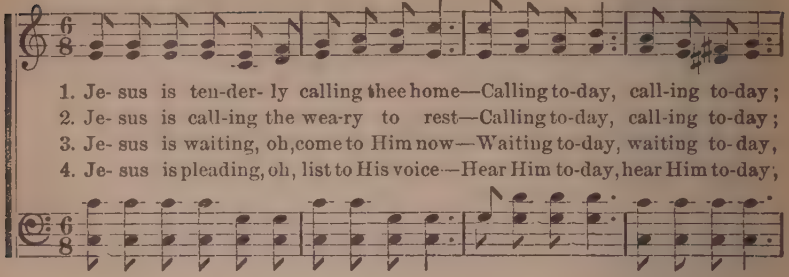
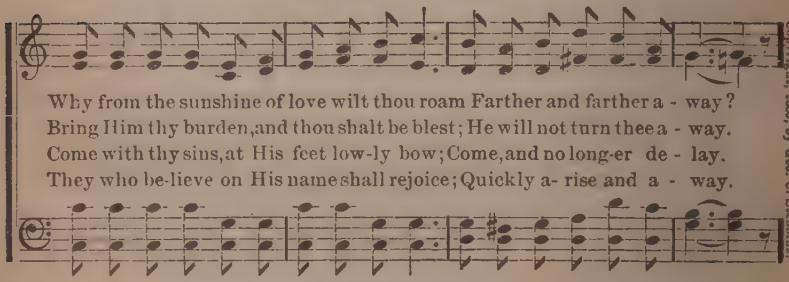
No. 42. Jesus is Calling.

"Arise, he calleth thee."—JOHN 11: 28.

FANNY J. CROSBY. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Je- sus is ten-der- ly calling thee home—Calling to-day, call-ing to-day;
2. Je- sus is call-ing the wea-ry to rest—Calling to-day, call-ing to-day;
3. Je- sus is waiting, oh, come to Him now—Waiting to-day, waiting to-day,
4. Je- sus is pleading, oh, list to His voice—Hear Him to-day, hear Him to-day;


Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam Farther and farther a - way?
Bring Him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a - way.
Come with thy sins, at His feet low-ly bow; Come, and no long-er de - lay.
They who be-lieve on His name shall rejoice; Quickly a- rise and a - way.

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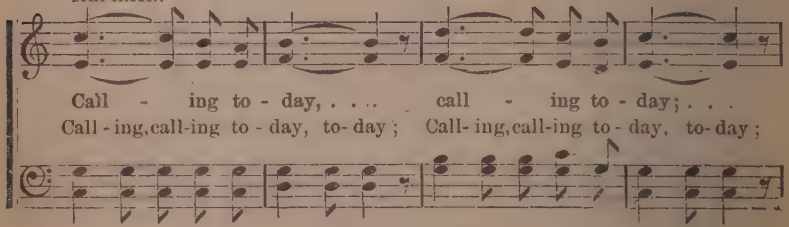
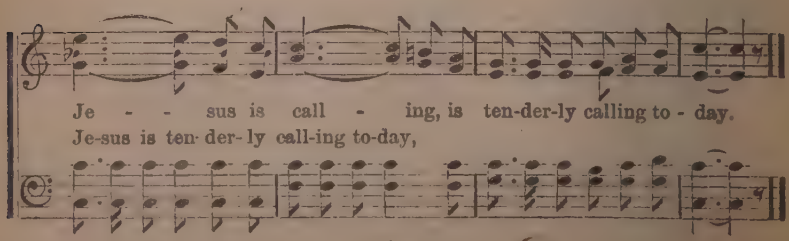
REFRAIN.





No. 43. Shall you? Shall I?

G. M. J.
(Subject from M. E. I.)

LUKE 13: 24.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

f
pp
1. Some one will en - ter the pearl - y gate By and by, by and by,
2. Some one will glad - ly his cross lay down By and by, by and by,
3. Some one will knock when the door is shut By and by, by and by,
4. Some one will sing the tri-umph-ant song By and by, by and by,
repeat pp.
Taste of the glo - ries that there a - wait, Shall you? shall I?
Faith-ful, approved, shall re - ceive a crown, Shall you? shall I?
Hear a voice say - ing, "I know you not," Shall you? shall I?
Join in the praise with the blood-bought throng, Shall you? shall I?
Some one will trav - el the streets of gold, Beau - ti - ful vis - ions will
Some one the glo - ri - ous King will see, Ev - er from sor - row of
Some one will call and shall not be heard, Vain-ly will strive when the
Some one will greet on the gold - en shore Loved ones of earth who have
repeat pp.
there behold, Feast on the pleasures so long foretold: Shall you? shall I?
earth be free, Hap - py with Him thro' e-ter - ni - ty: Shall you? shall I?
door is barred, Some one will fail of the saint's reward: Shall you? shall I?
gone be-fore, Safe in the glo - ry for ev - er-more: Shall you? shall I?

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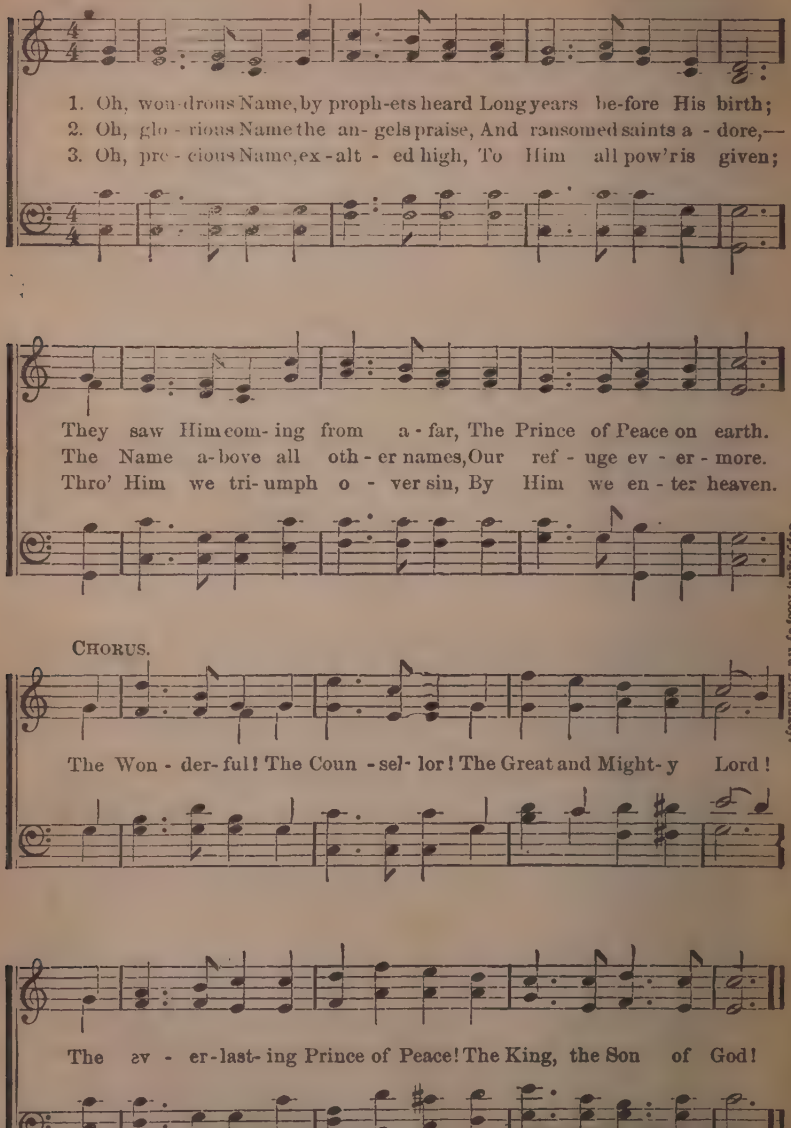
No. 44. Oh, Wondrous Name!

"Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God."—ISAIAH 9: 6.

VICTORIA FRANCES. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Oh, won-drous Name, by proph-ets heard Long years be-fore His birth;
2. Oh, glo - rious Name the an- gels praise, And ransomed saints a - dore,—
3. Oh, pre - cious Name, ex - alt - ed high, To Him all pow'r is given;
They saw Him com- ing from a - far, The Prince of Peace on earth.
The Name a-bove all oth - er names, Our ref - uge ev - er - more.
Thro' Him we tri- umph o - ver sin, By Him we en - ter heaven.
CHORUS.
The Won - der- ful! The Coun - sel- lor! The Great and Might- y Lord!
The ev - er - last- ing Prince of Peace! The King, the Son of God!

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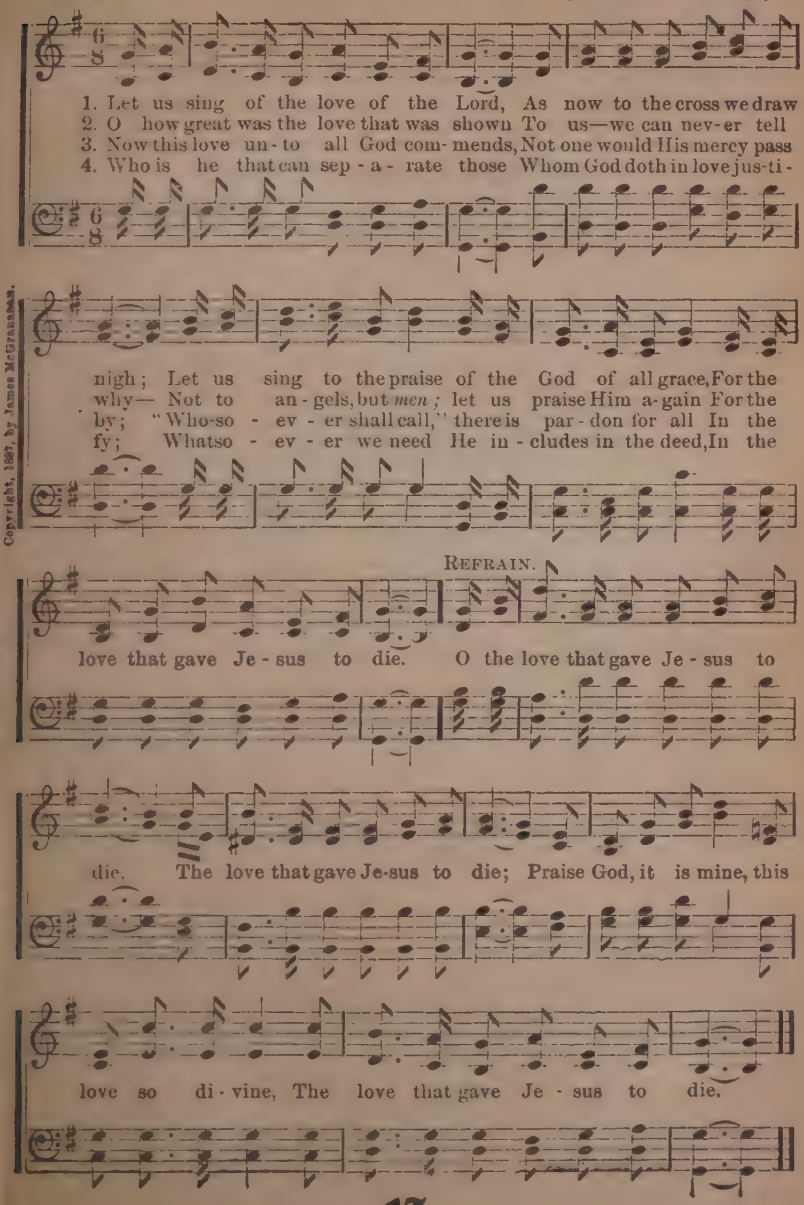
No. 45. The Love that gave Jesus to Die.

JNO 3: 16.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.


1. Let us sing of the love of the Lord, As now to the cross we draw
2. O how great was the love that was shown To us—we can nev-er tell
3. Now this love un-to all God com-mends, Not one would His mercy pass
4. Who is he that can sep-a-rate those Whom God doth in love jus-ti-
nigh; Let us sing to the praise of the God of all grace, For the
why— Not to an-gels, but *men;* let us praise Him a-gain For the
by; "Who-so-ev-er shall call," there is par-don for all In the
fy; Whatso-ev-er we need He in-cludes in the deed, In the
REFRAIN.
love that gave Je-sus to die. O the love that gave Je-sus to
die. The love that gave Je-sus to die; Praise God, it is mine, this
love so di-vine, The love that gave Je-sus to die.

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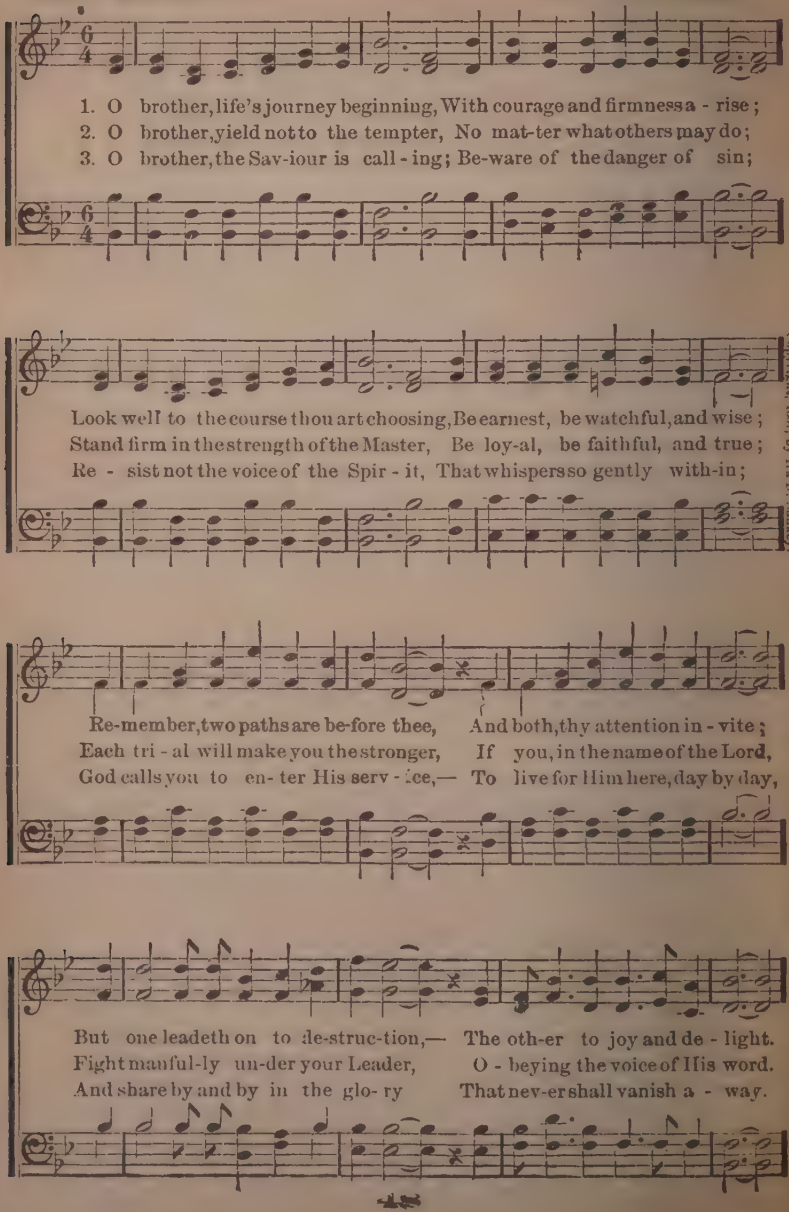
No. 46. O Brother, Life's Journey Beginning.

"Resist the devil, and he will flee from you."—JAMES 4: 7.

RIAN J. STERLING. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. O brother, life's journey beginning, With courage and firmness a - rise;
2. O brother, yield not to the tempter, No mat-ter what others may do;
3. O brother, the Sav-iour is call - ing; Be-ware of the danger of sin;
Look well to the course thou art choosing, Be earnest, be watchful, and wise;
Stand firm in the strength of the Master, Be loy-al, be faithful, and true;
Re - sist not the voice of the Spir - it, That whispers so gently with-in;
Re-member, two paths are be-fore thee, And both, thy attention in - vite;
Each tri - al will make you the stronger, If you, in the name of the Lord,
God calls you to en- ter His serv - ice,— To live for Him here, day by day,
But one leadeth on to de-struc-tion,— The oth-er to joy and de - light.
Fight manful-ly un-der your Leader, O - beying the voice of His word.
And share by and by in the glo- ry That nev-er shall vanish a - way.

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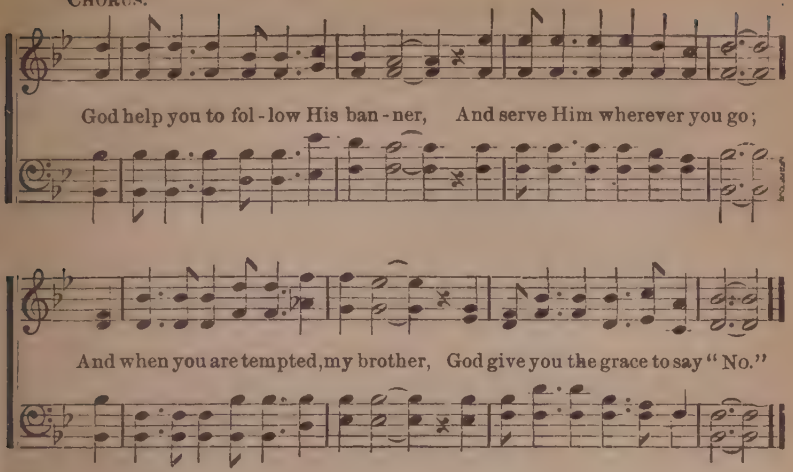
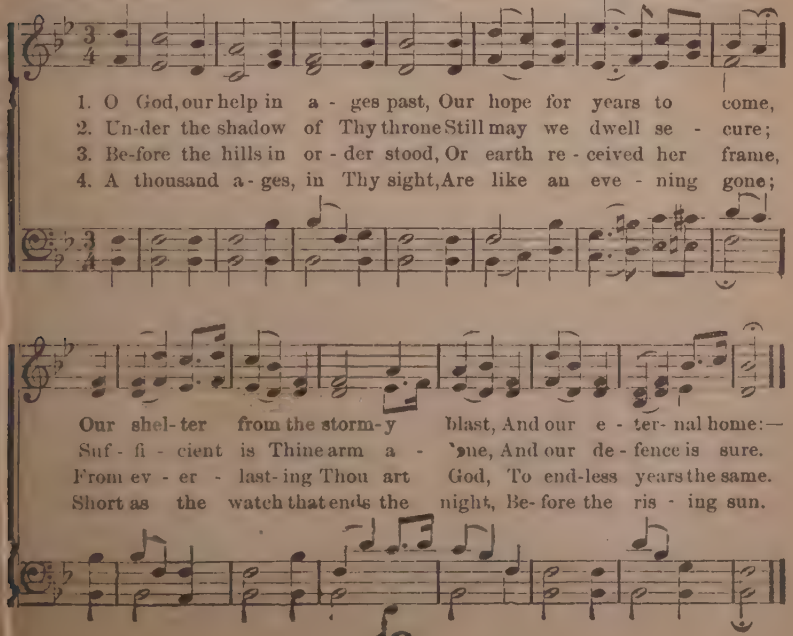
O Brother.—Concluded.

CHORUS.


God help you to fol - low His ban - ner, And serve Him wherever you go;
And when you are tempted, my brother, God give you the grace to say "No."

No. 47. O God, our Help.

ISAAC WATTS. (BEMERTON. C. M.) H. W. GREATOREX.

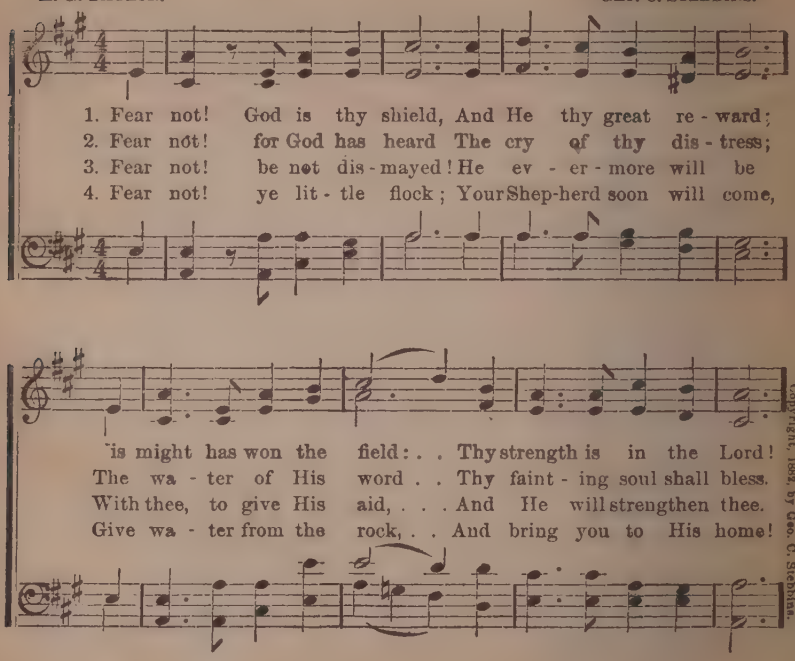

1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
2. Un-der the shadow of Thy throne Still may we dwell se - cure;
3. Be-fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re - ceived her frame,
4. A thousand a - ges, in Thy sight, Are like an eve - ning gone;
Our shel-ter from the storm-y blast, And our e - ter- nal home:—
Suf - fi - cient is Thine arm a - lone, And our de - fence is sure.
From ev - er - last-ing Thou art God, To end-less years the same.
Short as the watch that ends the night, Be-fore the ris - ing sun.

No. 48.

Fear Not!

"I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward."—GEN. 15: 1.

E. G. TAYLOR. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Fear not! God is thy shield, And He thy great re - ward;
2. Fear not! for God has heard The cry of thy dis - tress;
3. Fear not! be not dis - mayed! He ev - er - more will be
4. Fear not! ye lit - tle flock; Your Shep-herd soon will come,
'is might has won the field: . . Thy strength is in the Lord!
The wa - ter of His word . . Thy faint - ing soul shall bless.
With thee, to give His aid, . . . And He will strengthen thee.
Give wa - ter from the rock, . . And bring you to His home!
REFRAIN.
Fear not! 'tis God's own voice That speaks to thee this word;
Lift up your head: re - joice . . In Je - sus Christ thy Lord!

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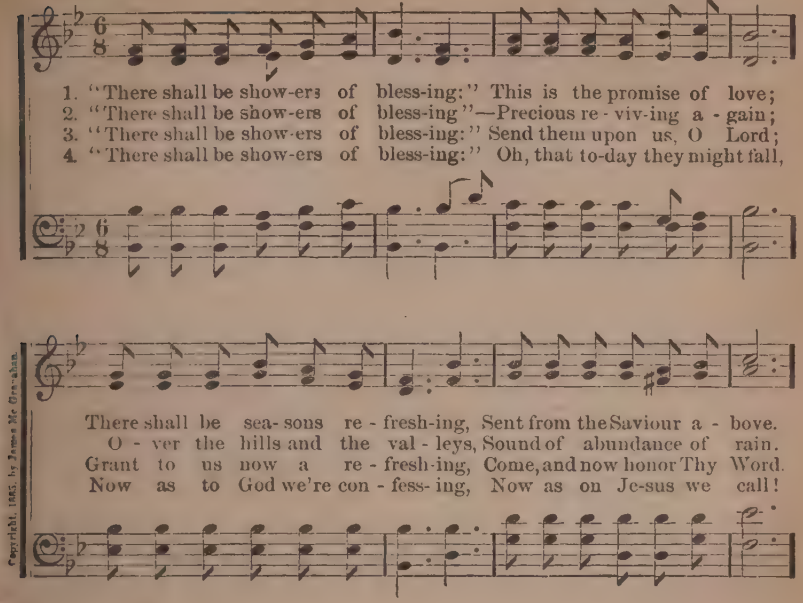
No. 49 There shall be Showers of Blessing.

EZEK. 34: 26.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" This is the promise of love;
2. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"—Precious re-viv-ing a-gain;
3. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" Send them upon us, O Lord;
4. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" Oh, that to-day they might fall,
There shall be sea-sons re-fresh-ing, Sent from the Saviour a-bove.
O-ver the hills and the val-leys, Sound of abundance of rain.
Grant to us now a re-fresh-ing, Come, and now honor Thy Word.
Now as to God we're con-fess-ing, Now as on Je-sus we call!
CHORUS.
Show - - ers of bless-ing,
Showers, showers of bless-ing, Show-ers of bless-ing we need;
Mercy-drops round us are fall-ing, But for the showers we plead.

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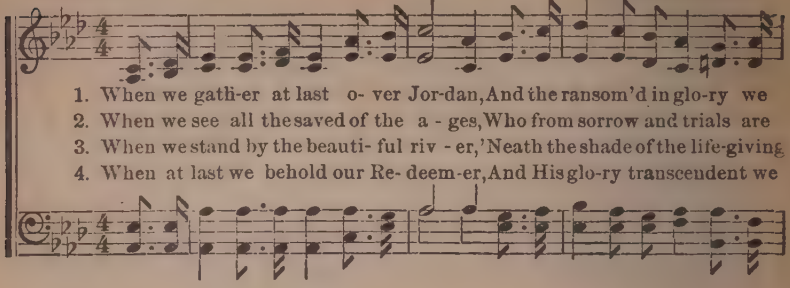
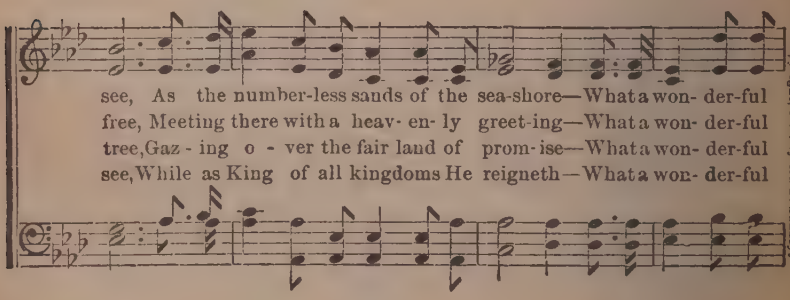
No 50. Numberless as the Sands.

"The number shall be as the sand of the sea."—HOSEA. 1: 10.

F. A. B, arr. F. A. BLACKMER, arr.


1. When we gath-er at last o- ver Jor-dan, And the ransom'd in glo-ry we
2. When we see all the saved of the a - ges, Who from sorrow and trials are
3. When we stand by the beauti- ful riv - er, 'Neath the shade of the life-giving
4. When at last we behold our Re- deem-er, And His glo-ry transcendent we


see, As the number-less sands of the sea-shore—What a won- der-ful
free, Meeting there with a heav- en- ly greet-ing—What a won- der-ful
tree, Gaz - ing o - ver the fair land of prom-ise—What a won- der-ful
see, While as King of all kingdoms He reigneth—What a won- der-ful

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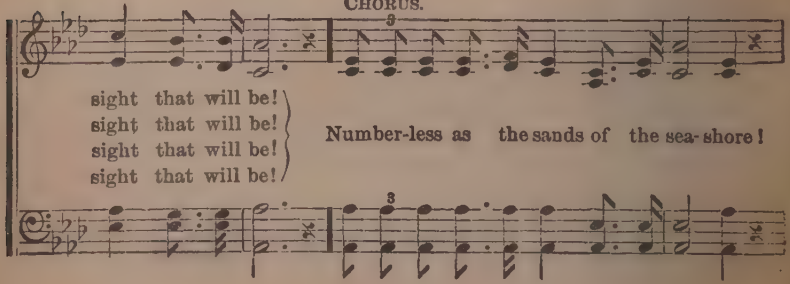
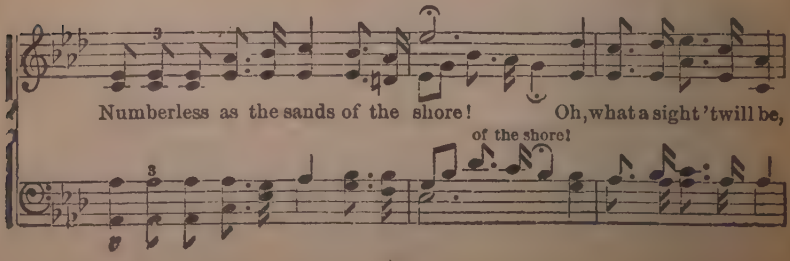
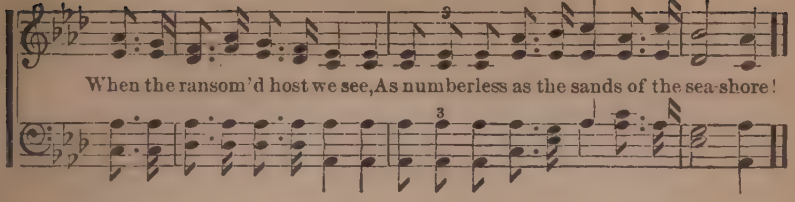
CHORUS.





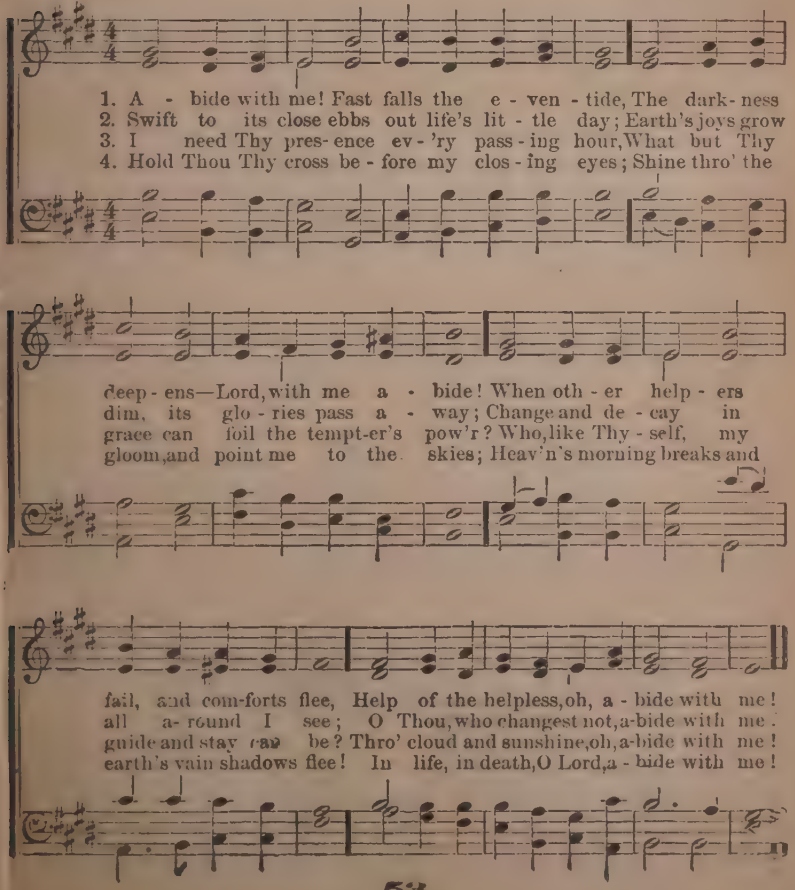
Numberless,—Concluded.



No. 51. Abide with Me.

"Abide with us, for it is toward evening."—LUKE 24: 29.

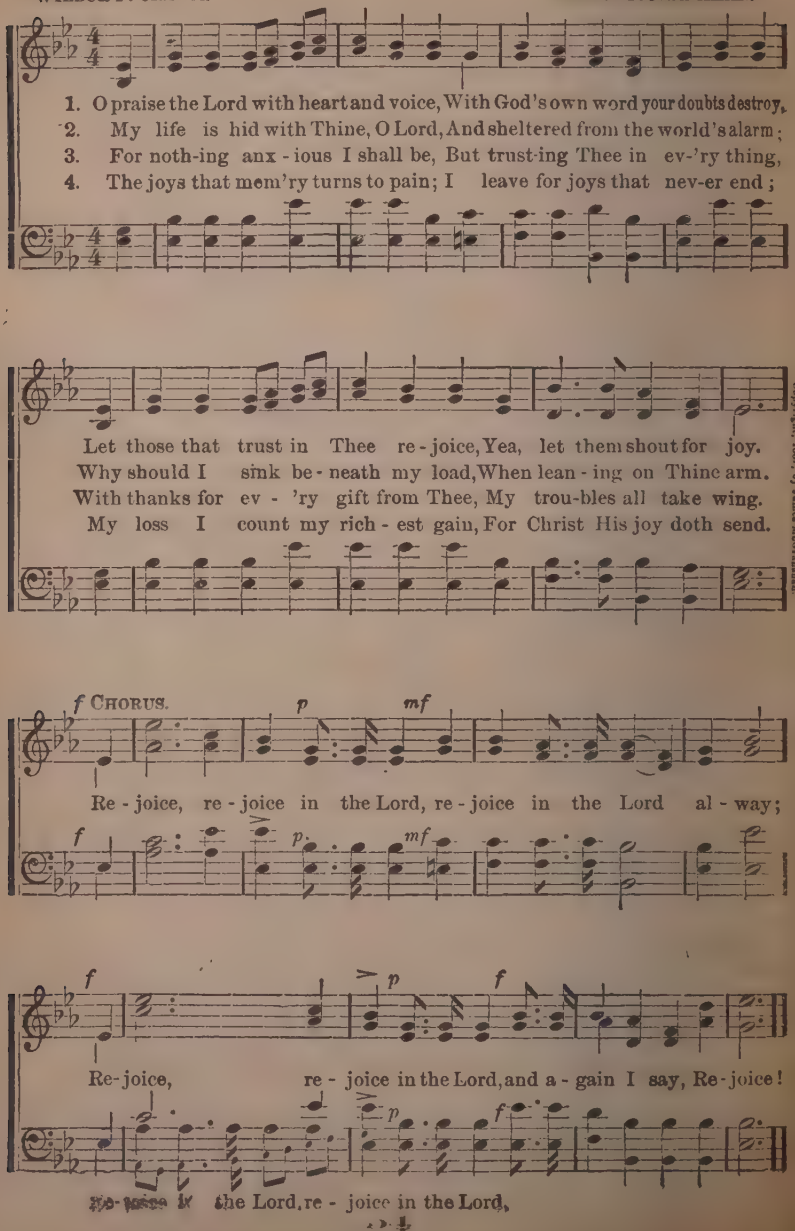
H. F. LYTE. WM. H. MONK.


1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark - ness deep - ens—Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, a - bide with me!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in all a- round I see; O Thou, who changest not, a-bide with me.
3. I need Thy pres- ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour, What but Thy grace can foil the tempt-er's pow'r? Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a-bide with me!
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

No. 52. Rejoice in the Lord Alway.

PHIL. 4: 4.

WILBUR F. CRAFTS. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. O praise the Lord with heart and voice, With God's own word your doubts destroy,
2. My life is hid with Thine, O Lord, And sheltered from the world's alarm;
3. For noth-ing anx-ious I shall be, But trust-ing Thee in ev-'ry thing,
4. The joys that mem'ry turns to pain; I leave for joys that nev-er end;
Let those that trust in Thee re-joice, Yea, let them shout for joy.
Why should I sink be-neath my load, When lean-ing on Thine arm.
With thanks for ev-'ry gift from Thee, My trou-bles all take wing.
My loss I count my rich-est gain, For Christ His joy doth send.
f CHORUS.
p
mf
Re-joice, re-joice in the Lord, re-joice in the Lord al-way;
f
p
mf
f
p
f
Re-joice, re-joice in the Lord, and a-gain I say, Re-joice!
p
f
Re-joice in the Lord, re-joice in the Lord,

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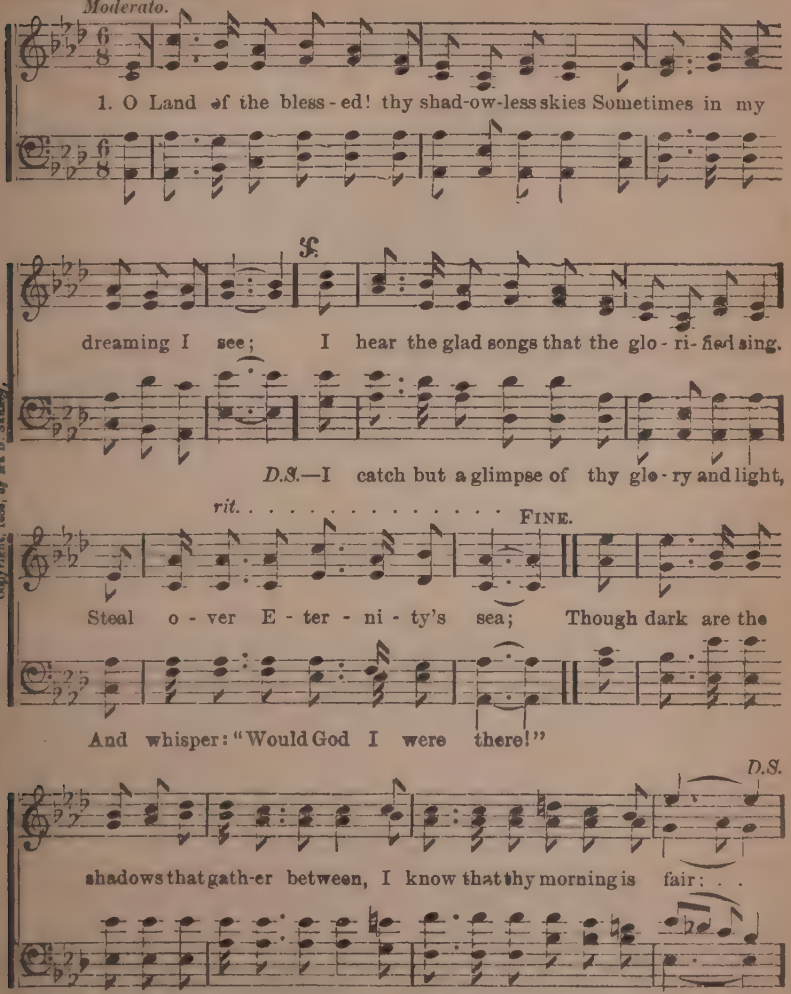
No. 53. O, Land of the Blessed!

"Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom."—MATT. 25: 34.

EMILY H. MILLER. IRA D. SANKEY.


Moderato.
1. O Land of the bless-ed! thy shad-ow-less skies Sometimes in my
dreaming I see; I hear the glad songs that the glo-ri-fied sing.
D.S.—I catch but a glimpse of thy glo-ry and light,
rit.
FINE.
Steal o-ver E-ter-ni-ty's sea; Though dark are the
And whisper: "Would God I were there!"
D.S.
shadows that gath-er between, I know that thy morning is fair:

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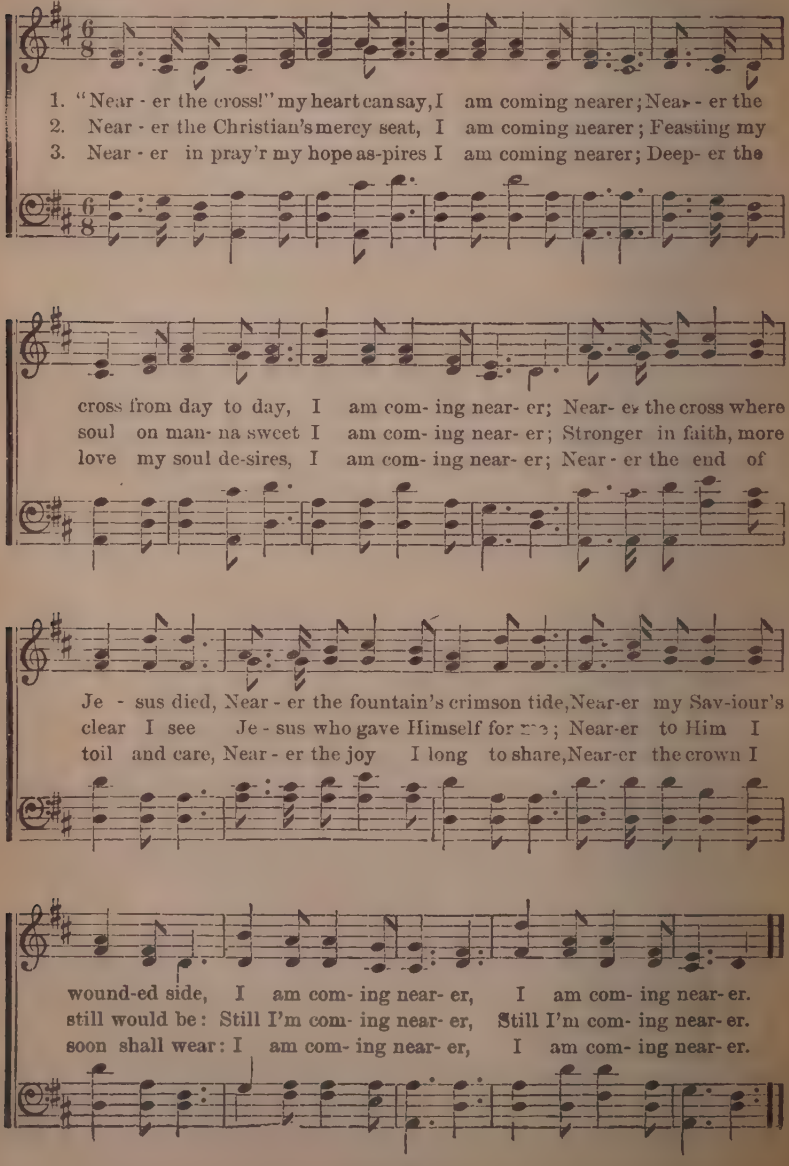
2 O Land of the blessed! thy hills of delight
Sometimes to my vision unfold;
Thy mansions celestial, thy palaces bright,
Thy bulwarks of jasper and gold;
Dear voices are chanting thy chorus of praise,
Their forms in thy sunlight are fair;
I look from the valley of shadows below,
And whisper: "Would God I were there!"

3 Dear home of my Father, thou City of peace,
No shadow of changing can mar;
How glad are the souls that have tasted thy joy!
How blest thine inhabitants are!
When weary of toiling, I think of the day—
Who knows if its dawning be near?—
When He who doth love me shall call me away
From all that hath burdened me here?

No. 54. Nearer the Cross.

"The cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—GALATIANS 6: 14.

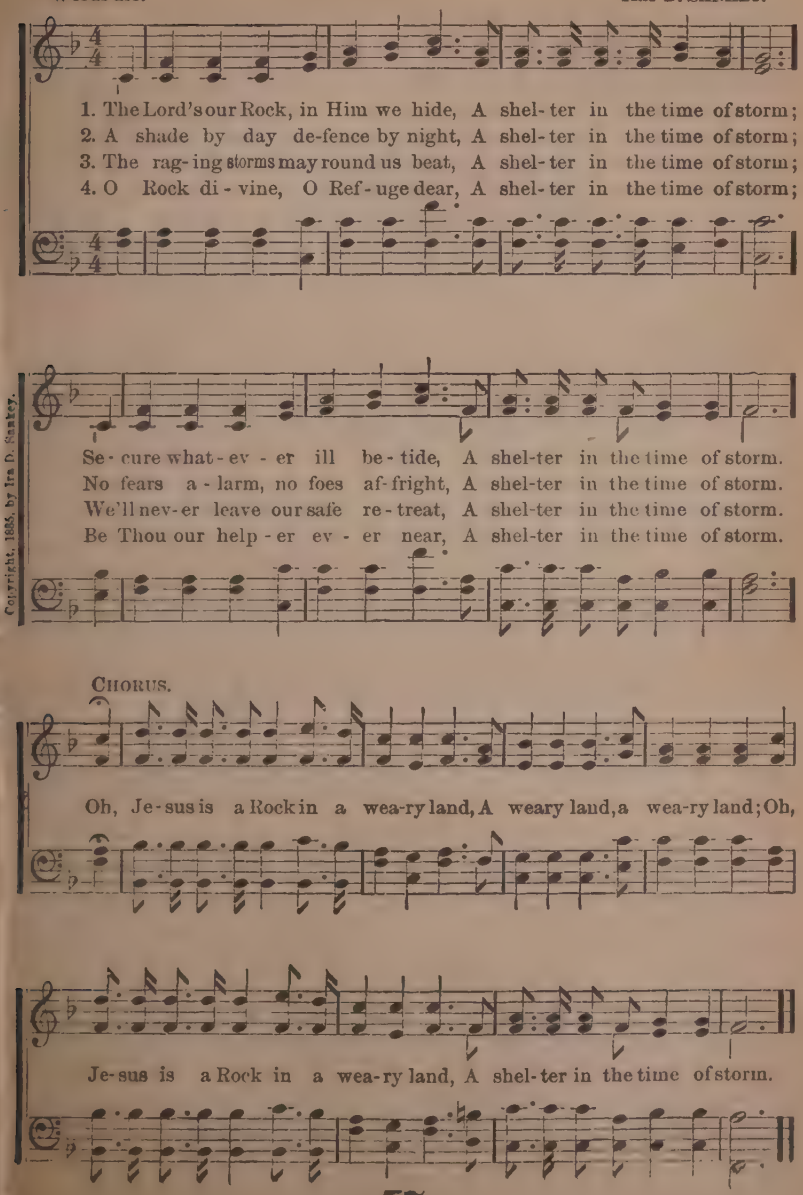
F. J. CROSBY. Mrs. J. F. KNAPP, by per.


1. "Near - er the cross!" my heart can say, I am coming nearer; Near - er the
2. Near - er the Christian's mercy seat, I am coming nearer; Feasting my
3. Near - er in pray'r my hope as-pires I am coming nearer; Deep- er the
cross from day to day, I am com- ing near- er; Near- er the cross where
soul on man- na sweet I am com- ing near- er; Stronger in faith, more
love my soul de-sires, I am com- ing near- er; Near - er the end of
Je - sus died, Near - er the fountain's crimson tide, Near-er my Sav-iour's
clear I see Je - sus who gave Himself for me; Near-er to Him I
toil and care, Near - er the joy I long to share, Near-er the crown I
wound-ed side, I am com- ing near- er, I am com- ing near- er.
still would be: Still I'm com- ing near- er, Still I'm com- ing near- er.
soon shall wear: I am com- ing near- er, I am com- ing near- er.

No. 55. A Shelter in the Time of Storm.

"My God is the Rock of my refuge."—Ps. 94: 22.

Words arr. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide, A shel-ter in the time of storm;
2. A shade by day de-fence by night, A shel-ter in the time of storm;
3. The rag-ing storms may round us beat, A shel-ter in the time of storm;
4. O Rock di-vine, O Ref-uge dear, A shel-ter in the time of storm;
Se-cure what-ev-er ill be-tide, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
No fears a-larm, no foes af-fright, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
We'll nev-er leave our safe re-treat, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
Be Thou our help-er ev-er near, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
CHORUS.
Oh, Je-sus is a Rock in a wea-ry land, A weary land, a wea-ry land; Oh,
Je-sus is a Rock in a wea-ry land, A shel-ter in the time of storm.

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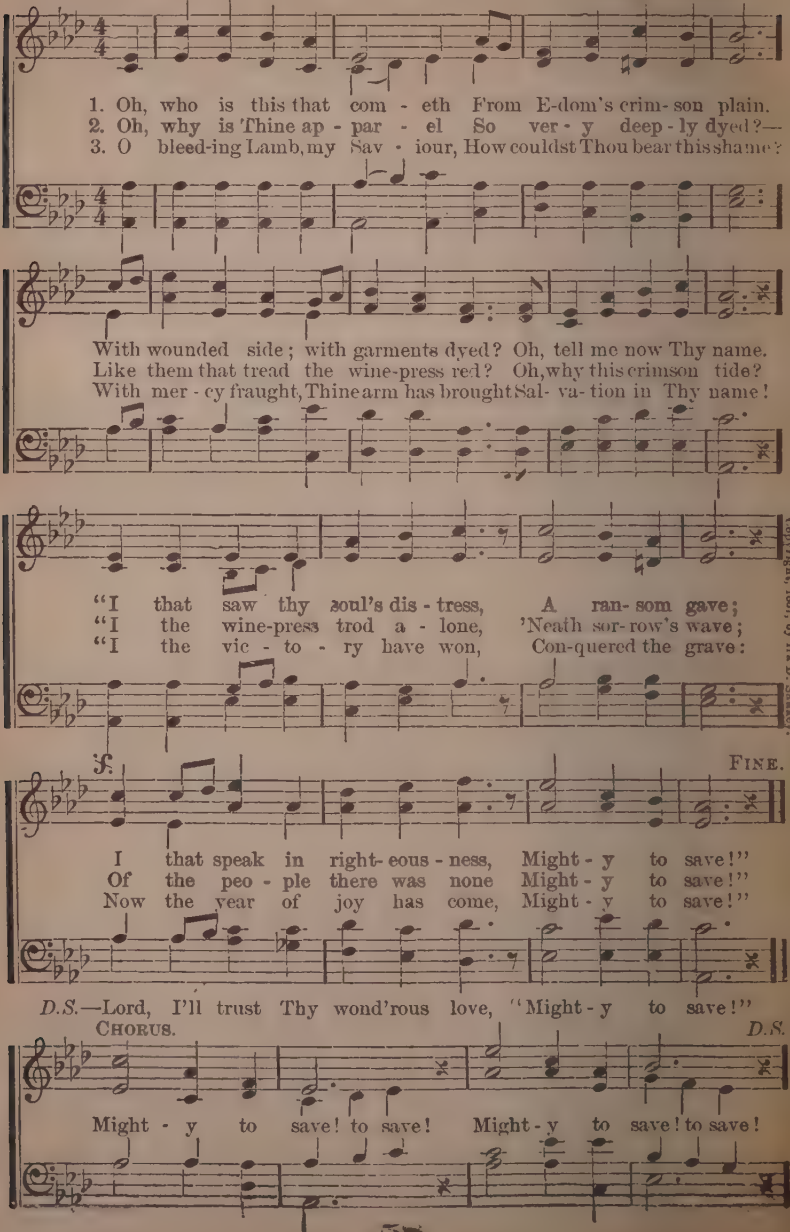
No. 56. Mighty to Save.

"I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save."—ISAIAH 63: 1.

Rev. R. W. TODD. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Oh, who is this that com - eth From E-dom's crim-son plain.
2. Oh, why is Thine ap - par - el So ver - y deep - ly dyed?—
3. O bleed-ing Lamb, my Sav - iour, How couldst Thou bear this shame?
With wounded side; with garments dyed? Oh, tell me now Thy name.
Like them that tread the wine-press red? Oh, why this crimson tide?
With mer - cy fraught, Thine arm has brought Sal- va-tion in Thy name!
"I that saw thy soul's dis - tress, A ran-som gave;
"I the wine-press trod a - lone, 'Neath sor-row's wave;
"I the vic - to - ry have won, Con-quered the grave:
FINE.
I that speak in right-eous - ness, Might - y to save!"
Of the peo - ple there was none Might - y to save!"
Now the year of joy has come, Might - y to save!"
D.S.—Lord, I'll trust Thy wond'rous love, "Might - y to save!"
CHORUS.
D.S.
Might - y to save! to save! Might - y to save! to save!

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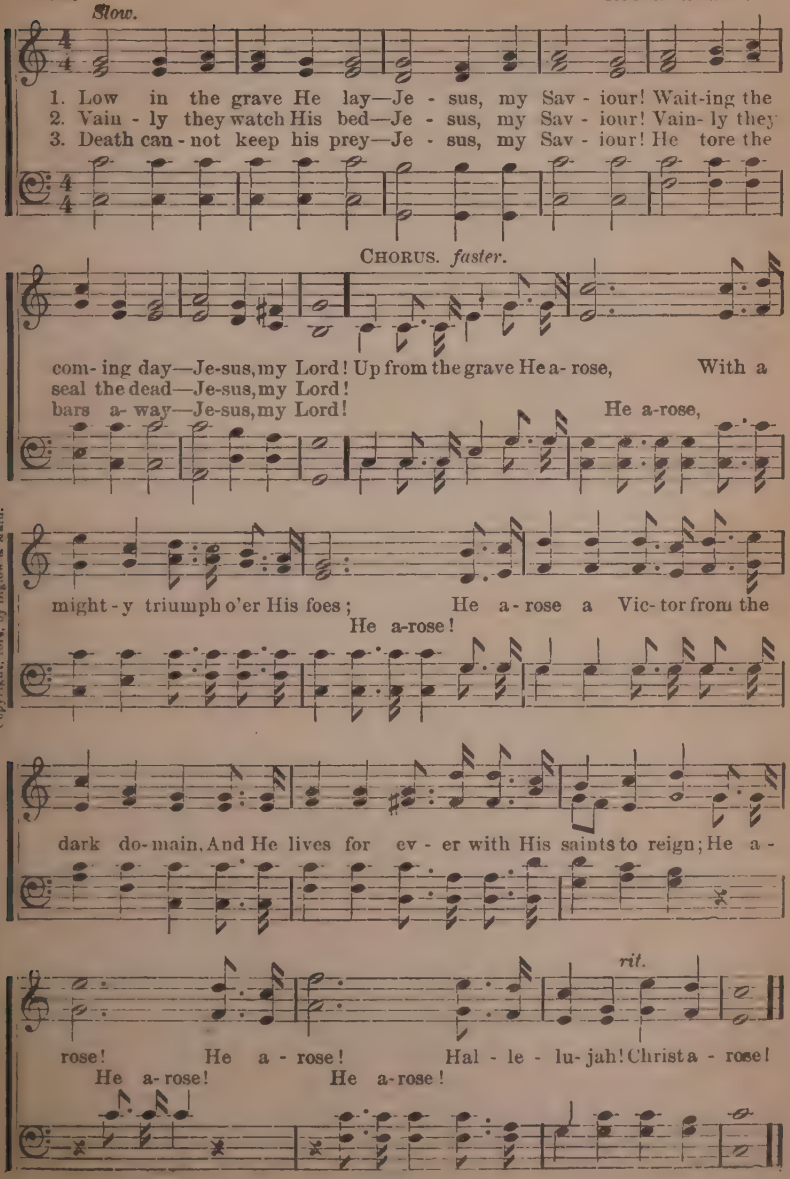
No. 57. Christ Arose!

"He is not here, but is risen."—LUKE 24: 6.

R. L. ROBERT LOWRY.


Slow.
1. Low in the grave He lay—Je - sus, my Sav - iour! Wait-ing the
2. Vain - ly they watch His bed—Je - sus, my Sav - iour! Vain- ly they
3. Death can - not keep his prey—Je - sus, my Sav - iour! He tore the
CHORUS. faster.
com- ing day—Je-sus, my Lord! Up from the grave He a- rose, With a
seal the dead—Je-sus, my Lord!
bars a- way—Je-sus, my Lord!
He a-rose,
might - y triumph o'er His foes; He a - rose a Vic- tor from the
He a-rose!
dark do- main, And He lives for ev - er with His saints to reign; He a -
rit.
rose! He a - rose! Hal - le - lu- jah! Christ a - rose!
He a-rose! He a-rose!

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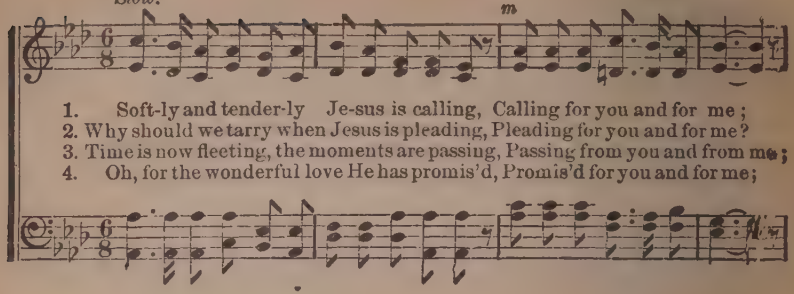
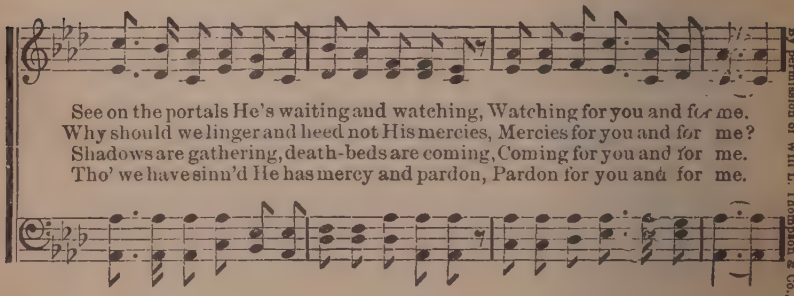
No. 58. Softly and Tenderly.

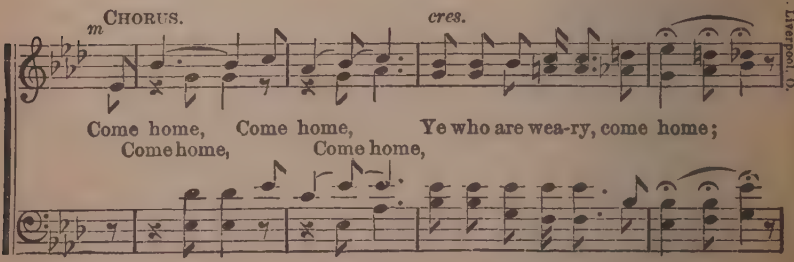
"Come unto me."—MATH. 11: 28.

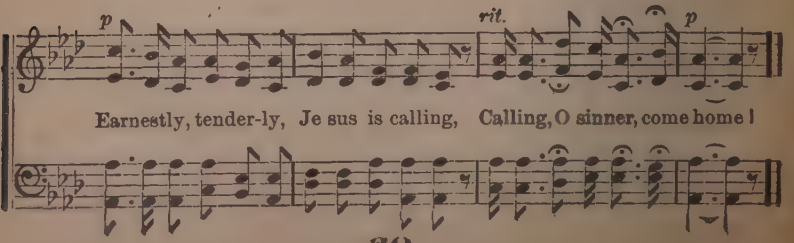
W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.


Slow.
m
1. Soft-ly and tender-ly Je-sus is calling, Calling for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh, for the wonderful love He has promis'd, Promis'd for you and for me;


See on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mercies for you and for me?
Shadows are gathering, death-beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinn'd He has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.

By permission of Will L. Thompson & Co., E. Liverpool, O.

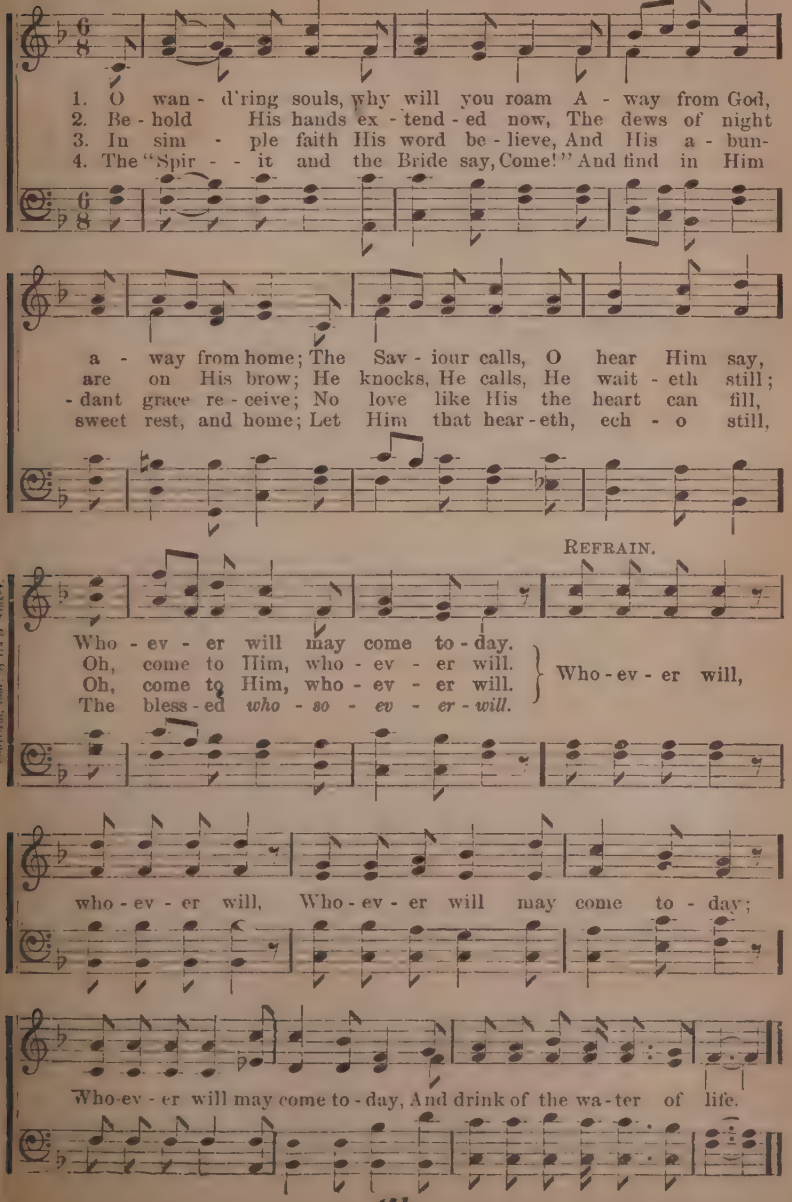




No. 59. Whoever Will.

"Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely."—Rev. 22: 17.

A. Montieth. Ira D. Sankey.

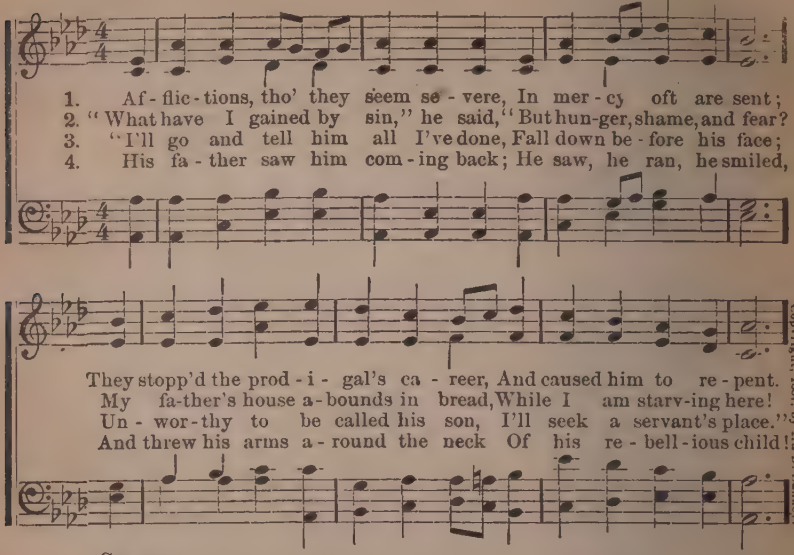

1. O wan - d'ring souls, why will you roam A - way from God,
2. Be - hold His hands ex - tend - ed now, The dews of night
3. In sim - ple faith His word be - lieve, And His a - bun-
4. The "Spir - it and the Bride say, Come!" And find in Him
a - way from home; The Sav - iour calls, O hear Him say,
are on His brow; He knocks, He calls, He wait - eth still;
- dant grace re - ceive; No love like His the heart can fill,
sweet rest, and home; Let Him that hear - eth, ech - o still,
Refrain.
Who - ev - er will may come to - day.
Oh, come to Him, who - ev - er will.
Oh, come to Him, who - ev - er will.
The bless - ed *who - so - ev - er - will.*
Who - ev - er will,
who - ev - er will, Who - ev - er will may come to - day;
Who-ev - er will may come to - day, And drink of the wa - ter of life.

Copyright, 1895, by Ira D. Sankey.

No. 60. The Prodigal's Return.

"I will arise, and go to my Father."—LUKE 15: 18.

JOHN NEWTON. Arr. by IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Af - flic - tions, tho' they seem se - vere, In mer - cy oft are sent;
2. "What have I gained by sin," he said, "But hun-ger, shame, and fear?
3. "I'll go and tell him all I've done, Fall down be - fore his face;
4. His fa - ther saw him com - ing back; He saw, he ran, he smiled,
They stopp'd the prod - i - gal's ca - reer, And caused him to re - pent.
My fa-ther's house a-bounds in bread, While I am starv-ing here!
Un - wor - thy to be called his son, I'll seek a servant's place."
And threw his arms a - round the neck Of his re - bell - ious child!

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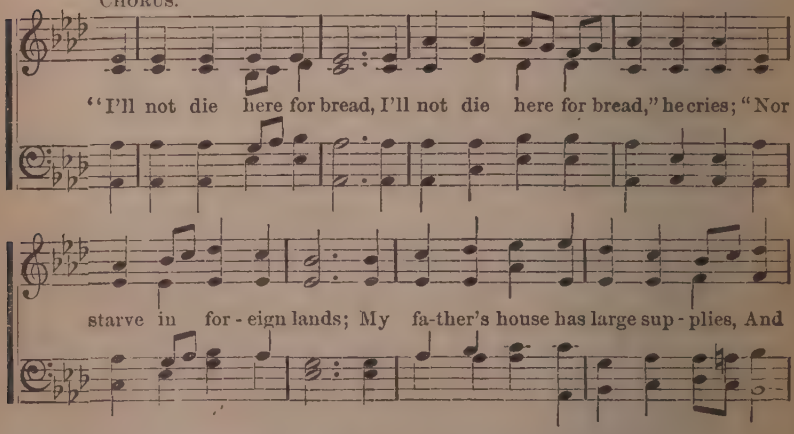
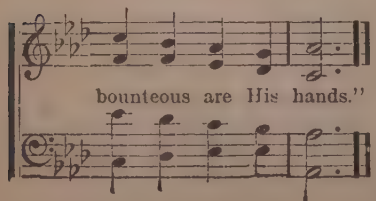
CHORUS.


"I'll not die here for bread, I'll not die here for bread," he cries; "Nor
starve in for - eign lands; My fa-ther's house has large sup - plies, And



5 "O father, I have sinned—forgive!"
"Enough," the father said;
"Rejoice, my house; my son's alive
For whom I mourned as dead!"

6 'Tis thus the Lord His love reveals,
To call poor sinners home;
More than a father's love He feels
And welcomes all that come.

No. 61. Casting all your Care upon Him.

1 Pet. 5 : 7.

From Cæsar Malan, by J. E. A. James McGranahan.

1. How sweet, my Sav-iour, to re-pose On Thine al-might-y pow'r!
2. It is Thy will that I should cast My ev-'ry care on Thee;
3. That I should trust Thy lov-ing care, And look to Thee a-lone,
4. Why should my heart then be distrest By dread of fut-ure ill?
To feel Thy strength up-hold-ing me, Thro' ev-'ry try-ing hour!
To Thee re-fer each ris-ing grief, Each new per-plex-i-ty;
To calm each troubled thought to rest, In prayer be-fore Thy throne.
Or why should un-be-liev-ing fear My trembling spir-it fill?
Chorus.
Cast-ing all..... your care up-on Him..... Casting
Cast-ing all your care, all your care up-on Him,
all.....your care upon Him,..... Casting all..... your care upon
all your care, all your care upon Him, your care,
Him..... for He car-eth, He car-eth for you."
All your care up-on Him,

Copyright, 1882 and 1887, by James McGranahan.

No. 62. Labor On

"The harvest truly is plenteous; but the laborers are few."—MATT. 9: 37.

J. R. BLACKALL. *Spirited.* W. H. DOANE.

1. In the har - vest field there is work to do, For the grain is ripe,
2. Crowd the gar - ner well with its sheaves all bright, Let the song be glad,
3. In the glean-er's path may be rich re-ward, Tho' the time seems long,
4. Lo! the Har-vest Home in the realms a - bove Shall be gained by each

and the reap - ers few; And the Mas-ter's voice bids the work-ers true
and the heart be light; Fill the pre-cious hours, ere the shades of night
and the la - bor hard; For the Mas-ter's joy, with His cho - sen shared,
who has toiled and strove, When the Mas-ter's voice, in its tones of love,

Copyright, 1870, by W. H. Doane.

CHORUS.

Heed the call that He gives to-day. La - bor on! la - bor
Take the place of the gold - en day.
Drives the gloom from the dark-est day.
Calls a - way to e - ter - nal day. La- bor on!

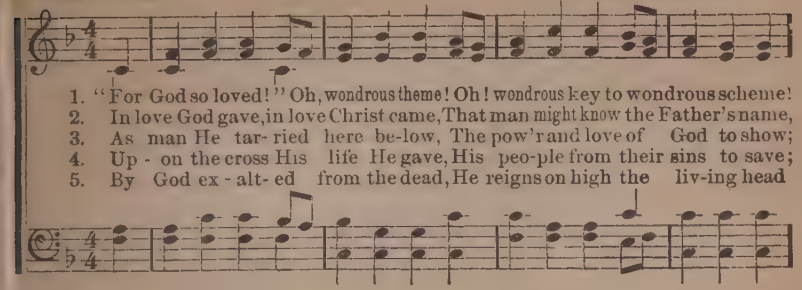
on! Keep the bright re-ward in view; For the Mas - ter has
la - bor on!

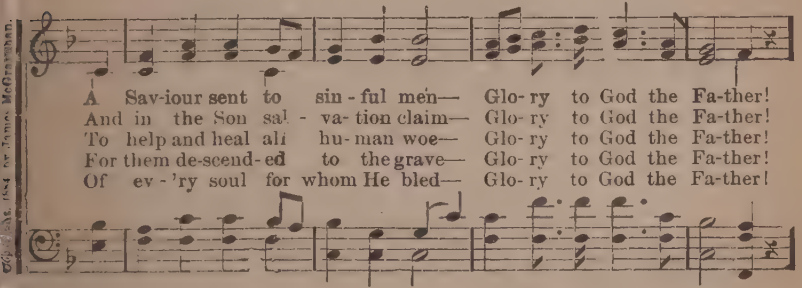
said, He will strength re - new; La - bor on till the close of day!

No. 63. Glory to God the Father.

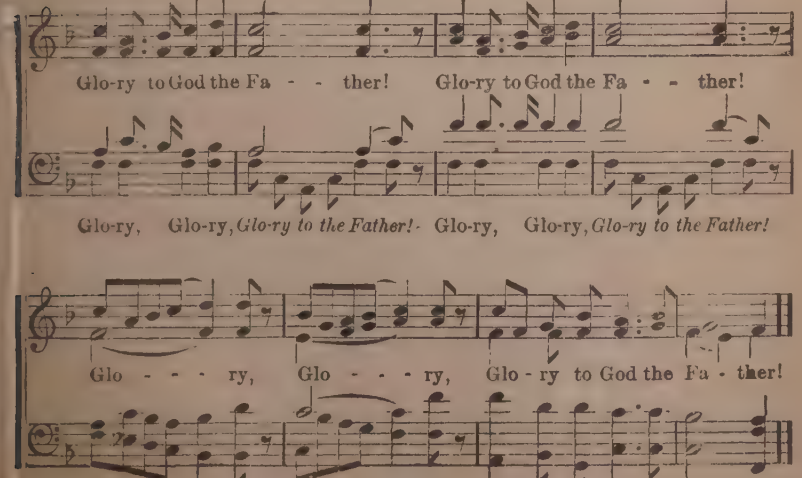
"Every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the Glory of God the Father."—PHIL. II.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. "For God so loved!" Oh, wondrous theme! Oh! wondrous key to wondrous scheme!
2. In love God gave, in love Christ came, That man might know the Father's name,
3. As man He tar-ried here be-low, The pow'r and love of God to show;
4. Up-on the cross His life He gave, His peo-ple from their sins to save;
5. By God ex-alt-ed from the dead, He reigns on high the liv-ing head


A Sav-iour sent to sin-ful men— Glo-ry to God the Fa-ther!
And in the Son sal-va-tion claim— Glo-ry to God the Fa-ther!
To help and heal all hu-man woe— Glo-ry to God the Fa-ther!
For them de-scend-ed to the grave— Glo-ry to God the Fa-ther!
Of ev-'ry soul for whom He bled— Glo-ry to God the Fa-ther!

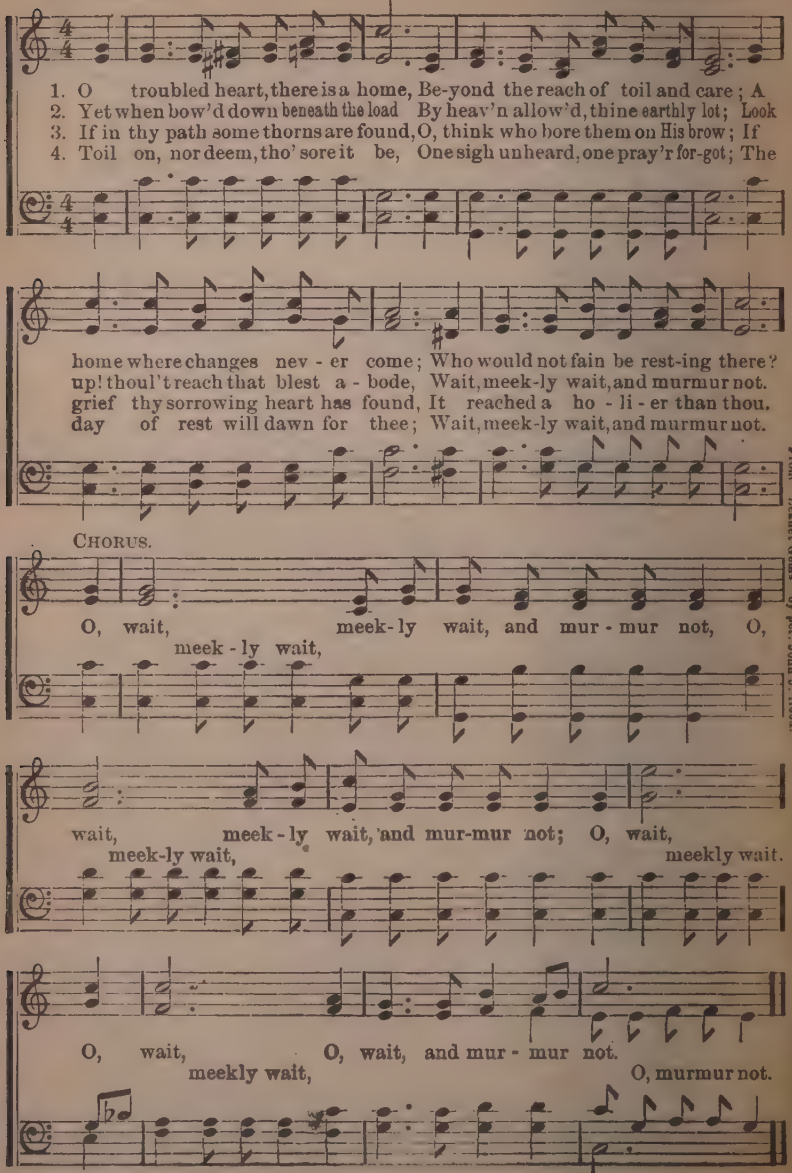
CHORUS.


Glo-ry to God the Fa - - ther! Glo-ry to God the Fa - - ther!
Glo-ry, Glo-ry, Glo-ry to the Father! Glo-ry, Glo-ry, Glo-ry to the Father!
Glo - - - ry, Glo - - - ry, Glo - ry to God the Fa - ther!

No. 64. Wait, and Murmur Not.

"It is good that a man hope and quietly wait."—SAM. 3: 26.

W. H. BELLAMY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. O troubled heart, there is a home, Be-yond the reach of toil and care; A
2. Yet when bow'd down beneath the load By heav'n allow'd, thine earthly lot; Look
3. If in thy path some thorns are found, O, think who bore them on His brow; If
4. Toil on, nor deem, tho' sore it be, One sigh unheard, one pray'r for-got; The
home where changes nev - er come; Who would not fain be rest-ing there?
up! thou'l't reach that blest a - bode, Wait, meek-ly wait, and murmur not.
grief thy sorrowing heart has found, It reached a ho - li - er than thou.
day of rest will dawn for thee; Wait, meek-ly wait, and murmur not.
CHORUS.
O, wait, meek - ly wait, and mur - mur not, O,
meek - ly wait,
wait, meek - ly wait, and mur-mur not; O, wait,
meek-ly wait, meekly wait.
O, wait, O, wait, and mur - mur not.
meekly wait, O, murmur not.

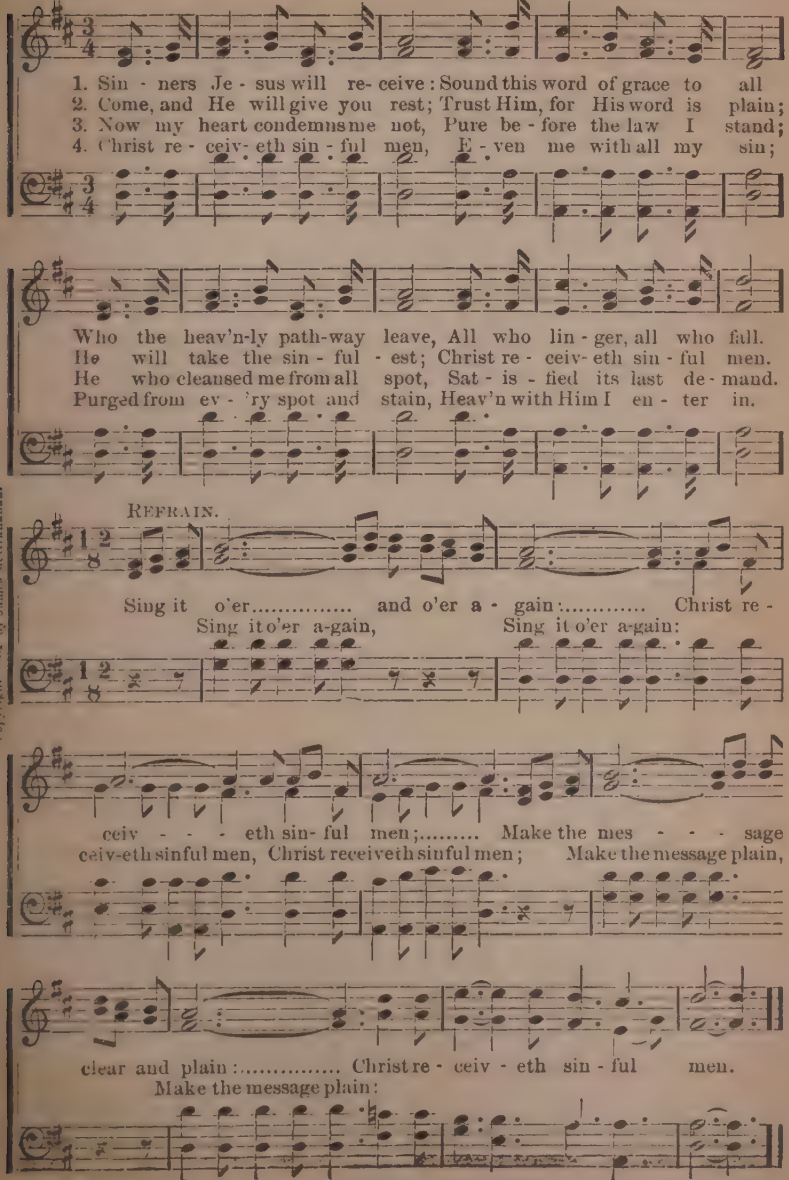
From "Leaflet Gems" by per. John J. Hood.

By permission.

No. 65. Christ Receiveth Sinful Men.

"They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."—MATT. 9: 12.

Arr. from NEUMASTER, 1671. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. Sin - ners Je - sus will re - ceive: Sound this word of grace to all
2. Come, and He will give you rest; Trust Him, for His word is plain;
3. Now my heart condemns me not, Pure be - fore the law I stand;
4. Christ re - ceiv- eth sin - ful men, E - ven me with all my sin;
Who the heav'n-ly path-way leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall.
He will take the sin - ful - est; Christ re - ceiv- eth sin - ful men.
He who cleansed me from all spot, Sat - is - fied its last de - mand.
Purged from ev - 'ry spot and stain, Heav'n with Him I en - ter in.
REFRAIN.
Sing it o'er..... and o'er a - gain:..... Christ re -
Sing it o'er a-gain, Sing it o'er a-gain:
ceiv - - - eth sin- ful men;..... Make the mes - - - sage
ceiv-eth sinful men, Christ receiveth sinful men; Make the message plain,
clear and plain:..... Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
Make the message plain:

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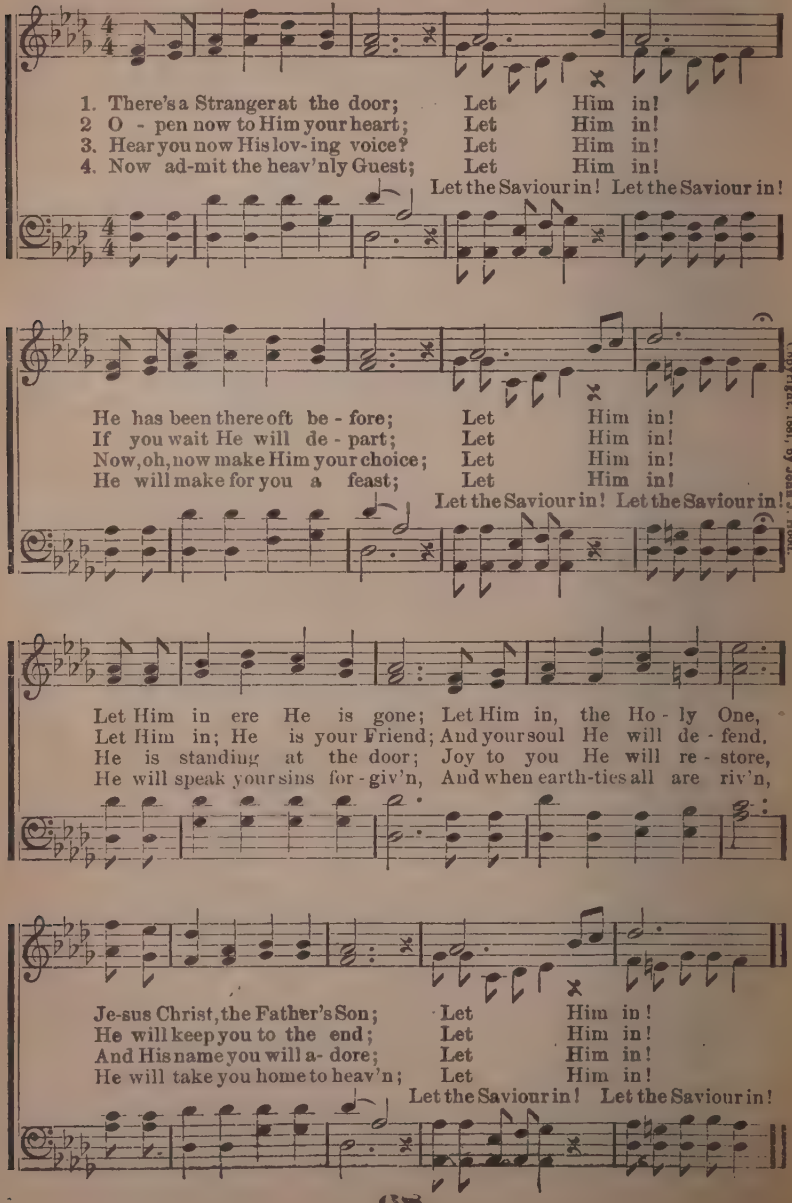
No. 66.

Let the Saviour in!

"If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him."—Rev. 3: 20.

J. B. Atchinson. E. O. Excell, by per.


1. There's a Stranger at the door; Let Him in!
2 O - pen now to Him your heart; Let Him in!
3. Hear you now His lov-ing voice? Let Him in!
4. Now ad-mit the heav'nly Guest; Let Him in!
Let the Saviour in! Let the Saviour in!
He has been there oft be - fore; Let Him in!
If you wait He will de - part; Let Him in!
Now, oh, now make Him your choice; Let Him in!
He will make for you a feast; Let Him in!
Let the Saviour in! Let the Saviour in!
Let Him in ere He is gone; Let Him in, the Ho - ly One,
Let Him in; He is your Friend; And your soul He will de - fend.
He is standing at the door; Joy to you He will re - store,
He will speak your sins for - giv'n, And when earth-ties all are riv'n,
Je-sus Christ, the Father's Son; Let Him in!
He will keep you to the end; Let Him in!
And His name you will a - dore; Let Him in!
He will take you home to heav'n; Let Him in!
Let the Saviour in! Let the Saviour in!

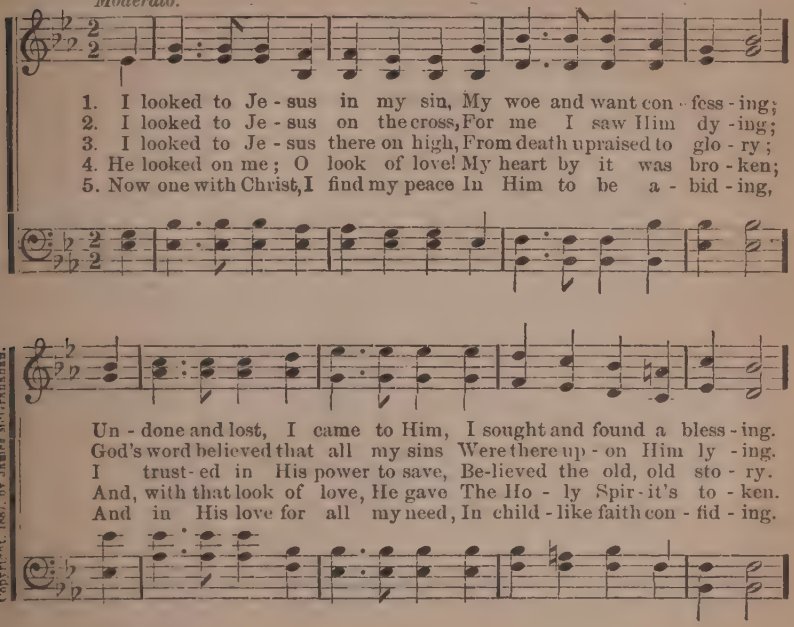
Copyright, 1881, by John J. Hood.

No. 67. I Looked to Jesus.

"I looked to Him, He looked on me, and we were one for ever."—C. H. SPURGEON.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

Moderato.


1. I looked to Je - sus in my sin, My woe and want con - fess - ing;
2. I looked to Je - sus on the cross, For me I saw Him dy - ing;
3. I looked to Je - sus there on high, From death upraised to glo - ry;
4. He looked on me; O look of love! My heart by it was bro - ken;
5. Now one with Christ, I find my peace In Him to be a - bid - ing,
Un - done and lost, I came to Him, I sought and found a bless - ing.
God's word believed that all my sins Were there up - on Him ly - ing.
I trust - ed in His power to save, Be-lieved the old, old sto - ry.
And, with that look of love, He gave The Ho - ly Spir - it's to - ken.
And in His love for all my need, In child - like faith con - fid - ing.

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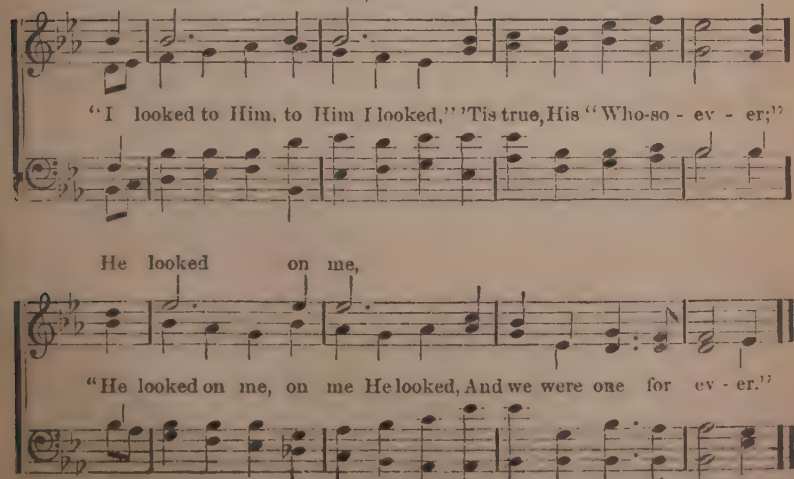
CHORUS.


I looked to Him,
"I looked to Him, to Him I looked," 'Tis true, His "Who-so - ev - er;"
He looked on me,
"He looked on me, on me He looked, And we were one for ev - er."

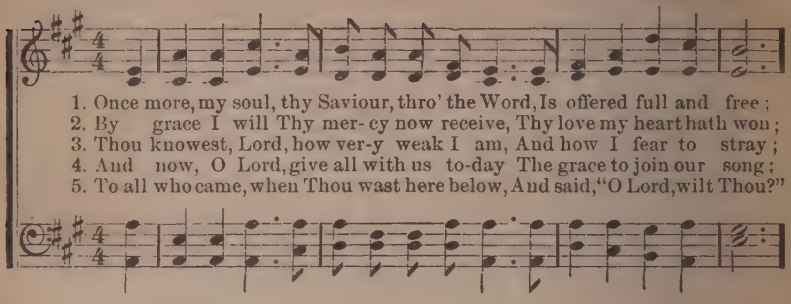
No. 68.

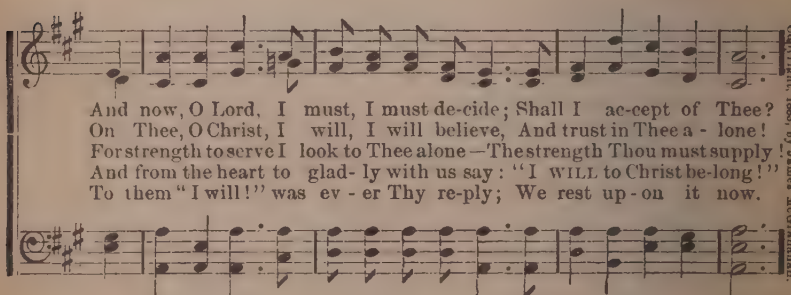
I Will!

"I will trust, and not be afraid."—ISAIAH. 12: 2.

(Suggested by the responses of the young men of Limerick to Mr. Moody's question, "Will you trust Christ?" at the Meetings in that City, October, 1883.)

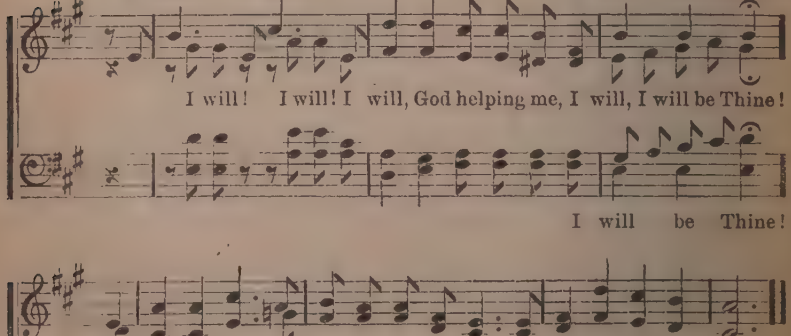
EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

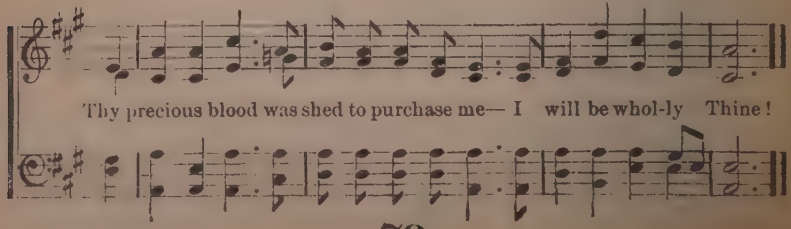

1. Once more, my soul, thy Saviour, thro' the Word, Is offered full and free;
2. By grace I will Thy mer- cy now receive, Thy love my heart hath won;
3. Thou knowest, Lord, how ver-y weak I am, And how I fear to stray;
4. And now, O Lord, give all with us to-day The grace to join our song;
5. To all who came, when Thou wast here below, And said, "O Lord, wilt Thou?"


And now, O Lord, I must, I must de-cide; Shall I ac-cept of Thee?
On Thee, O Christ, I will, I will believe, And trust in Thee a - lone!
For strength to serve I look to Thee alone—The strength Thou must supply!
And from the heart to glad- ly with us say: "I WILL to Christ be-long!"
To them "I will!" was ev - er Thy re-ply; We rest up - on it now.

Copyright, 1883, by James McGranahan.

CHORUS, *with promptness and spirit.*





No. 69. Take Me as I Am.

"Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."—JOHN 6: 37.

ELIZA H. HAMILTON. IRA D. SANKEY.

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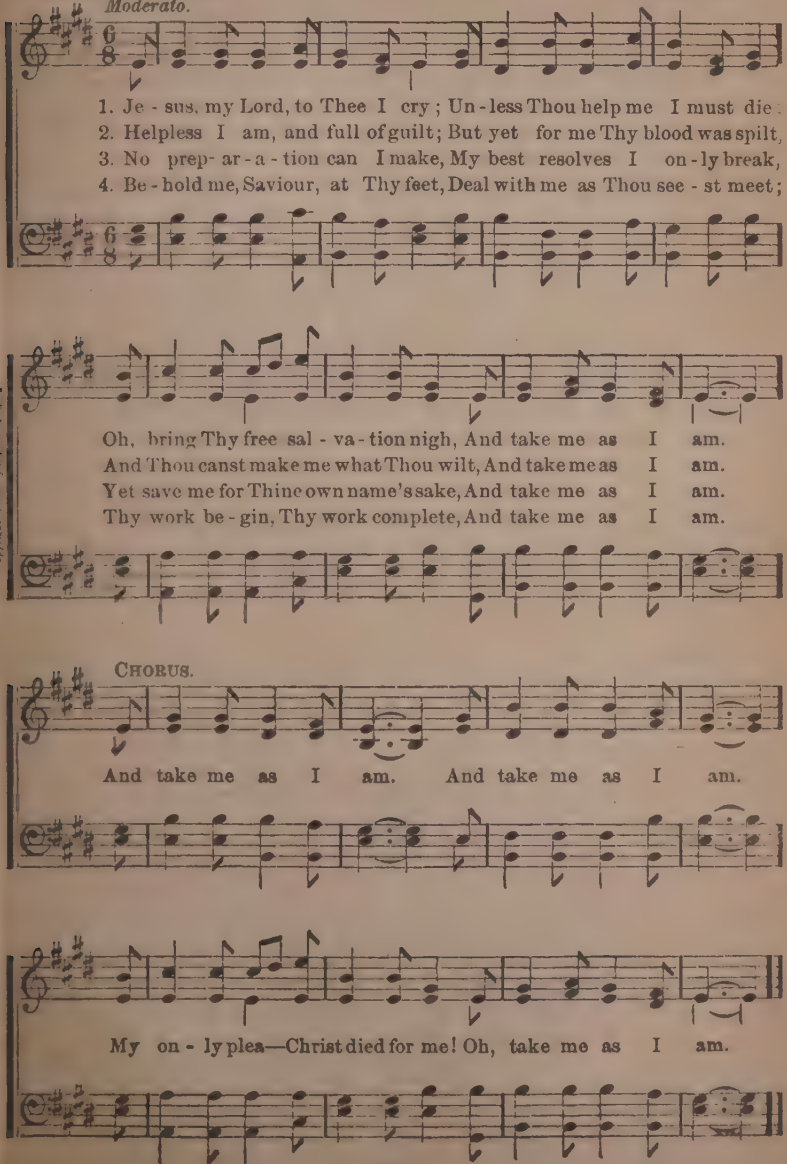
1. Je - sus, my Lord, to Thee I cry; Un - less Thou help me I must die.
2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt; But yet for me Thy blood was spilt,
3. No prep- ar - a - tion can I make, My best resolves I on - ly break,
4. Be - hold me, Saviour, at Thy feet, Deal with me as Thou see - st meet;
Oh, bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.
And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, And take me as I am.
Yet save me for Thine own name's sake, And take me as I am.
Thy work be - gin, Thy work complete, And take me as I am.
CHORUS.
And take me as I am. And take me as I am.
My on - ly plea—Christ died for me! Oh, take me as I am.

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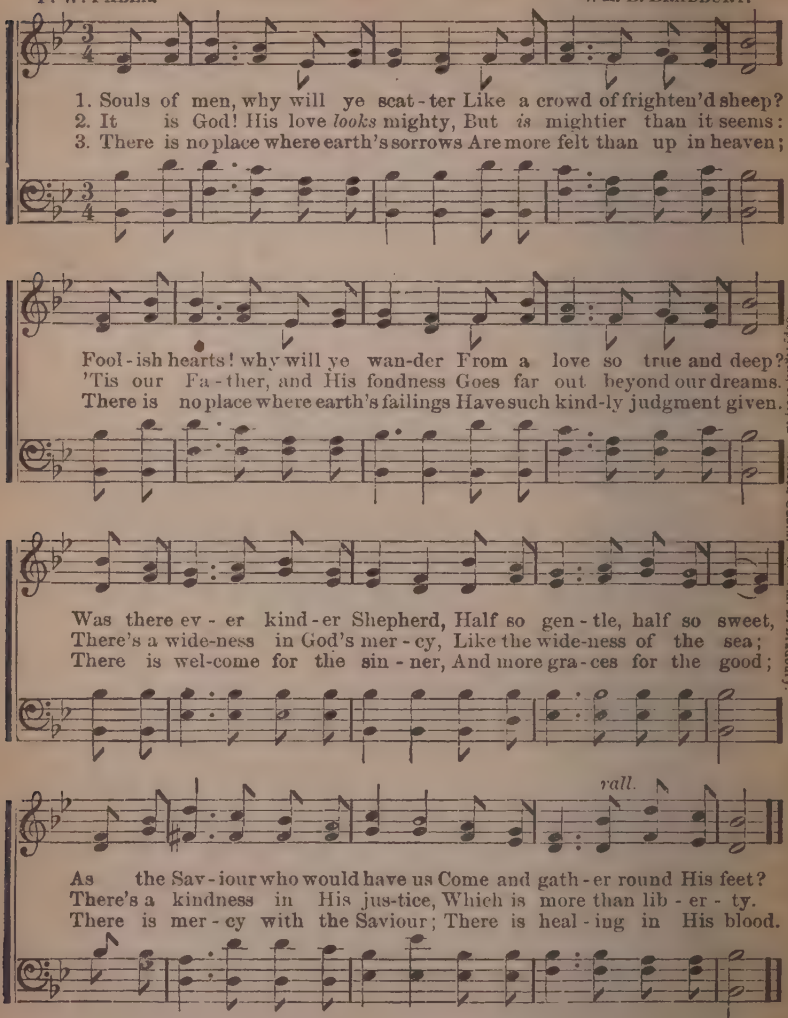
No. 70. Souls of Men, why will ye Scatter?

"All we like sheep have gone astray."—Isa. 53: 6.

F. W. Faber. Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. Souls of men, why will ye scat-ter Like a crowd of frighten'd sheep?
2. It is God! His love *looks* mighty, But *is* mightier than it seems:
3. There is no place where earth's sorrows Are more felt than up in heaven;
Fool-ish hearts! why will ye wan-der From a love so true and deep?
'Tis our Fa-ther, and His fondness Goes far out beyond our dreams.
There is no place where earth's failings Have such kind-ly judgment given.
Was there ev-er kind-er Shepherd, Half so gen-tle, half so sweet,
There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea;
There is wel-come for the sin-ner, And more gra-ces for the good;
rall.
As the Sav-iour who would have us Come and gath-er round His feet?
There's a kindness in His jus-tice, Which is more than lib-er-ty.
There is mer-cy with the Saviour; There is heal-ing in His blood.

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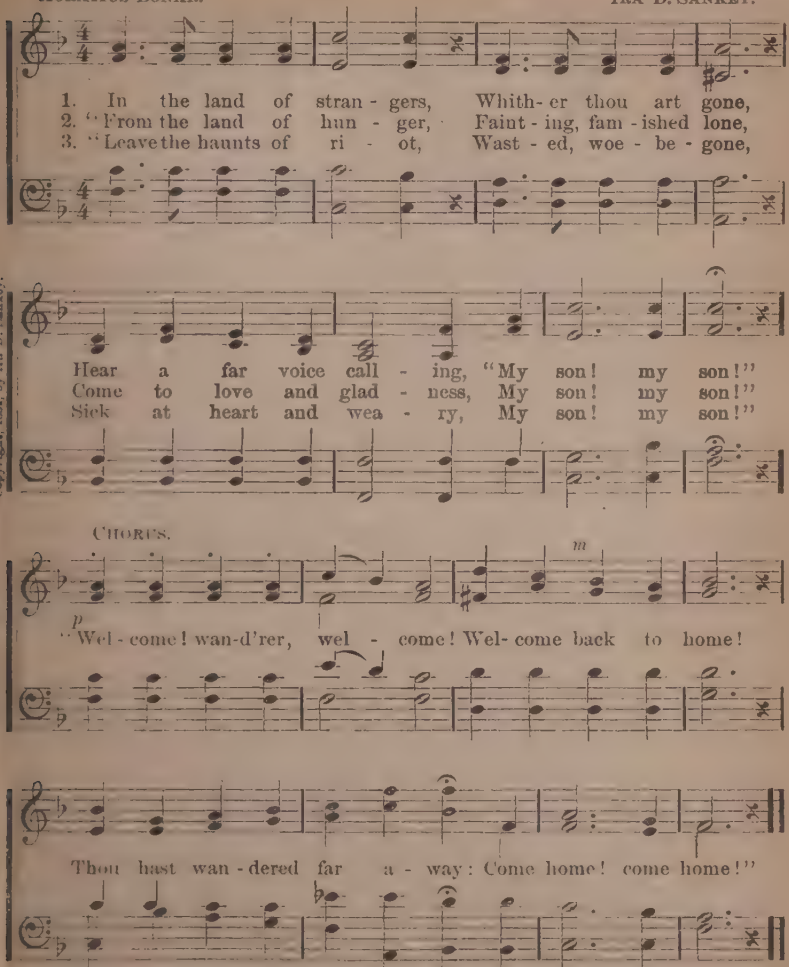
4 But we make His love too narrow,
By false limits of our own;
And we magnify His strictness
With a zeal He will not own.
There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

5 If our love were but more simple
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would all be sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.
For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

No. 71. Welcome! Wanderer, Welcome!

"This my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."—LUKE 15: 24.

HORATIUS BONAR. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. In the land of stran - gers, Whith- er thou art gone,
2. "From the land of hun - ger, Faint - ing, fam - ished lone,
3. "Leave the haunts of ri - ot, Wast - ed, woe - be - gone,
Hear a far voice call - ing, "My son! my son!"
Come to love and glad - ness, My son! my son!"
Sick at heart and wea - ry, My son! my son!"
CHORUS.
p
"Wel - come! wan-d'rer, wel - come! Wel- come back to home!
m
Thou hast wan - dered far a - way: Come home! come home!"

Copyright, 1894, by Ira D. Sankey.

4 "See the door still open!
Thou art still my own;
Eyes of love are on thee,
My son! my son!"

5 "Far off thou hast wandered;
Wilt thou farther roam?
Come, and all is pardoned,
My son! my son!"

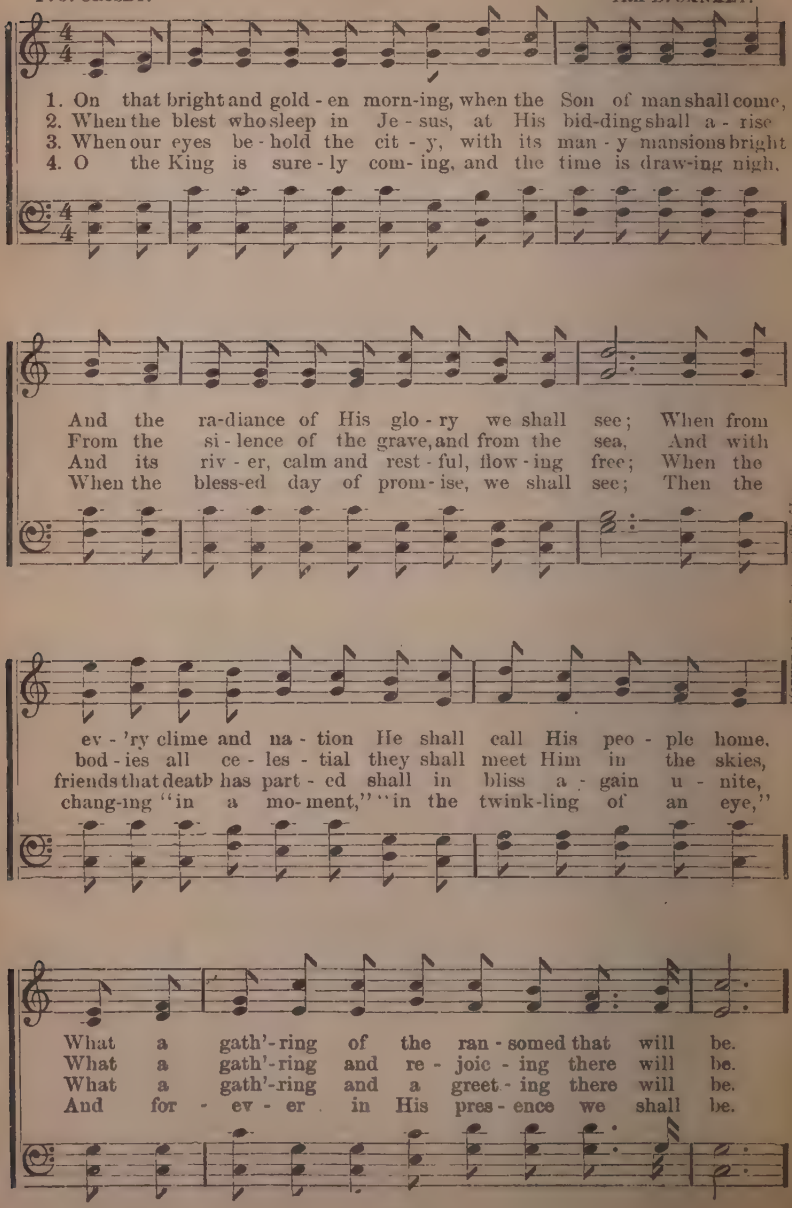
6 "See the well-spread table,
Unforgotten one!
Here is rest and plenty,
My son! my son!"

7 "Thou art friendless, homeless,
Hopeless, and undone;
Mine is love unchanging,
My son! my son!"

No. 72. What a Gathering!

"Sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—ISA. 35: 10.

F. J. CROSBY. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. On that bright and gold - en morn-ing, when the Son of man shall come,
2. When the blest who sleep in Je - sus, at His bid-ding shall a - rise
3. When our eyes be - hold the cit - y, with its man - y mansions bright
4. O the King is sure - ly com-ing, and the time is draw-ing nigh.
And the ra-diance of His glo - ry we shall see; When from
From the si - lence of the grave, and from the sea, And with
And its riv - er, calm and rest - ful, flow - ing free; When the
When the bless-ed day of prom - ise, we shall see; Then the
ev - 'ry clime and na - tion He shall call His peo - ple home.
bod - ies all ce - les - tial they shall meet Him in the skies,
friends that death has part - ed shall in bliss a - gain u - nite,
chang-ing "in a mo-ment," "in the twink-ling of an eye,"
What a gath'-ring of the ran - somed that will be.
What a gath'-ring and re - joic - ing there will be.
What a gath'-ring and a greet - ing there will be.
And for - ev - er in His pres - ence we shall be.

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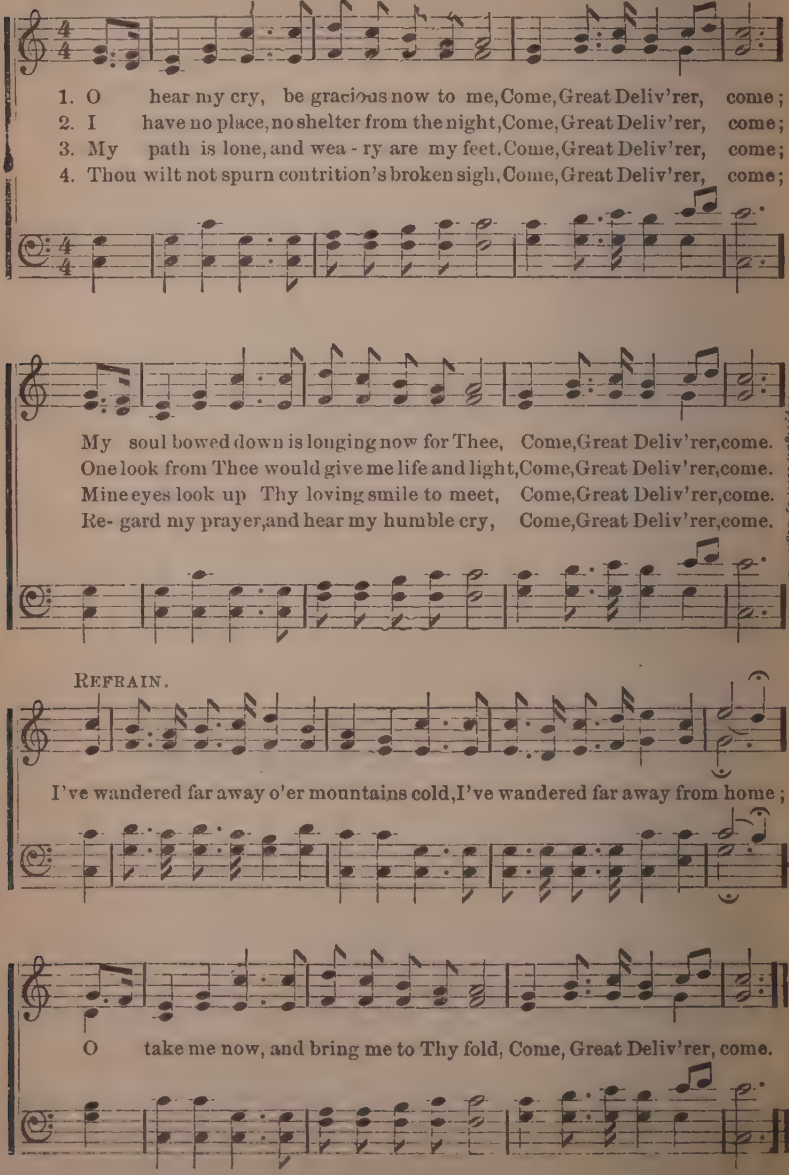
What a Gathering!—Concluded.

CHORUS.
What a gath' - - ring, what a
What a gath' - ring, what a gath' - ring,
gath' - - - ring, What a gath'-ring of the
gath'- ring, what a gath'- ring,
ran - somed in the sum- mer land of love; What a
gath' - - - ring, what a gath' - - - - ring,
gath'- ring, what a gath'- ring,
Of the ran- somed in that hap - py home a - bove.

No. 73. Come, Great Deliverer, Come.

"Thou art my help and my deliverer."—Ps. 40: 17.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE


1. O hear my cry, be gracious now to me, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come;
2. I have no place, no shelter from the night, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come;
3. My path is lone, and wea - ry are my feet. Come, Great Deliv'rer, come;
4. Thou wilt not spurn contrition's broken sigh, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come;
My soul bowed down is longing now for Thee, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come.
One look from Thee would give me life and light, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come.
Mine eyes look up Thy loving smile to meet, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come.
Re- gard my prayer, and hear my humble cry, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come.
REFRAIN.
I've wandered far away o'er mountains cold, I've wandered far away from home;
O take me now, and bring me to Thy fold, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come.

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No. 74. God be with You!

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."—ROMANS 16: 20.

J. E. RANKIN. W. G. TOMER

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—By His counsels guide, up - hold you, With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you; God be
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—'Neath His wings protecting hide you, Dai - ly man - na still di - vide you: God be
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—When life's per-ils thick con- found you, Put His arms un - fail - ing round you; God be
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—Keep love's banner floating o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave before you; God be

CHORUS.

with you till we meet a- gain! Till we meet! . . . . Till we
with you till we meet a- gain!
with you till we meet a- gain!
with you till we meet a- gain! Till we meet! Till we

meet! Till we meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we
meet a - gain! Till we meet!

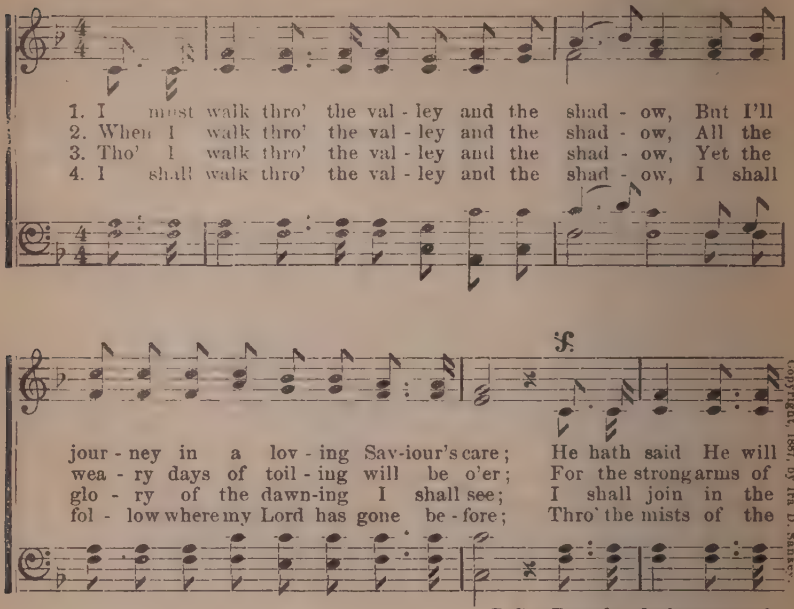
meet! . . . Till we meet! God be with you till we meet a-gain!
Till we meet! Till we meet a-gain!

By per. of J. R. Rankin.

No. 75. Through the Valley and the Shadow.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley and the shadow."—Psa. 23: 4.

RIAN A. DYKES. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. I must walk thro' the val - ley and the shad - ow, But I'll
2. When I walk thro' the val - ley and the shad - ow, All the
3. Tho' I walk thro' the val - ley and the shad - ow, Yet the
4. I shall walk thro' the val - ley and the shad - ow, I shall
jour - ney in a lov - ing Sav-iour's care; He hath said He will
wea - ry days of toil - ing will be o'er; For the strong arms of
glo - ry of the dawn-ing I shall see; I shall join in the
fol - low where my Lord has gone be - fore; Thro' the mists of the
D.S.—But the dark waves of
nev- er, nev- er leave me, With His Staff He will comfort me there.
Je - sus will en - fold me, And with Him I shall sor-row no more.
an-thems o - ver Jor - dan, Where the loved ones are waiting for me.
val- ley He will lead me, Till I rest on the Ev - er-green Shore.
Jor-dan will not harm me, There is peace in the val-ley, I know.
Thro' the val-ley, thro' the val-ley, thro' the valley and the shadow I must go,

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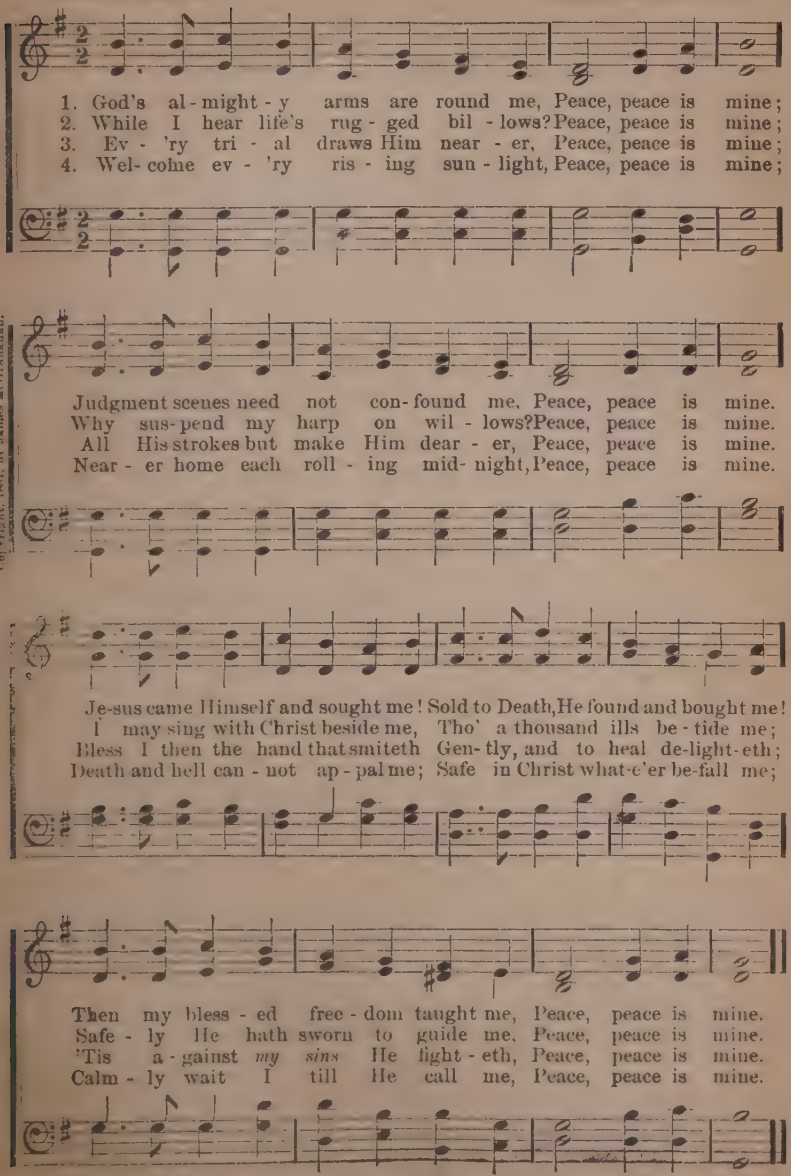
FINE.

CHORUS. D.S.

No. 76. Peace, Peace is Mine.

"He is our Peace."—EPH. 2: 14.

J. DENHAM SMITH. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. God's al - might - y arms are round me, Peace, peace is mine;
2. While I hear life's rug - ged bil - lows? Peace, peace is mine;
3. Ev - 'ry tri - al draws Him near - er, Peace, peace is mine;
4. Wel- come ev - 'ry ris - ing sun - light, Peace, peace is mine;
Judgment scenes need not con- found me, Peace, peace is mine.
Why sus- pend my harp on wil - lows? Peace, peace is mine.
All His strokes but make Him dear - er, Peace, peace is mine.
Near - er home each roll - ing mid- night, Peace, peace is mine.
Je-sus came Himself and sought me! Sold to Death, He found and bought me!
I may sing with Christ beside me, Tho' a thousand ills be - tide me;
Bless I then the hand that smiteth Gen- tly, and to heal de-light- eth;
Death and hell can - not ap - pal me; Safe in Christ what-e'er be-fall me;
Then my bless - ed free - dom taught me, Peace, peace is mine.
Safe - ly He hath sworn to guide me, Peace, peace is mine.
'Tis a - gainst *my sins* He fight - eth, Peace, peace is mine.
Calm - ly wait I till He call me, Peace, peace is mine.

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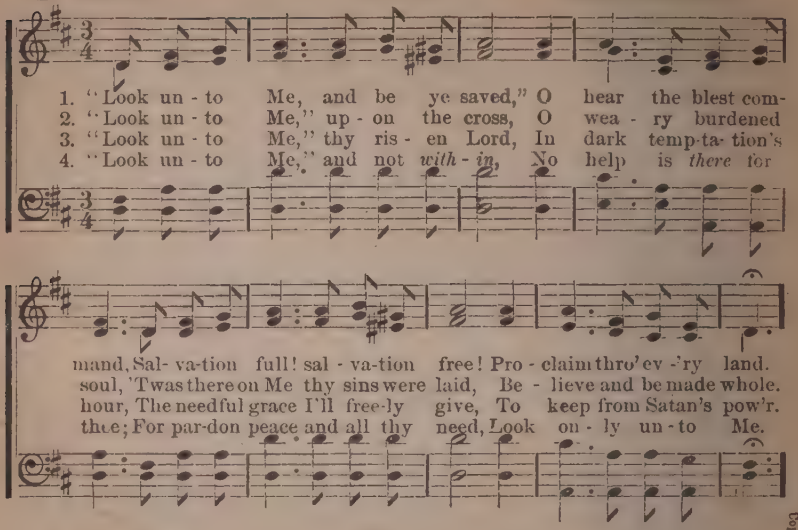
No. 77.

Look Unto Me.

EL. NATHAN. ISA. 45: 22. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.


1. "Look un - to Me, and be ye saved," O hear the blest com-
mand, Sal- va-tion full! sal - va-tion free! Pro - claim thro' ev -'ry land.
2. "Look un - to Me," up - on the cross, O wea - ry burdened
soul, 'Twas there on Me thy sins were laid, Be - lieve and be made whole.
3. "Look un - to Me," thy ris - en Lord, In dark temp-ta- tion's
hour, The needful grace I'll free-ly give, To keep from Satan's pow'r.
4. "Look un - to Me," and not *with - in*, No help is *there* for
thee; For par-don peace and all thy need, Look on - ly un - to Me.

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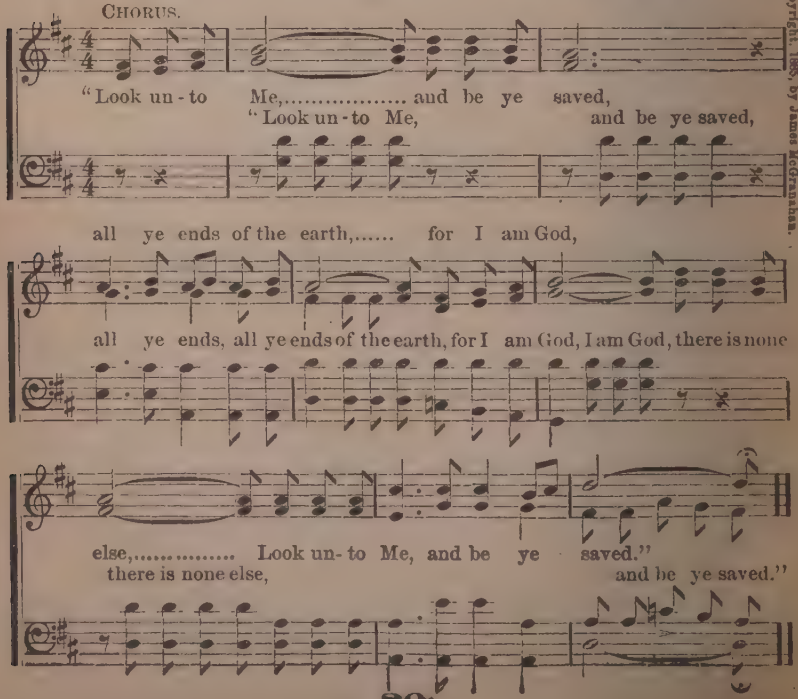
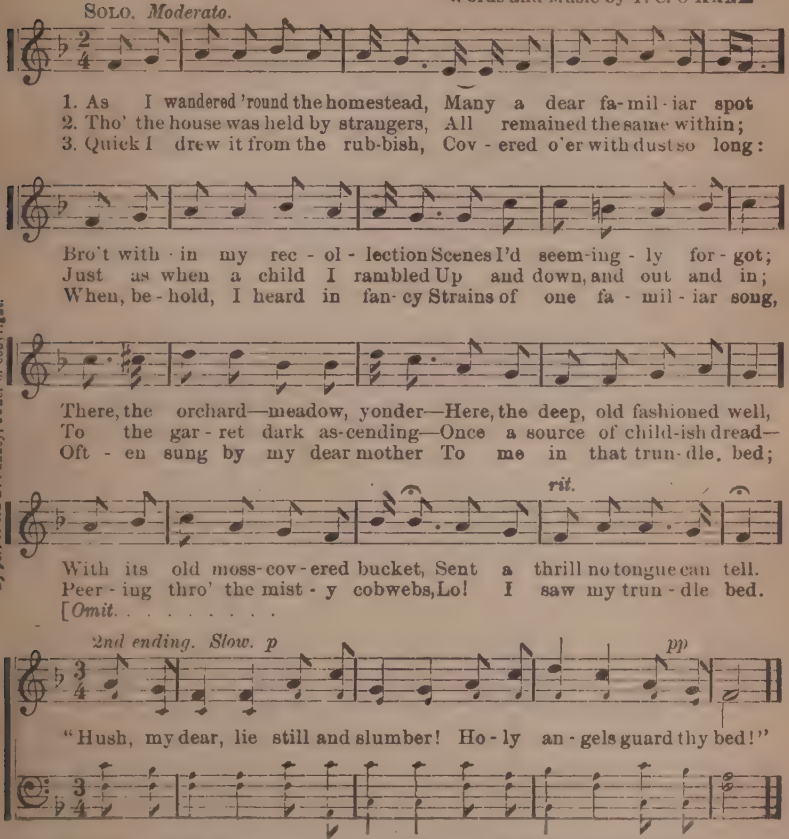

CHORUS.
"Look un - to Me,..... and be ye saved,
"Look un - to Me, and be ye saved,
all ye ends of the earth,..... for I am God,
all ye ends, all ye ends of the earth, for I am God, I am God, there is none
else,..... Look un - to Me, and be ye saved."
there is none else, and be ye saved."

No. 78.

My Mother's Prayer.

"Her children arise up, and call her blessed."—PROV. 21: 28.

Words and Music by T. C. O'KANE.


SOLO. *Moderato.*
1. As I wandered 'round the homestead, Many a dear fa-mil-iar spot
2. Tho' the house was held by strangers, All remained the same within;
3. Quick I drew it from the rub-bish, Cov-ered o'er with dust so long:
Bro't with-in my rec-ol-lection Scenes I'd seem-ing-ly for-got;
Just as when a child I rambled Up and down, and out and in;
When, be-hold, I heard in fan-cy Strains of one fa-mil-iar song,
There, the orchard—meadow, yonder—Here, the deep, old fashioned well,
To the gar-ret dark as-cending—Once a source of child-ish dread—
Oft-en sung by my dear mother To me in that trun-dle bed;
rit.
With its old moss-cov-ered bucket, Sent a thrill no tongue can tell.
Peer-ing thro' the mist-y cobwebs, Lo! I saw my trun-dle bed.
[*Omit.*
2nd ending. Slow. p
pp
"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber! Ho-ly an-gels guard thy bed!"

By per. of Ira D. Sankey, owner of copyright.

4 While I listen to the music
Stealing on in gentle strain,
I am carried back to childhood—
I am now a child again:
'Tis the hour of my retiring,
At the dusky eventide;
Near my trundle bed I'm kneeling,
As of yore, by mother's side.

5 Hands are on my head so loving,
As they were in childhood's days;
I, with weary tones, am trying
To repeat the words she says;
'Tis a prayer in language simple
As a mother's lips can frame:
* "Father, Thou who art in heaven,
Hallowed, ever, be Thy name."

* Use second ending.

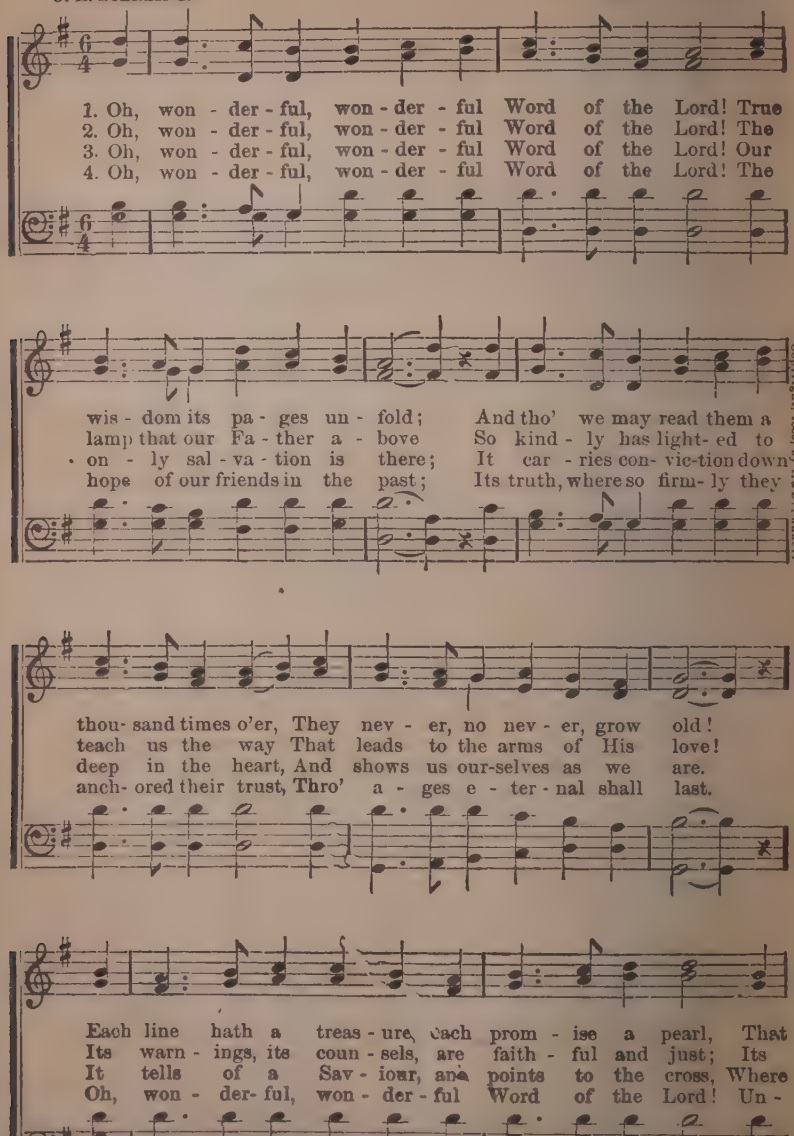
6 Prayer is over: to my pillow
With a "good-night!" kiss I creep;
Scarcely waking while I whisper,
"Now I lay me down to sleep."
Then my mother, o'er me bending,
Prays in earnest words, but mild:
* "Hear my prayer, O heavenly Father,
Bless, oh bless, my precious child!"

7 Yet I am but only dreaming:
Ne'er I'll be a child again;
Many years has that dear mother
In the quiet churchyard lain;
But the mem'ry of her counsels
O'er my path a light has shed,
Daily calling me to heaven.
Even from my trundle bed.

No. 79. Oh, Wonderful Word!

"The Word of the Lord endureth for ever."—1 PETER 1: 25.

J. L. STERLING. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Oh, won - der - ful, won - der - ful Word of the Lord! True
2. Oh, won - der - ful, won - der - ful Word of the Lord! The
3. Oh, won - der - ful, won - der - ful Word of the Lord! Our
4. Oh, won - der - ful, won - der - ful Word of the Lord! The
wis - dom its pa - ges un - fold; And tho' we may read them a
lamp that our Fa - ther a - bove So kind - ly has light - ed to
on - ly sal - va - tion is there; It car - ries con- vic-tion down
hope of our friends in the past; Its truth, where so firm - ly they
thou- sand times o'er, They nev - er, no nev - er, grow old!
teach us the way That leads to the arms of His love!
deep in the heart, And shows us our-selves as we are.
anch- ored their trust, Thro' a - ges e - ter - nal shall last.
Each line hath a treas - ure, each prom - ise a pearl, That
Its warn - ings, its coun - sels, are faith - ful and just; Its
It tells of a Sav - iour, and points to the cross, Where
Oh, won - der- ful, won - der - ful Word of the Lord! Un -

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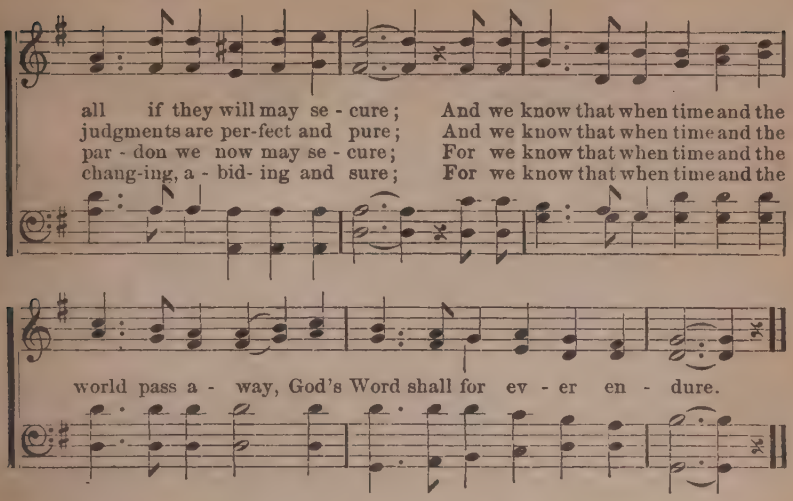
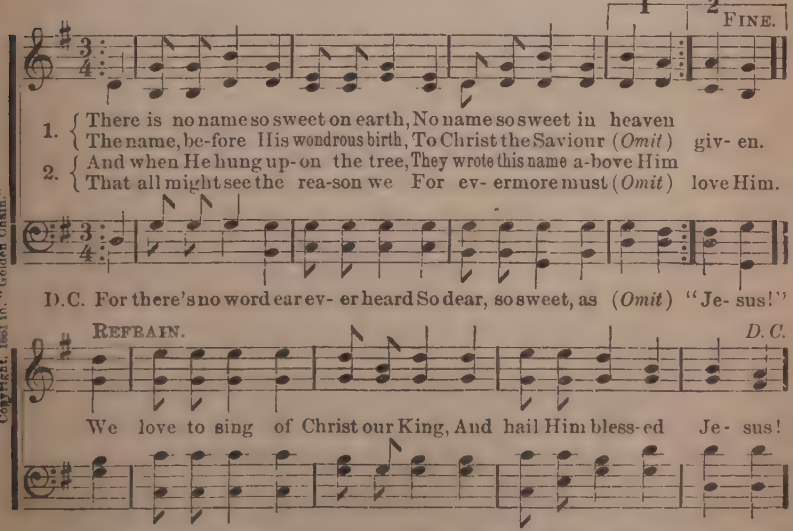

all if they will may se - cure; And we know that when time and the
judgments are per-fect and pure; And we know that when time and the
par - don we now may se - cure; For we know that when time and the
chang-ing, a - bid- ing and sure; For we know that when time and the
world pass a - way, God's Word shall for ev - er en - dure.

No. 80. The Sweetest Name.

"Thou shalt call His name Jesus; for He shall save His people from their sins."—MATT. 1: 21.

GEO. W. BETHUNE. WM. B. BRADBURY.


1 2 FINE.
1. There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so sweet in heaven
The name, be-fore His wondrous birth, To Christ the Saviour (Omit) giv- en.
2. And when He hung up-on the tree, They wrote this name a-bove Him
That all might see the rea-son we For ev- ermore must (Omit) love Him.
D.C. For there's no word ear ev- er heard So dear, so sweet, as (Omit) "Je- sus!"
REFRAIN. D.C.
We love to sing of Christ our King, And hail Him bless-ed Je- sus!

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3 So now, upon His Father's throne—
Almighty to release us
From sin and pain—He ever reigns,
The Prince and Saviour, Jesus.

4 O Jesus! by that matchless Name
Thy grace shall fail us never
To-day as yesterday the same,
Thou art the same for ev-

No. 81. They that Wait upon the Lord.

G. M. J. ISA. 40: 31. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

Allegretto.

1. Ho, reap-ers in the whitened harvest! Oft fee - ble, faint and few,
2. Too oft a - wea-ry and dis-couraged, We pour a sad com - plaint;
3. Re-joice, for He is with us al - way, Lo, e - ven to the end!

Come wait up - on the bless-ed Mas - ter, Our strength He will re - new.
Be - liev - ing in a *liv - ing* Sav-iour, Why should we ev - er faint?
Look up, take cour-age and go for-ward, All need-ed grace He'll send.

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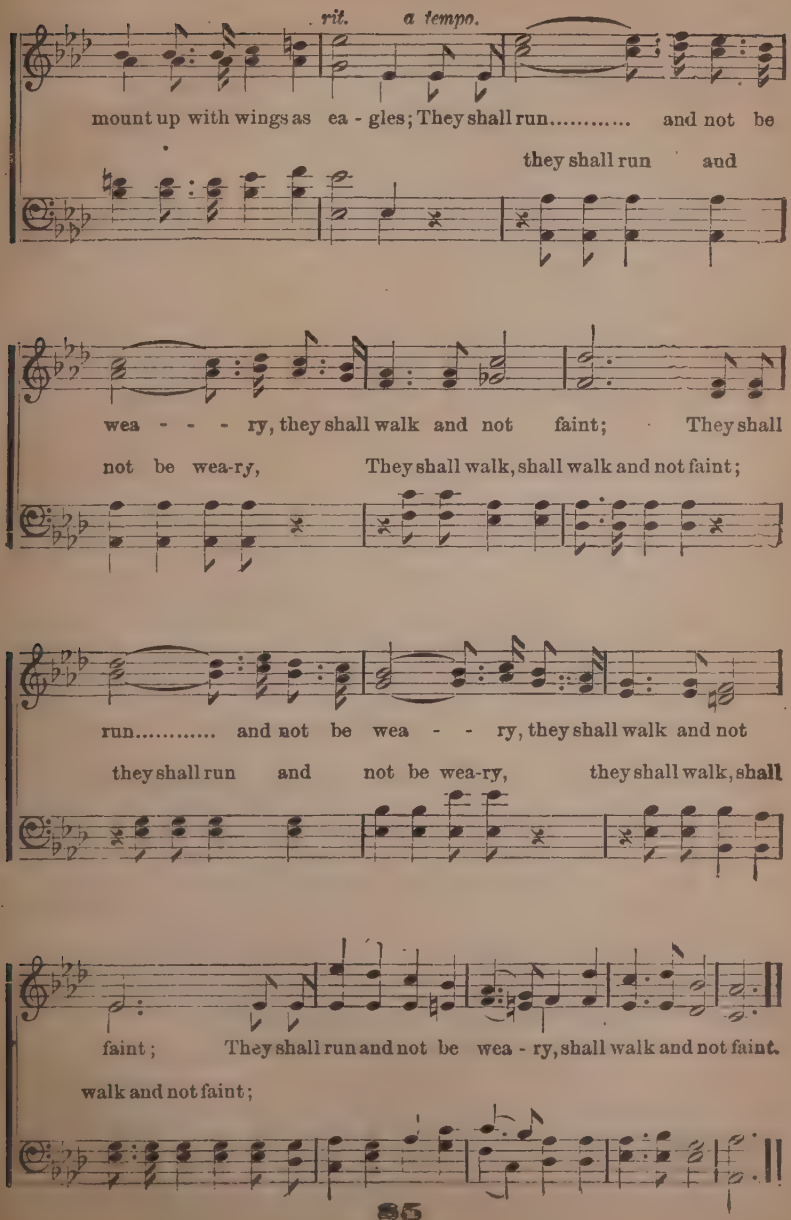
CHORUS.

For they that wait up-on the Lord..... shall re - new.....
. that wait up-on the Lord shall re - new,.....

their strength, . . . they shall mount up with wings, . . . they shall
shall re-new their strength, they shall mount..... up with wings,

they shall mount up, shall mount up with wings,

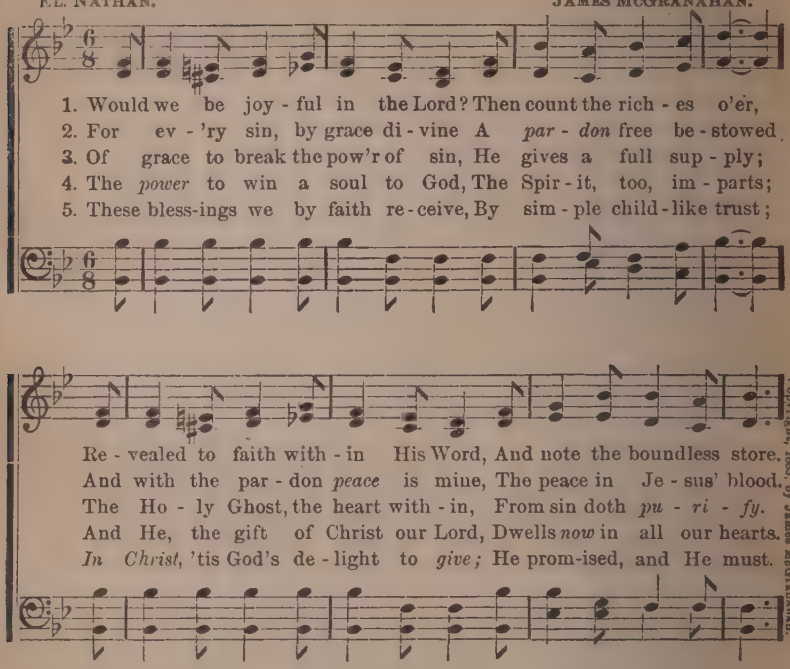
They that Wait. —Concluded.

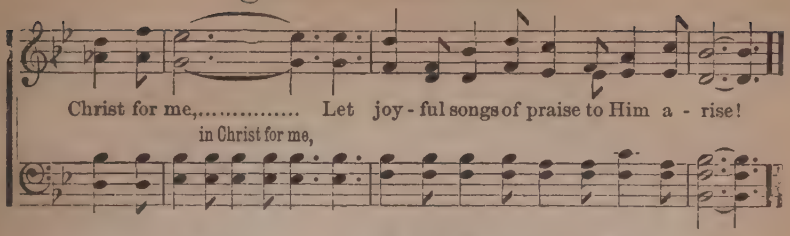

rit.
a tempo.
mount up with wings as ea - gles; They shall run..... and not be
they shall run and
wea - - - ry, they shall walk and not faint; They shall
not be wea-ry, They shall walk, shall walk and not faint;
run..... and not be wea - - ry, they shall walk and not
they shall run and not be wea-ry, they shall walk, shall
faint; They shall run and not be wea - ry, shall walk and not faint.
walk and not faint;

No. 82. # Pardon, Peace and Power.

JER. 33: 8. PS. 29: 11. ACTS 1: 8.

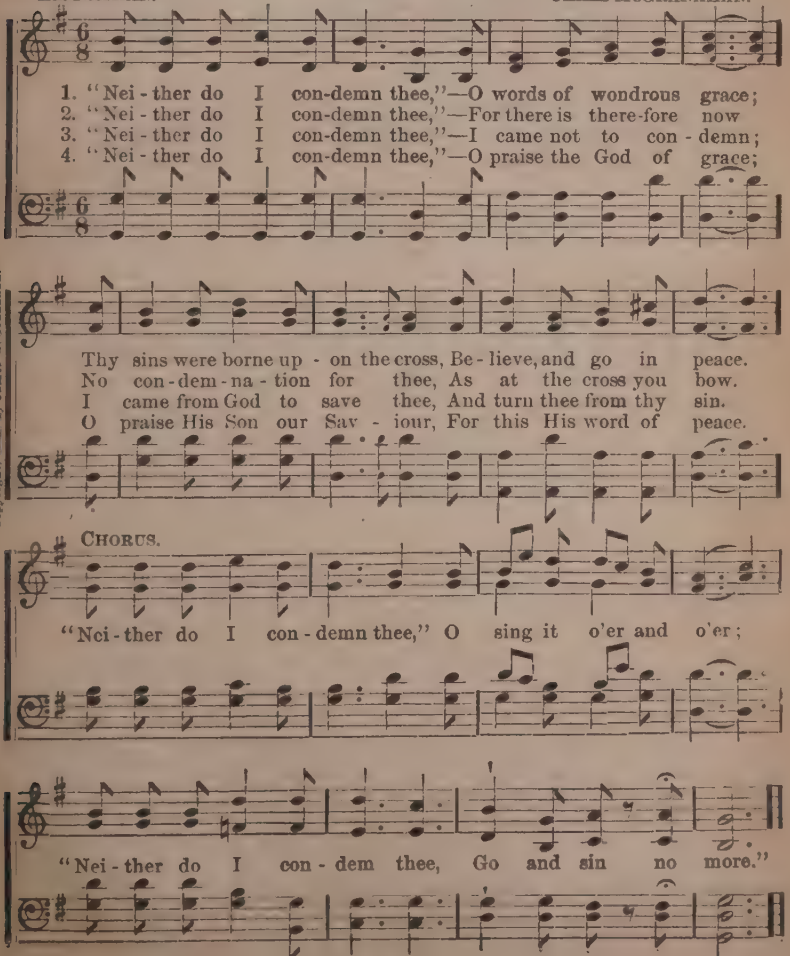
EL. NATHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. Would we be joy - ful in the Lord? Then count the rich - es o'er,
2. For ev - 'ry sin, by grace di - vine A par - don free be - stowed
3. Of grace to break the pow'r of sin, He gives a full sup - ply;
4. The power to win a soul to God, The Spir - it, too, im - parts;
5. These bless-ings we by faith re - ceive, By sim - ple child - like trust;
Re - vealed to faith with - in His Word, And note the boundless store.
And with the par - don peace is mine, The peace in Je - sus' blood.
The Ho - ly Ghost, the heart with - in, From sin doth pu - ri - fy.
And He, the gift of Christ our Lord, Dwells now in all our hearts.
In Christ, 'tis God's de - light to give; He prom-ised, and He must.
Copyright, 1883, by James McGranahan.
CHORUS.
There is par - - - - don, peace, and pow'r, ... And pu - ri -
pardon, peace, and pow'r, pardon, peace, and pow'r,
ty, ... and Par - a - dise; ..... With all of these ..... in
And pu-ri-ty, and Par-a-dise; With all of these in



No. 83. "Neither do I Condemn Thee."

EL. NATHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. "Nei - ther do I con-demn thee,"—O words of wondrous grace;
2. "Nei - ther do I con-demn thee,"—For there is there-fore now
3. "Nei - ther do I con-demn thee,"—I came not to con - demn;
4. "Nei - ther do I con-demn thee,"—O praise the God of grace;
Thy sins were borne up - on the cross, Be - lieve, and go in peace.
No con-dem-na - tion for thee, As at the cross you bow.
I came from God to save thee, And turn thee from thy sin.
O praise His Son our Sav - iour, For this His word of peace.
CHORUS.
"Nei - ther do I con - demn thee," O sing it o'er and o'er;
"Nei - ther do I con - dem thee, Go and sin no more."

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No. 84. Though your Sins be as Scarlet.

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."—ISAIAH 1: 18.

F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

DUET. *Gently.* | 1st. | 2nd.

1. "Tho' your sins be as scarlet, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
2. Hear the voice that entreats you, Oh, re-turn ye un-to God! to God!
3. He'll forgive your transgres-sions, And re-member them no more; no more;

QUARTET.

Tho' they be red . . . . . like crim-son, They shall be as wool;"
He is of great . . . . . com-pas-sion, And of wondrous love;
"Look un-to Me, ... ye people," Saith the Lord your God;

Tho' they be red

Copyright, 1887, by W. H. Doane.

DUET. *p* QUARTET. *f*

'Tho your sins be as scar-let, Tho' your sins be as scar-let,
Hear the voice that entreats you, Hear the voice that en-treats you,
He'll for-give your transgressions, He'll for-give your transgressions,

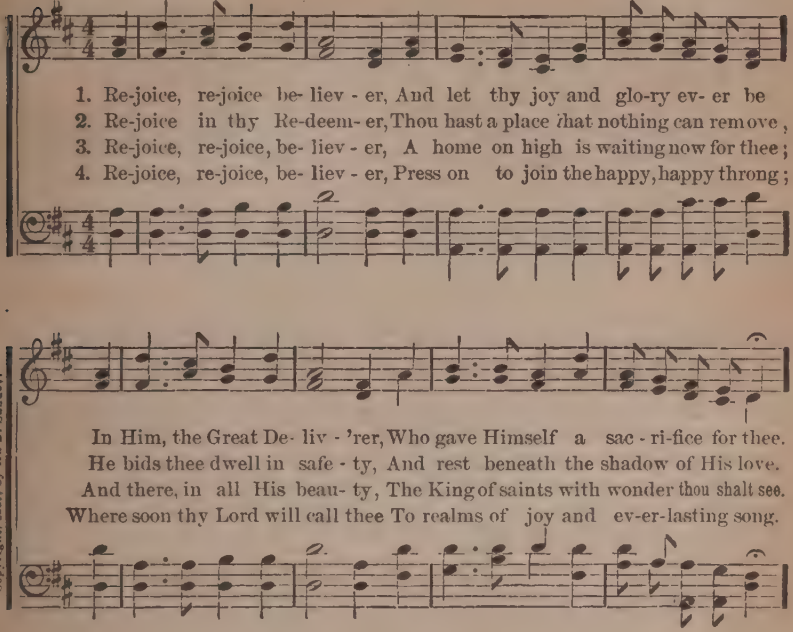
p ritard.

They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
Oh, re-turn ye un-to God! Oh, re-turn ye un-to God!
And re-mem-ber them no more, And re-mem-ber them no more.

No. 85. Rejoice, Rejoice Believer.

"Rejoice in the Lord alway."—PHIL. 4: 4.

GRACE J. FRANCES. HUBERT P. MAIN.


1. Re-joice, re-joice be- liev - er, And let thy joy and glo-ry ev- er be
2. Re-joice in thy Re-deem- er, Thou hast a place that nothing can remove,
3. Re-joice, re-joice, be- liev - er, A home on high is waiting now for thee;
4. Re-joice, re-joice, be- liev - er, Press on to join the happy, happy throng;
In Him, the Great De- liv - 'rer, Who gave Himself a sac - ri-fice for thee.
He bids thee dwell in safe - ty, And rest beneath the shadow of His love.
And there, in all His beau- ty, The King of saints with wonder thou shalt see.
Where soon thy Lord will call thee To realms of joy and ev-er-lasting song.

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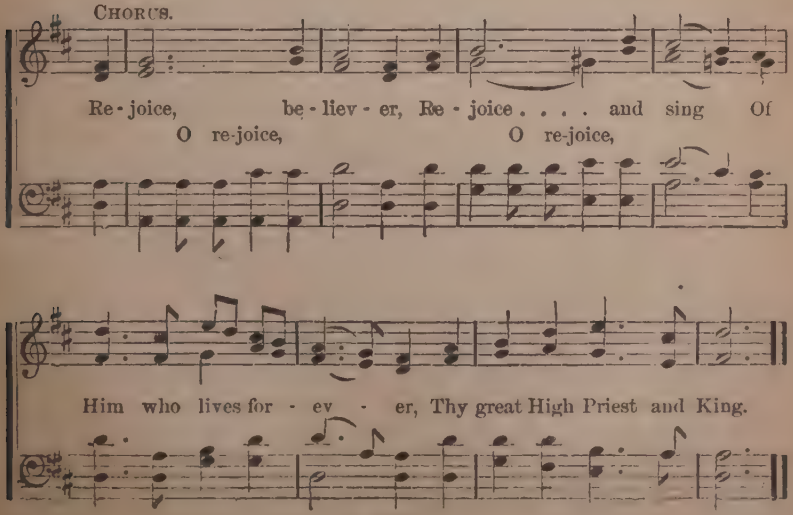
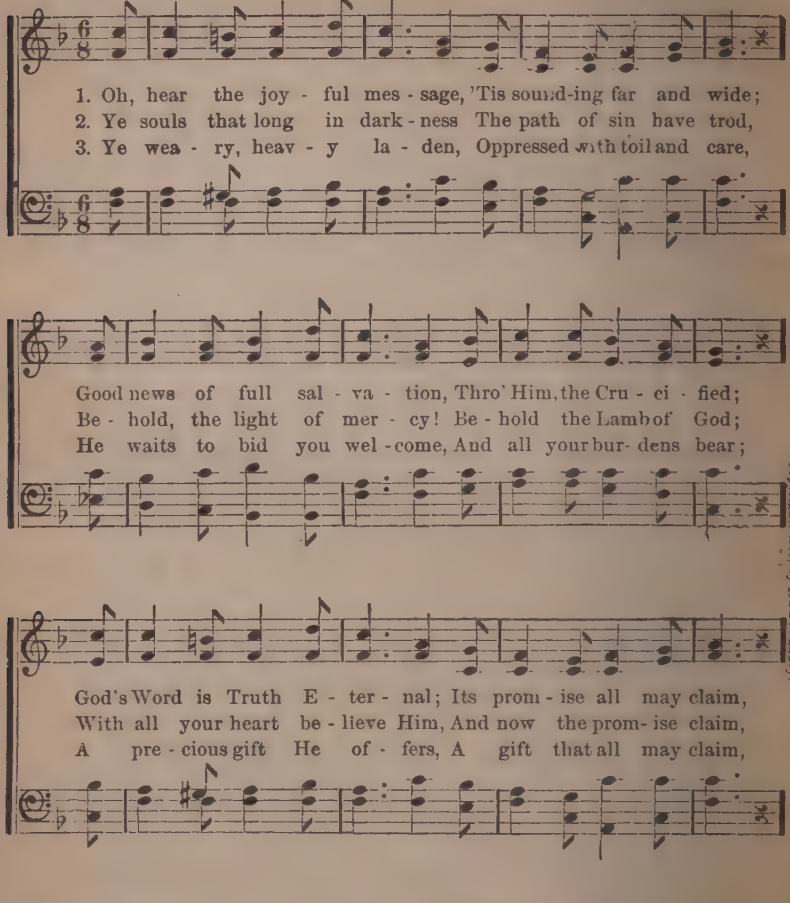
CHORUS.



No. 86. Whosoever Calleth.

"Whosoever calleth on the name of the Lord shall be saved."—JOEL 2: 32; ACTS 2: 21; ROM. 10: 13.

JULIA STERLING. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Oh, hear the joy - ful mes - sage, 'Tis sound-ing far and wide;
2. Ye souls that long in dark - ness The path of sin have trod,
3. Ye wea - ry, heav - y la - den, Oppressed with toil and care,
Good news of full sal - va - tion, Thro' Him, the Cru - ci - fied;
Be - hold, the light of mer - cy! Be - hold the Lamb of God;
He waits to bid you wel - come, And all your bur - dens bear;
God's Word is Truth E - ter - nal; Its prom - ise all may claim,
With all your heart be - lieve Him, And now the prom - ise claim,
A pre - cious gift He of - fers, A gift that all may claim,
Who look by faith to Je - sus, And call up - on His name.
That none shall ev - er per - ish, Who call up - on His name.
Who look to Him be - liev - ing, And call up - on His name.

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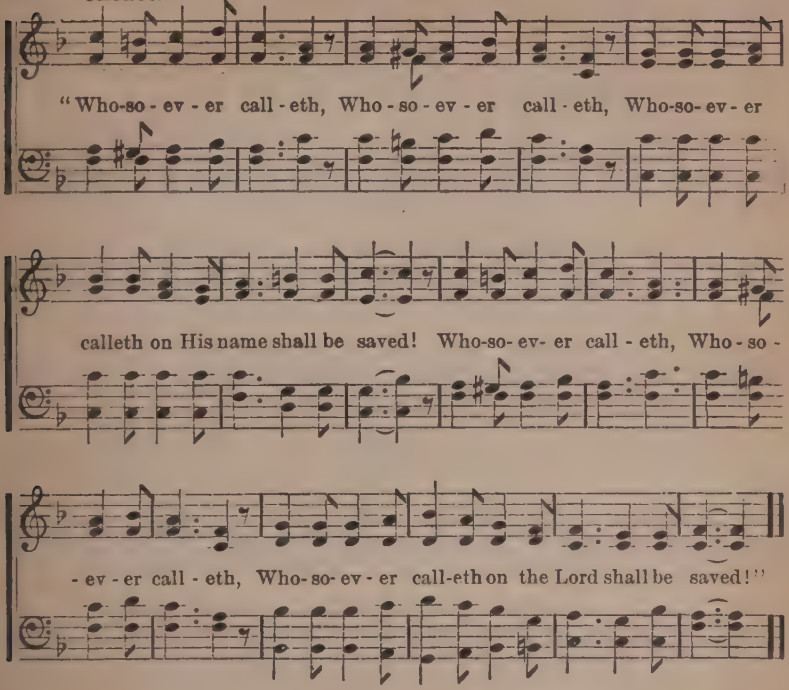
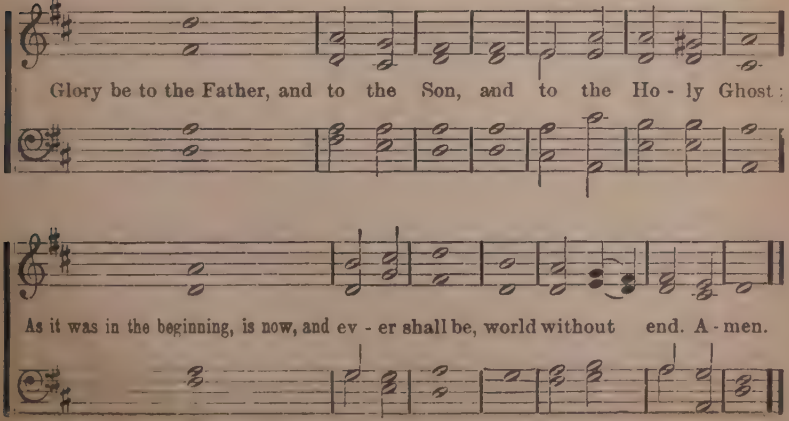
Whosoever Calleth.—Concluded.

CHORUS.


"Who-so - ev - er call - eth, Who - so - ev - er call - eth, Who-so- ev - er
calleth on His name shall be saved! Who-so- ev- er call - eth, Who - so -
- ev - er call - eth, Who- so- ev - er call-eth on the Lord shall be saved!"

No. 87. Gloria Patri.

WM. BOYCE.

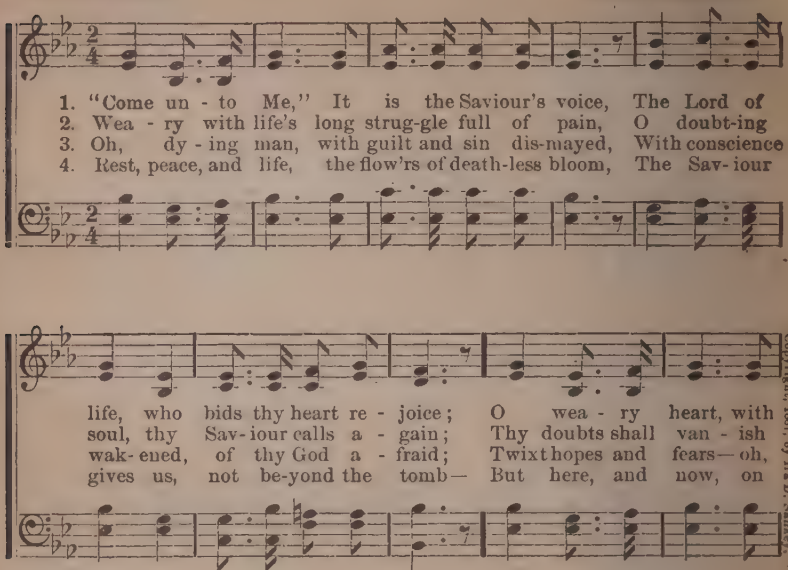

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost:
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world without end. A - men.

No. 88.

Come unto Me.

"Come unto me all ye that labor, and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11: 28.

NATH. NORTON. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. "Come un - to Me," It is the Saviour's voice, The Lord of
2. Wea - ry with life's long strug-gle full of pain, O doubt-ing
3. Oh, dy - ing man, with guilt and sin dis-mayed, With conscience
4. Rest, peace, and life, the flow'rs of death-less bloom, The Sav-iour
life, who bids thy heart re - joice; O wea - ry heart, with
soul, thy Sav-iour calls a - gain; Thy doubts shall van - ish
wak-ened, of thy God a - fraid; Twixt hopes and fears—oh,
gives us, not be-yond the tomb— But here, and now, on
heav - y cares oppress'd, "Come un- to Me," and I will give you rest.
and thy sorrows cease, "Come un- to Me," and I will give you peace.
end the anxious strife, "Come un- to Me," and I will give you life.
earth, some glimpse is giv'n Of joys which wait us thro' the gates of heav'n.

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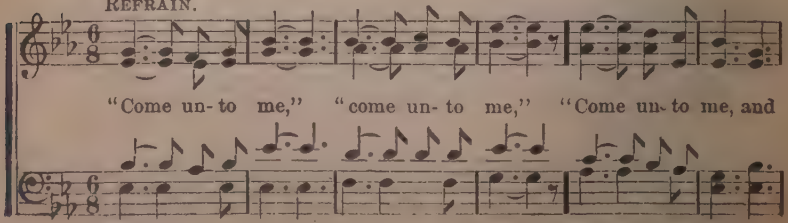
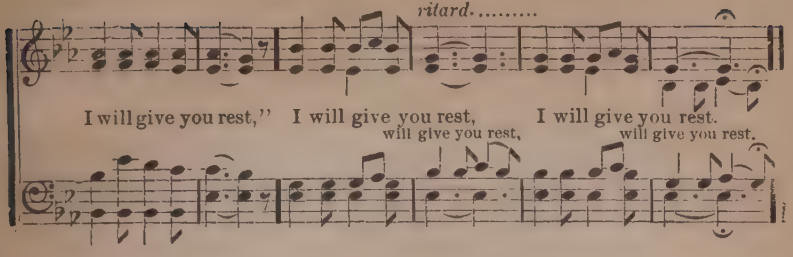
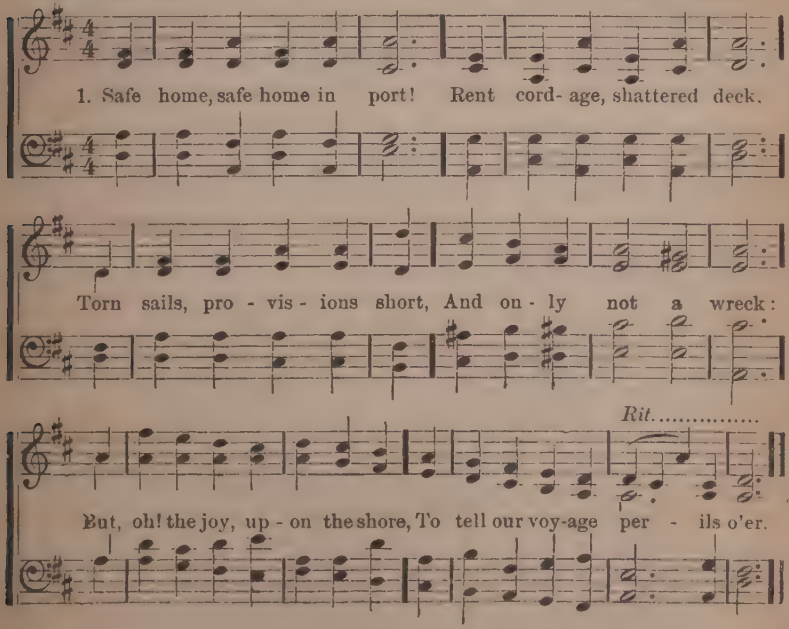




No. 89. Safe Home in Port.

"So he bringeth them to their desired haven."—Ps. 107: 30.

Tr. by J. M. NEALE. A. S. SULLIVAN.


1. Safe home, safe home in port! Rent cord- age, shattered deck.
Torn sails, pro - vis - ions short, And on - ly not a wreck:
Rit.
But, oh! the joy, up - on the shore, To tell our voy-age per - ils o'er.

2 The prize, the prize secure!
The wrestler nearly fell;
Bare all he could endure,
And bare not always well:
But he may smile at troubles gone
Who sets the victor-garland on!

3 No more the foe can harm!
No more of leaguered camp,
And cry of night alarm,
And need of ready lamp:—
And yet how nearly had he failed—
How nearly had that foe prevailed!

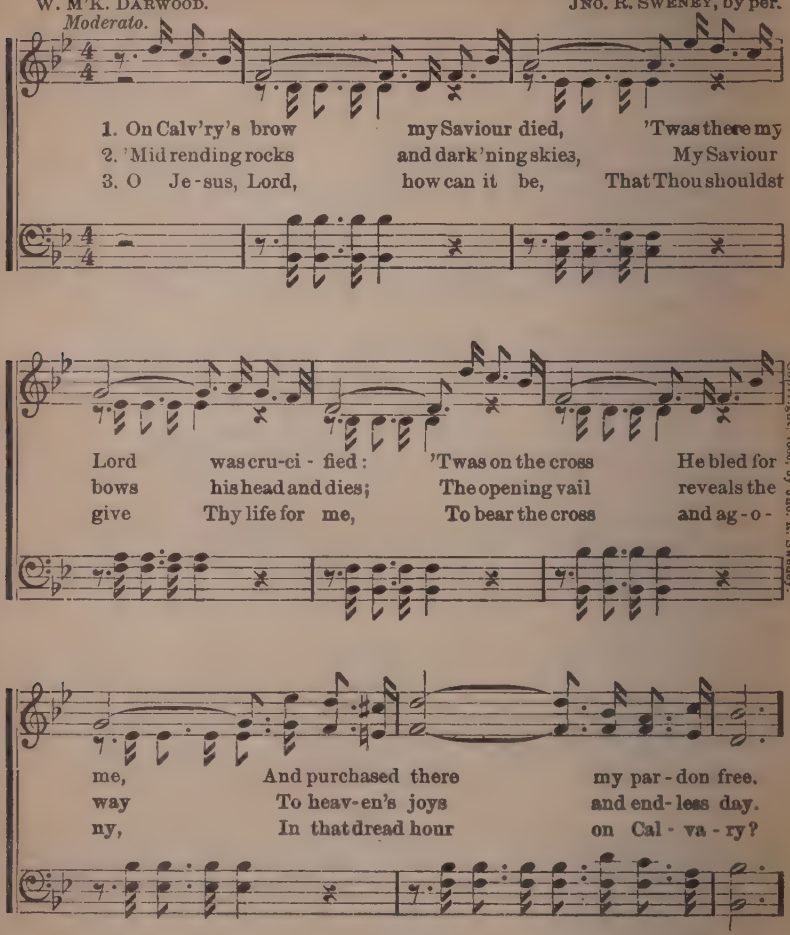
4 The exile is at home!
Oh, nights and days of tears!
Oh, longings not to roam!
Oh, sins and doubts and fears!
What matters now grief's darkest day,
When God has wiped all tears away!

No. 90. Calvary.

"The place which is called Calvary, there they crucified him."—Luke 23: 33.

W. M'K. Darwood. Jno. R. Sweney, by per.

Moderato.


1. On Calv'ry's brow my Saviour died, 'Twas there my
2. 'Mid rending rocks and dark'ning skies, My Saviour
3. O Je-sus, Lord, how can it be, That Thou shouldst
Lord was cru-ci-fied: 'Twas on the cross He bled for
bows his head and dies; The opening vail reveals the
give Thy life for me, To bear the cross and ag-o-
me, And purchased there my par-don free.
way To heav-en's joys and end-less day.
ny, In that dread hour on Cal-va-ry?
Chorus.
O Cal-va-ry! dark Cal-va-ry! Where Jesus shed His blood for me, for me;

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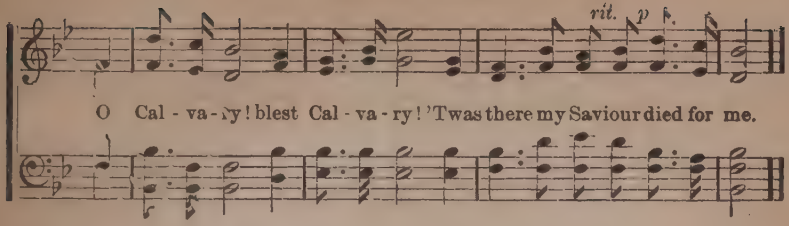
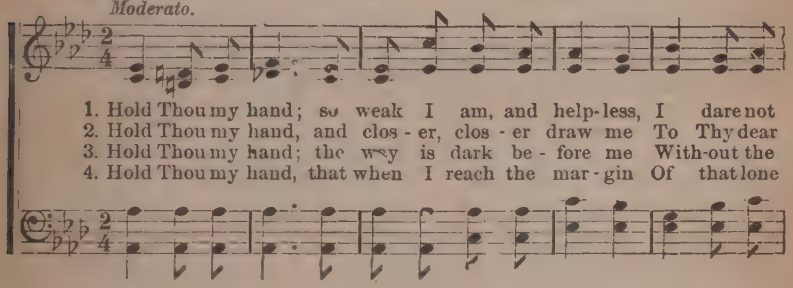


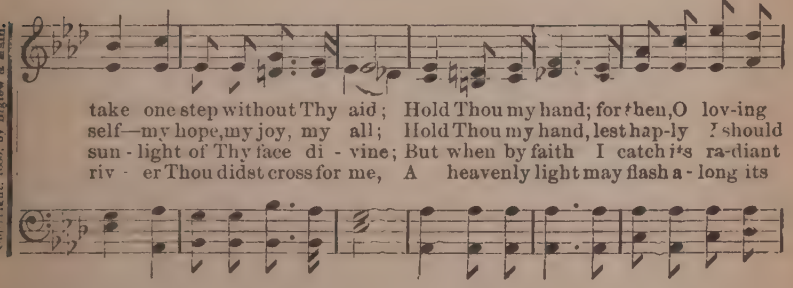
No. 91. Hold Thou my Hand.

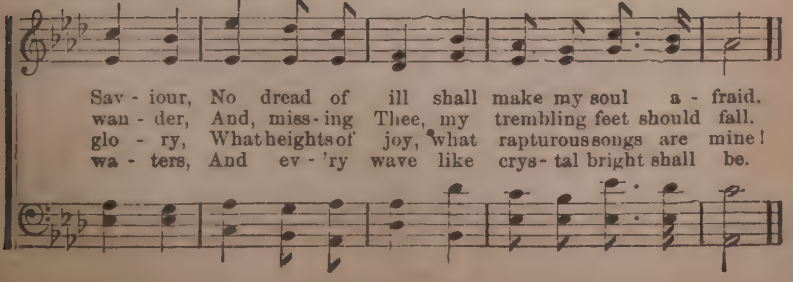
"I the Lord have called thee.....and will hold thine hand." ISAIAH 42: 6.

GRACE J. FRANCES. HUBERT P. MAIN.

Moderato.


1. Hold Thou my hand; so weak I am, and help-less, I dare not
2. Hold Thou my hand, and clos - er, clos - er draw me To Thy dear
3. Hold Thou my hand; the way is dark be - fore me With-out the
4. Hold Thou my hand, that when I reach the mar - gin Of that lone


take one step without Thy aid; Hold Thou my hand; for then, O lov-ing
self—my hope, my joy, my all; Hold Thou my hand, lest hap-ly I should
sun - light of Thy face di - vine; But when by faith I catch its ra-diant
riv - er Thou didst cross for me, A heavenly light may flash a - long its


Sav - iour, No dread of ill shall make my soul a - fraid.
wan - der, And, miss - ing Thee, my trembling feet should fall.
glo - ry, What heights of joy, what rapturous songs are mine!
wa - ters, And ev - 'ry wave like crys - tal bright shall be.

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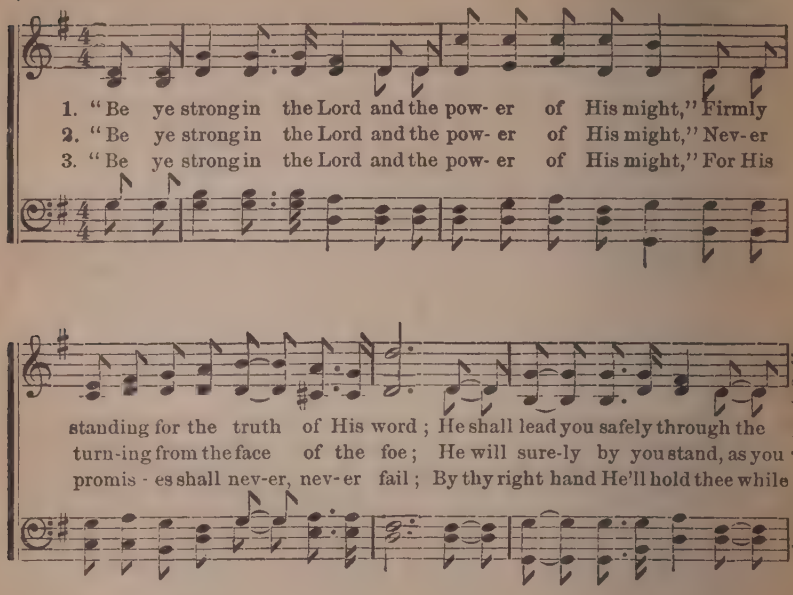
No. 92. Be ye Strong in the Lord.

"Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might."—EPH. 6: 10.

EL. NATHAN. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. "Be ye strong in the Lord and the pow- er of His might," Firmly stand-ing for the truth of His word; He shall lead you safely through the thickest of the fight, You shall con-quer in the name of the Lord.
2. "Be ye strong in the Lord and the pow- er of His might," Nev- er turn-ing from the face of the foe; He will sure-ly by you stand, as you bat-tle for the right, In the pow- er of His might onward go.
3. "Be ye strong in the Lord and the pow- er of His might," For His promis - es shall nev-er, nev- er fail; By thy right hand He'll hold thee while battling for the right, Trusting Him thou shalt for ev - er - more pre-vail.

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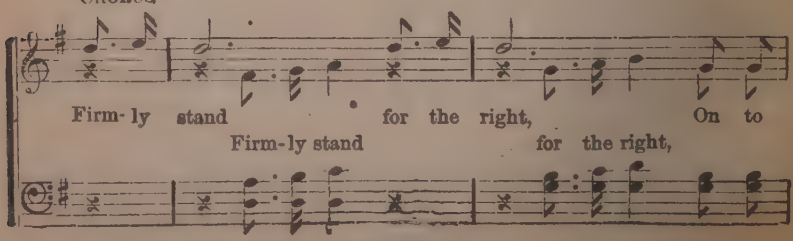
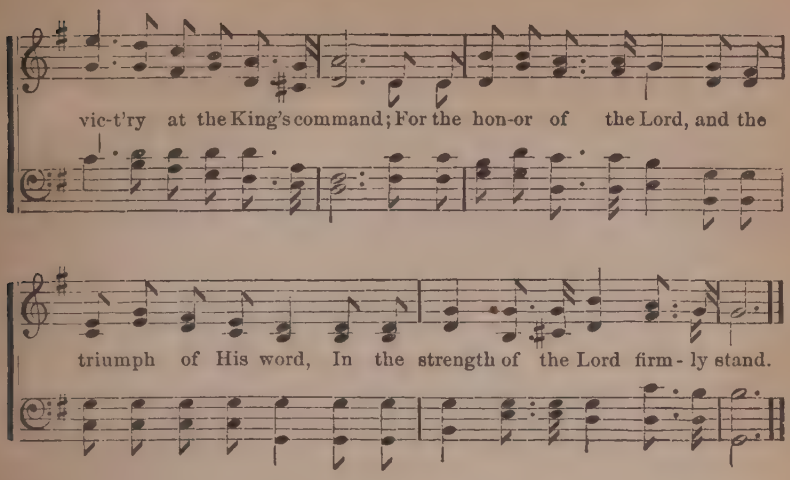
CHORUS.



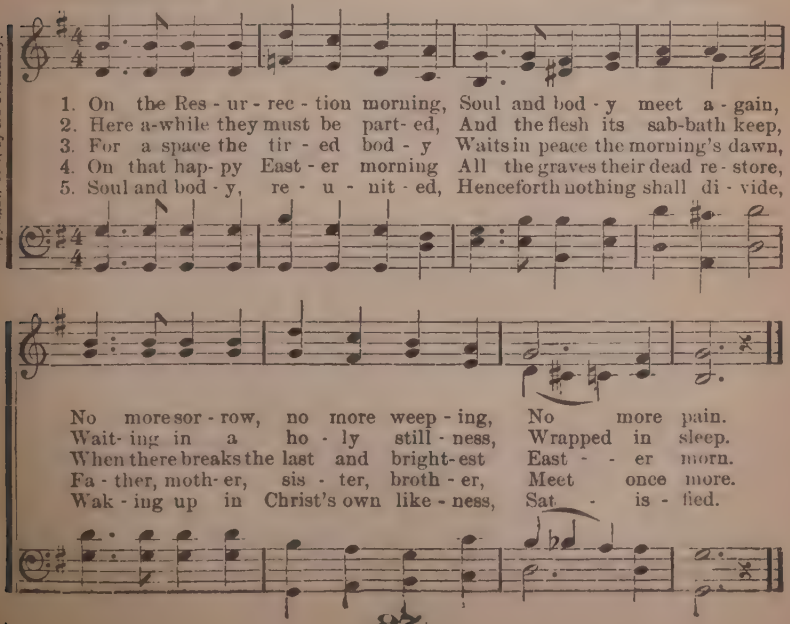
Be ye Strong in the Lord.—Concluded.



No. 93. Resurrection Morn.

"The dead in Christ shall rise first."—1 THESS. 4 : 16.

S. BARING-GOULD. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. On the Res - ur - rec - tion morning, Soul and bod - y meet a - gain,
2. Here a-while they must be part- ed, And the flesh its sab-bath keep,
3. For a space the tir - ed bod - y Waits in peace the morning's dawn,
4. On that hap- py East - er morning All the graves their dead re - store,
5. Soul and bod - y, re - u - nit - ed, Henceforth nothing shall di - vide,
No more sor - row, no more weep - ing, No more pain.
Wait- ing in a ho - ly still - ness, Wrapped in sleep.
When there breaks the last and bright- est East - - - er morn.
Fa - ther, moth- er, sis - ter, broth - er, Meet once more.
Wak - ing up in Christ's own like - ness, Sat - is - fied.

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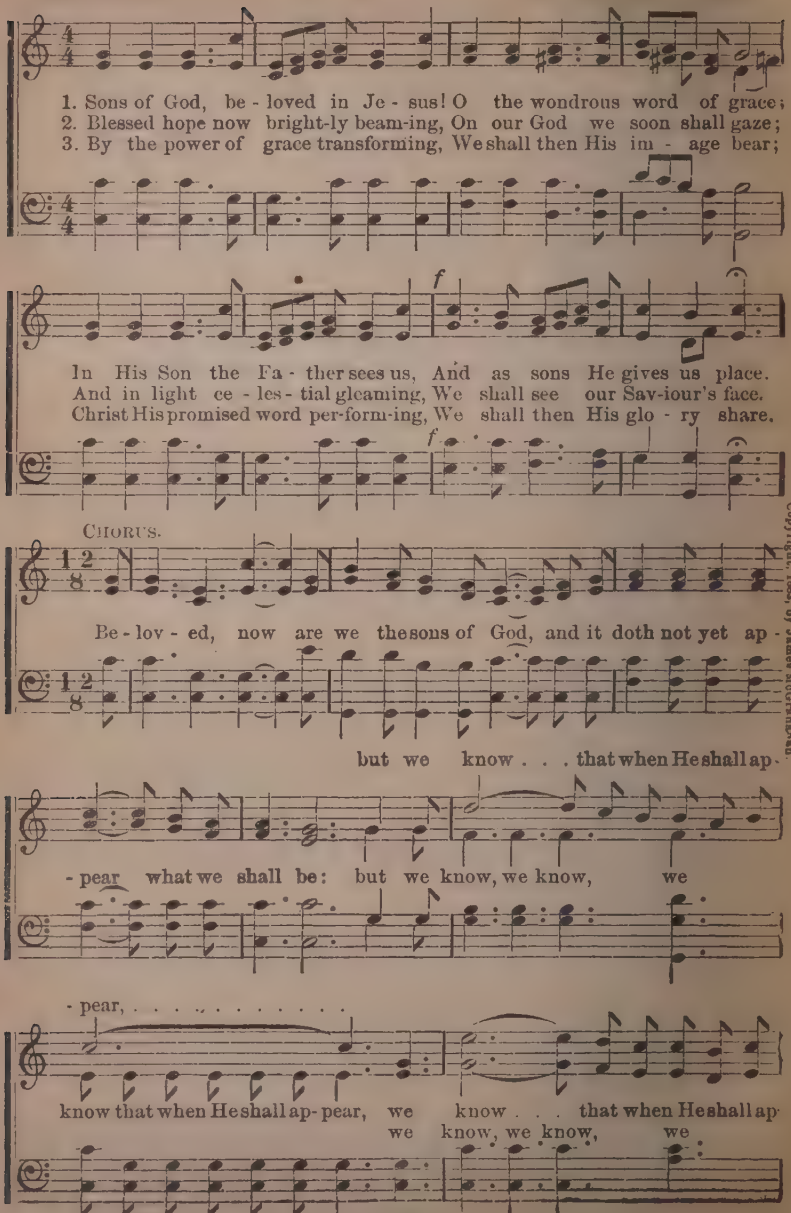
No. 94.

Beloved, now are we.

1 JNO. 3: 2.

EL NATHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. Sons of God, be - loved in Je - sus! O the wondrous word of grace;
2. Blessed hope now bright-ly beam-ing, On our God we soon shall gaze;
3. By the power of grace transforming, We shall then His im - age bear;
In His Son the Fa - ther sees us, And as sons He gives us place.
And in light ce - les - tial gleaming, We shall see our Sav-iour's face.
Christ His promised word per-form-ing, We shall then His glo - ry share.
CHORUS.
Be - lov - ed, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet ap -
but we know . . . that when He shall ap -
- pear what we shall be: but we know, we know, we
- pear, ...
know that when He shall ap- pear, we know . . . that when He shall ap
we know, we know, we

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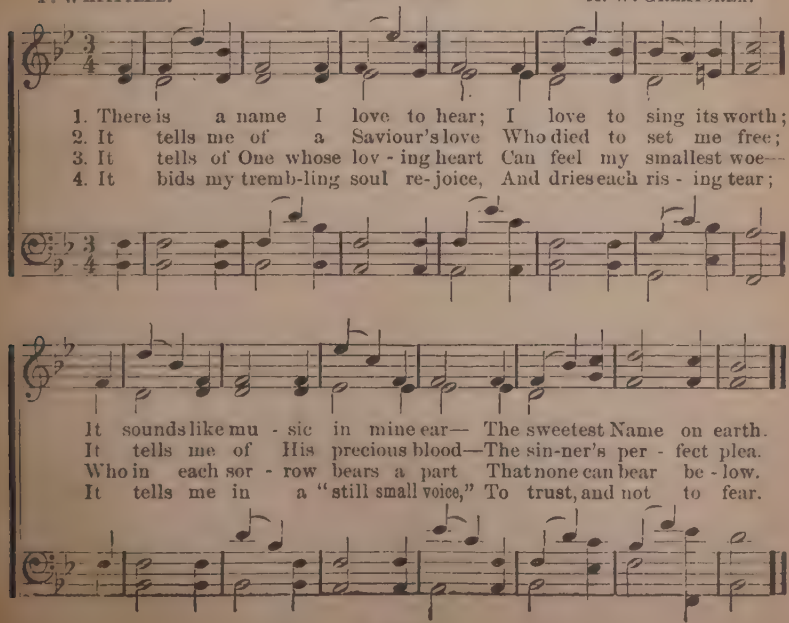
No. 95. There is a Name I love.

F. WHITFIELD. (GEER. C. M.) H. W. GREATOREX.

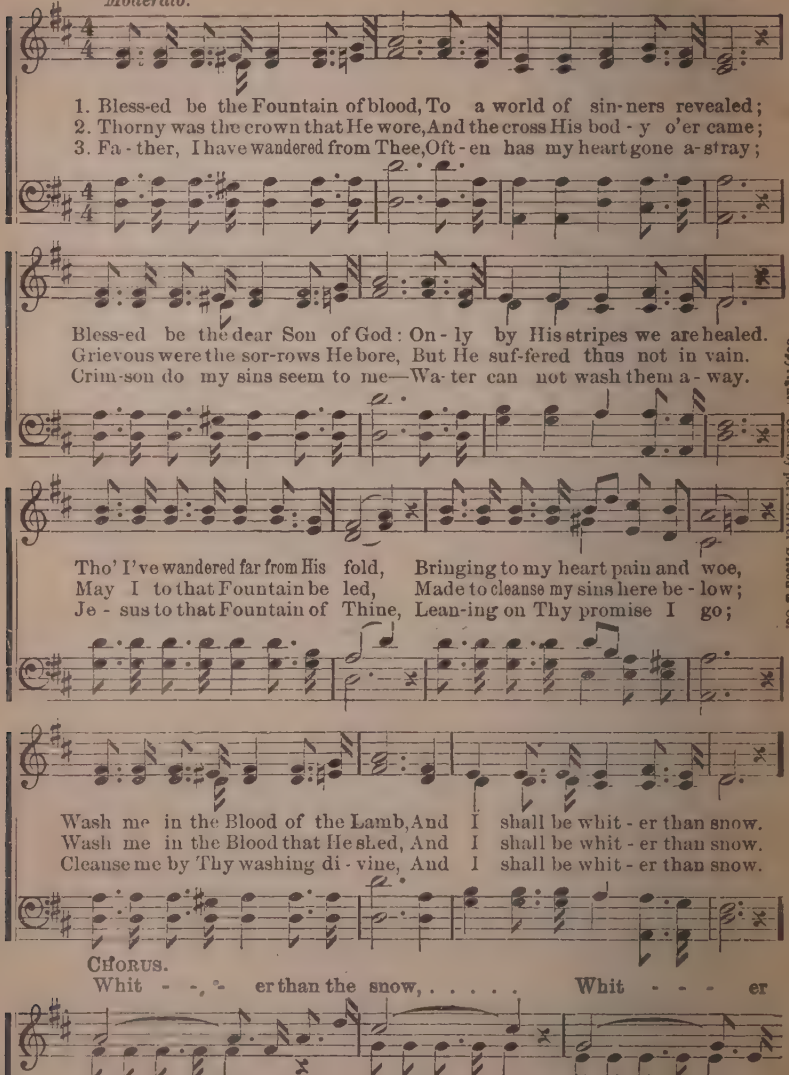

1. There is a name I love to hear; I love to sing its worth;
2. It tells me of a Saviour's love Who died to set me free;
3. It tells of One whose lov - ing heart Can feel my smallest woe—
4. It bids my tremb-ling soul re-joice, And dries each ris - ing tear;
It sounds like mu - sic in mine ear— The sweetest Name on earth.
It tells me of His precious blood—The sin-ner's per - fect plea.
Who in each sor - row bears a part That none can bear be - low.
It tells me in a "still small voice," To trust, and not to fear.

No. 96. Blessed be the Fountain.

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."—PSALM 51: 7.

E. R. LATTA. H. S. PERKINS.

Moderato.


1. Bless-ed be the Fountain of blood, To a world of sin-ners revealed;
2. Thorny was the crown that He wore, And the cross His bod-y o'er came;
3. Fa-ther, I have wandered from Thee, Oft-en has my heart gone a-stray;
Bless-ed be the dear Son of God: On-ly by His stripes we are healed.
Grievous were the sor-rows He bore, But He suf-fered thus not in vain.
Crim-son do my sins seem to me—Wa-ter can not wash them a-way.
Tho' I've wandered far from His fold, Bringing to my heart pain and woe,
May I to that Fountain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here be-low;
Je-sus to that Fountain of Thine, Lean-ing on Thy promise I go;
Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whit-er than snow.
Wash me in the Blood that He shed, And I shall be whit-er than snow.
Cleanse me by Thy washing di-vine, And I shall be whit-er than snow.
CHORUS.
Whit - - - er than the snow, ... Whit - - - er
Whiter than the snow, whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow,

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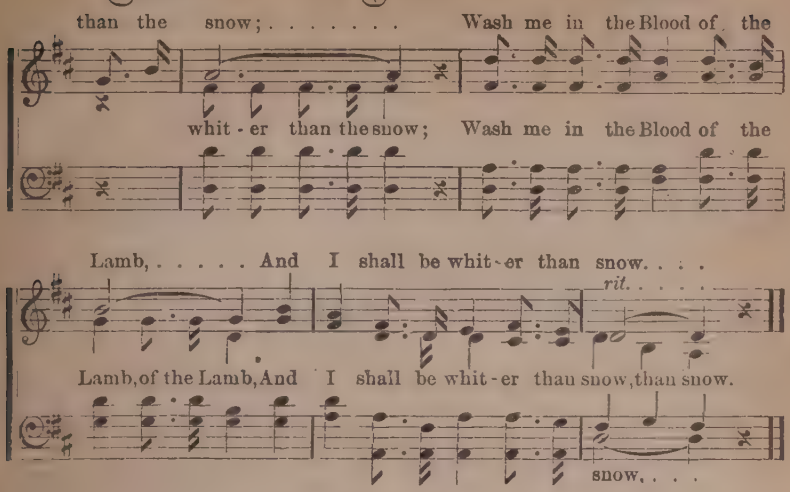
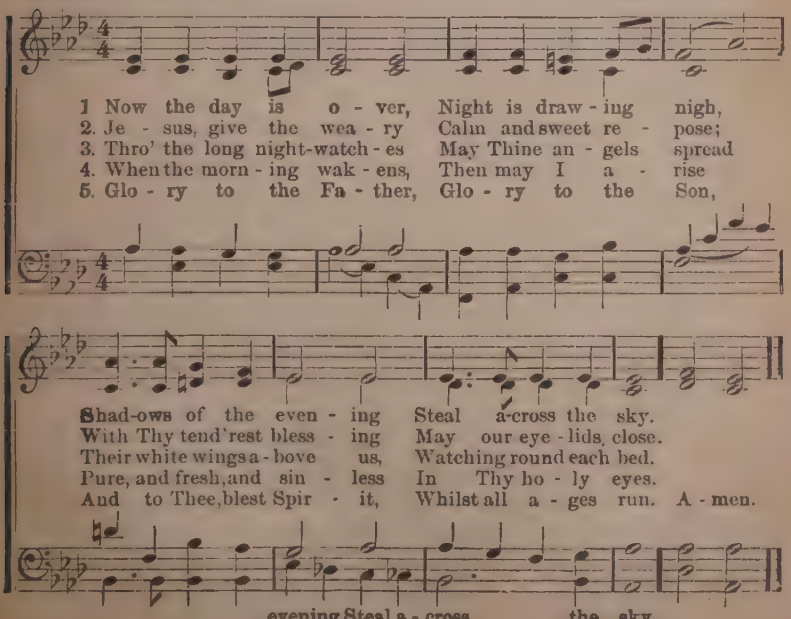
Blessed be the Fountain.—Concluded.


than the snow; . . . . . Wash me in the Blood of the
whit - er than the snow; Wash me in the Blood of the
Lamb, ... And I shall be whit - er than snow. . . .
rit. . . . .
Lamb, of the Lamb, And I shall be whit - er than snow, than snow.
snow, . . .

No. 97. Now the Day is Over.

"For the shadows of the evening are stretched out."—JER. 6: 4.

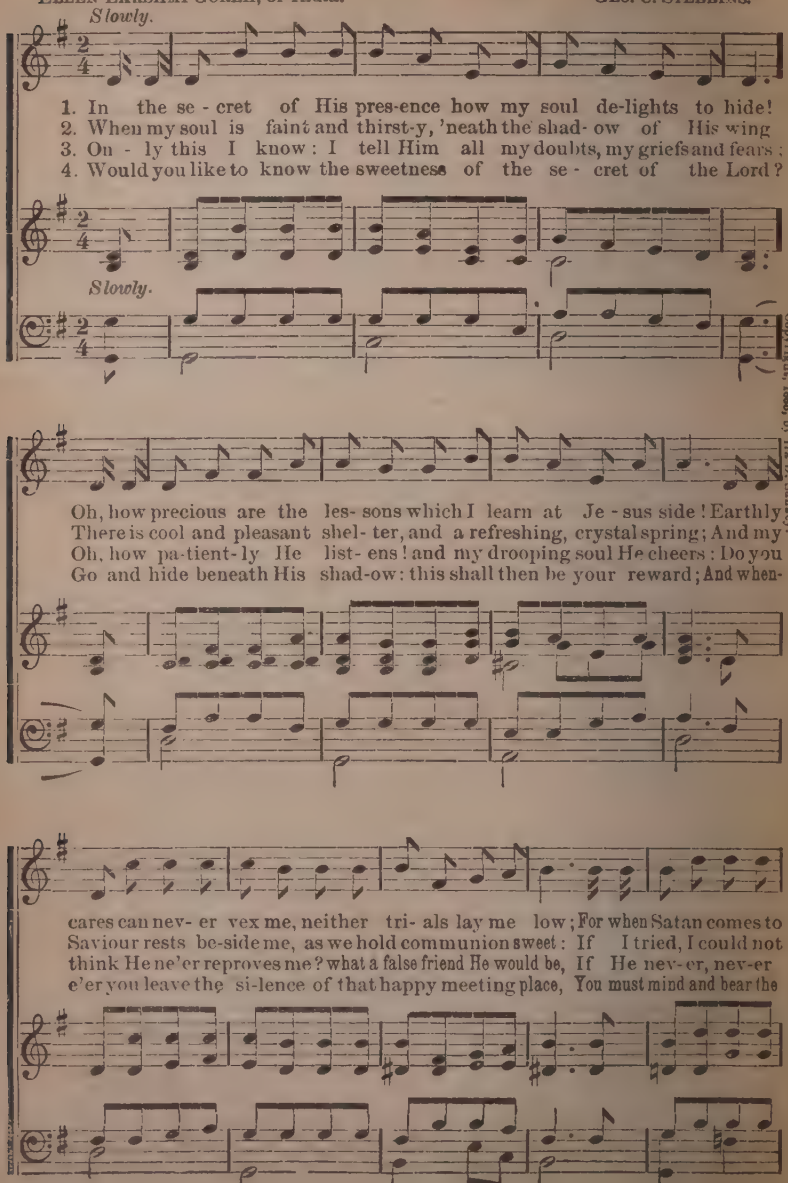
SABINE BARING-GOULD. JOSEPH BARNBY.

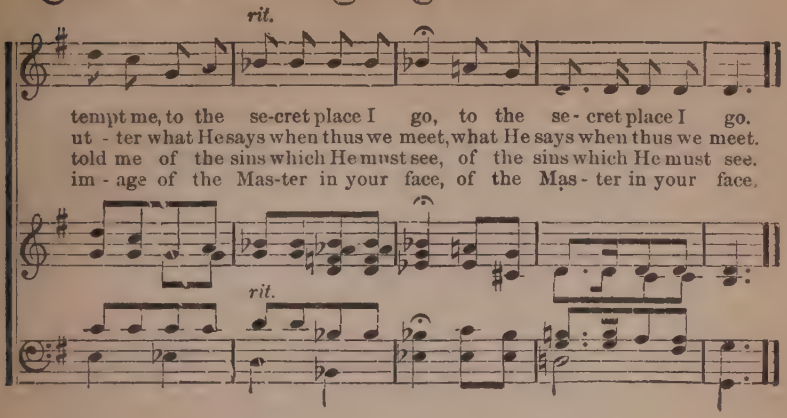

1 Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose;
3. Thro' the long night-watch - es May Thine an - gels spread
4. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise
5. Glo - ry to the Fa - ther, Glo - ry to the Son,
Shad-ows of the even - ing Steal a-cross the sky.
With Thy tend'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Their white wings a - bove us, Watching round each bed.
Pure, and fresh, and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.
And to Thee, blest Spir - it, Whilst all a - ges run. A - men.
evening Steal a - cross the sky.

No. 98. In the Secret of His Presence.

"Thou shalt hide them in the secret of Thy presence."—PSALM XXXI. 20.

ELLEN LAKSHMI GOREH, of India. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

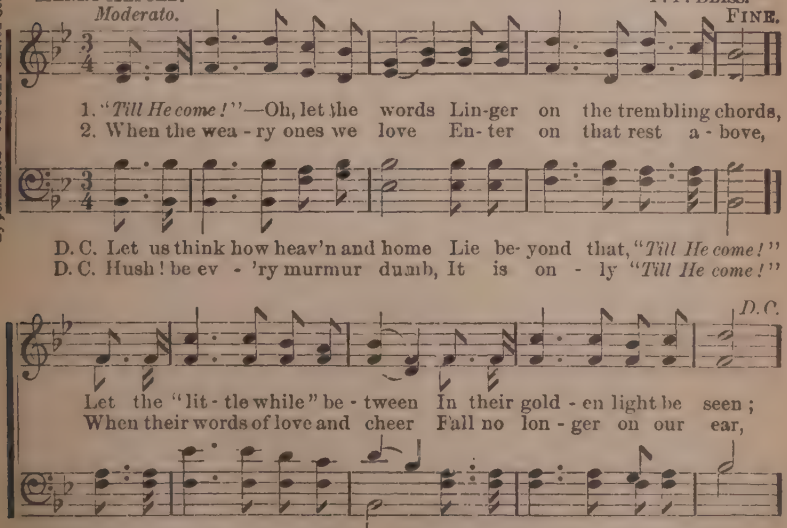

Slowly.
1. In the se - cret of His pres-ence how my soul de-lights to hide!
2. When my soul is faint and thirst-y, 'neath the shad- ow of His wing
3. On - ly this I know: I tell Him all my doubts, my griefs and fears;
4. Would you like to know the sweetness of the se - cret of the Lord?
Slowly.
Copyright, 1886, by Ira D. Sankey.
Oh, how precious are the les- sons which I learn at Je - sus side! Earthly
There is cool and pleasant shel- ter, and a refreshing, crystal spring; And my
Oh, how pa-tient-ly He list- ens! and my drooping soul He cheers: Do you
Go and hide beneath His shad-ow: this shall then be your reward; And when-
cares can nev- er vex me, neither tri- als lay me low; For when Satan comes to
Saviour rests be-side me, as we hold communion sweet: If I tried, I could not
think He ne'er reproves me? what a false friend He would be, If He nev-er, nev-er
e'er you leave the si-lence of that happy meeting place, You must mind and bear the


rit.
tempt me, to the se-cret place I go, to the se-cret place I go.
ut-ter what He says when thus we meet, what He says when thus we meet.
told me of the sins which He must see, of the sins which He must see.
im-age of the Mas-ter in your face, of the Mas-ter in your face.
rit.

No. 99. Till He Come.

"For yet a little while and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry."—HEB. 10: 37.

HENRY ALFORD. P. P. BLISS.


Moderato.
FINE.
1. "Till He come!"—Oh, let the words Lin-ger on the trembling chords,
2. When the wea-ry ones we love En-ter on that rest a-bove,
D. C. Let us think how heav'n and home Lie be-yond that, "Till He come!"
D. C. Hush! be ev-'ry murmur dumb, It is on-ly "Till He come!"
D.C.
Let the "lit-tle while" be-tween In their gold-en light be seen;
When their words of love and cheer Fall no lon-ger on our ear,

By permission "The John Church Co."

3 Clouds and darkness round us press;
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
Pain us only "*Till He come!*"

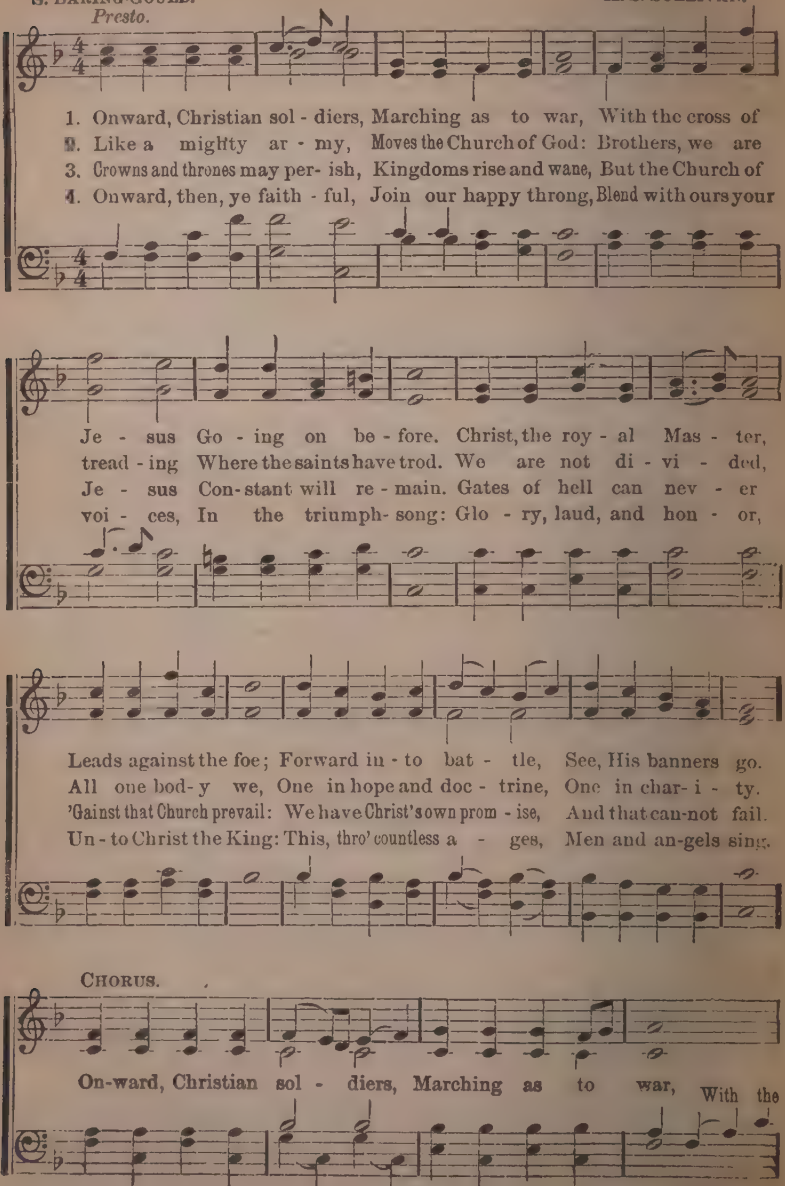
4 See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine and eat the bread;
Sweet memorials, till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board,
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only "*Till He come!*"

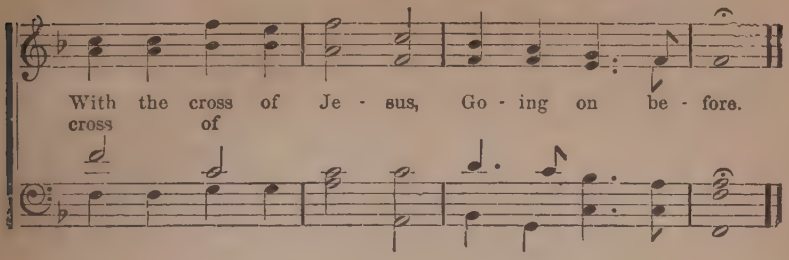
No. 100. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

"Be strong and of a good courage."—DEUT. 31: 6.

S. BARING-GOULD. A. S. SULLIVAN.

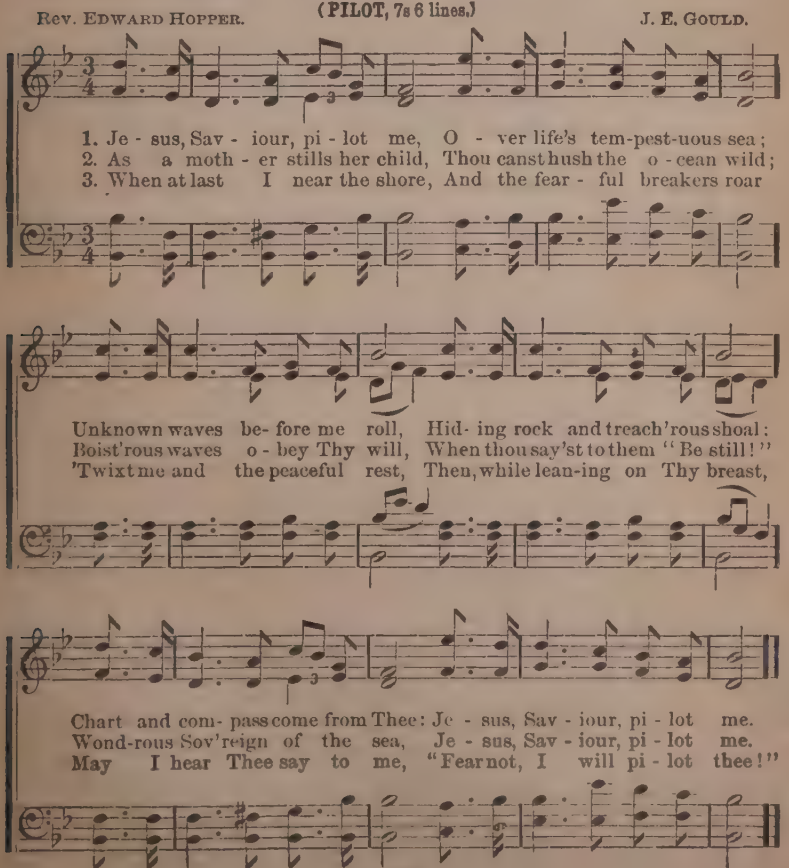
Presto.


1. Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of
2. Like a mighty ar - my, Moves the Church of God: Brothers, we are
3. Crowns and thrones may per- ish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of
4. Onward, then, ye faith - ful, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your
Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
tread - ing Where the saints have trod. We are not di - vi - ded,
Je - sus Con-stant will re - main. Gates of hell can nev - er
voi - ces, In the triumph- song: Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or,
Leads against the foe; Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His banners go.
All one bod- y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char- i - ty.
'Gainst that Church prevail: We have Christ's own prom - ise, And that can-not fail.
Un - to Christ the King: This, thro' countless a - ges, Men and an-gels sing.
CHORUS.
On-ward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the



No. 101. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

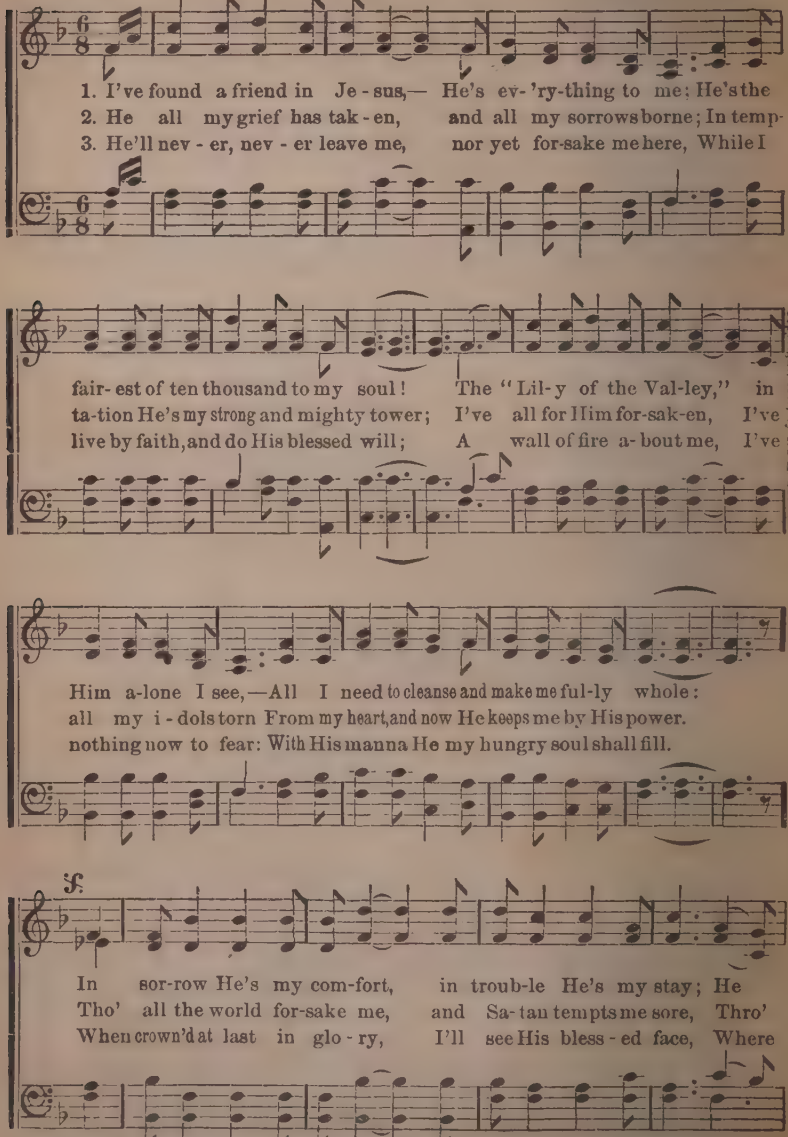
Rev. EDWARD HOPPER. (PILOT, 7s 6 lines.) J. E. GOULD.


1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem-pest-uous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar
Unknown waves be- fore me roll, Hid- ing rock and treach'rous shoal:
Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will, When thou say'st to them "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while lean-ing on Thy breast,
Chart and com- pass come from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
Wond-rous Sov'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

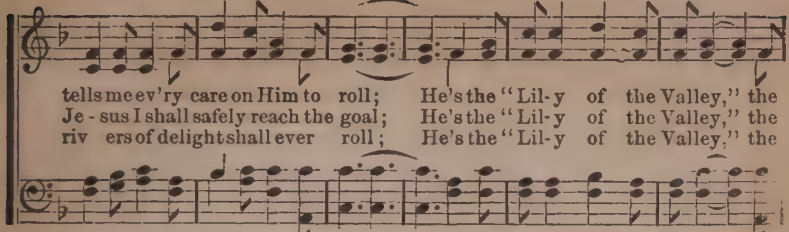
No. 102. The Lily of the Valley.

"I am the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the valleys."—SONG OF SOLOMON 2: 1.

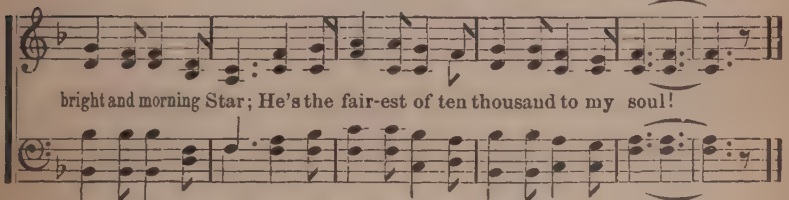
C. W. FEY. Arr. by IRA D. SANKEY.


1. I've found a friend in Je - sus,— He's ev- 'ry-thing to me; He's the
2. He all my grief has tak - en, and all my sorrows borne; In temp-
3. He'll nev - er, nev - er leave me, nor yet for-sake me here, While I
fair- est of ten thousand to my soul! The "Lil-y of the Val-ley," in
ta-tion He's my strong and mighty tower; I've all for Him for-sak-en, I've
live by faith, and do His blessed will; A wall of fire a- bout me, I've
Copyright, 1887, by Ira D. Sankey.
Him a-lone I see,—All I need to cleanse and make me ful-ly whole:
all my i - dols torn From my heart, and now He keeps me by His power.
nothing now to fear: With His manna He my hungry soul shall fill.
f.
In sor-row He's my com-fort, in troub-le He's my stay; He
Tho' all the world for-sake me, and Sa-tan tempts me sore, Thro'
When crown'd at last in glo - ry, I'll see His bless - ed face, Where
D.S.—In sor-row He's my com- fort, in trouble He's my stay; He

The Lily of the Valley. —Concluded.


tells me ev'ry care on Him to roll; He's the "Lil-y of the Valley," the
Je-sus I shall safely reach the goal; He's the "Lil-y of the Valley," the
riv ers of delight shall ever roll; He's the "Lil-y of the Valley," the
tells me ev'ry care on Him to roll; He's the "Lil-y of the Valley," the

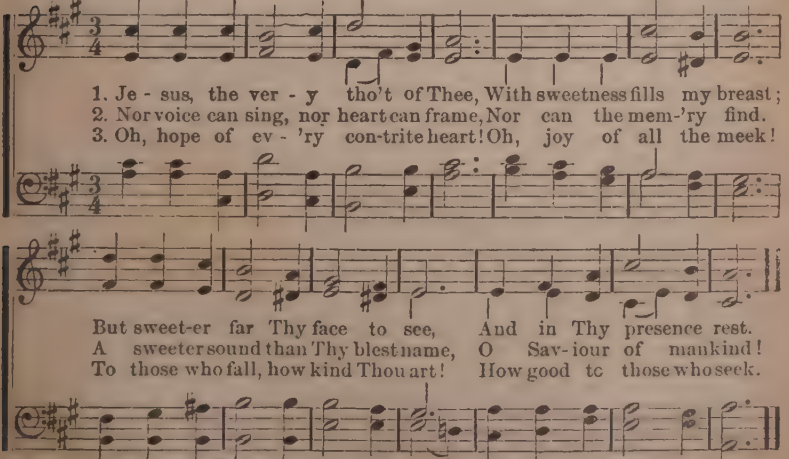
D.S. for CHORUS.


bright and morning Star; He's the fair-est of ten thousand to my soul!
bright and morning Star; He's the fair-est of ten thousand to my soul!

No. 103. Jesus, the very Thought.

(ST. AGNES. C. M.)

E. CASWALL, tr. JOHN B. DYKES.


1. Je-sus, the ver-y tho't of Thee, With sweetness fills my breast;
2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem-'ry find.
3. Oh, hope of ev-'ry con-trite heart! Oh, joy of all the meek!
But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy presence rest.
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name, O Sav-iour of mankind!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek.

4 And those who find Thee, find a bliss
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus! our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus! be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity

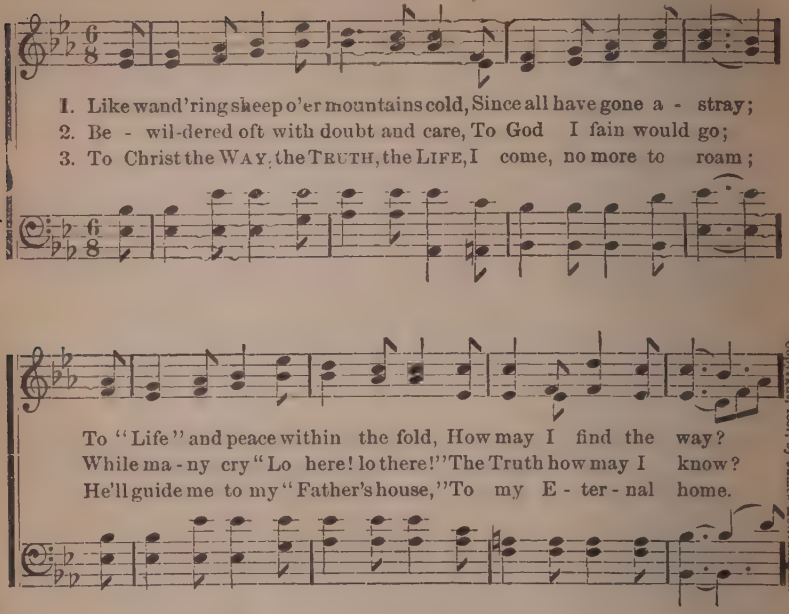
No. 104.

I Am the Way.

JNO. 14: 6.

G. M. J.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.


1. Like wand'ring sheep o'er mountains cold, Since all have gone a - stray;
2. Be - wil-dered oft with doubt and care, To God I fain would go;
3. To Christ the WAY, the TRUTH, the LIFE, I come, no more to roam;
To "Life" and peace within the fold, How may I find the way?
While ma - ny cry "Lo here! lo there!" The Truth how may I know?
He'll guide me to my "Father's house," To my E - ter - nal home.
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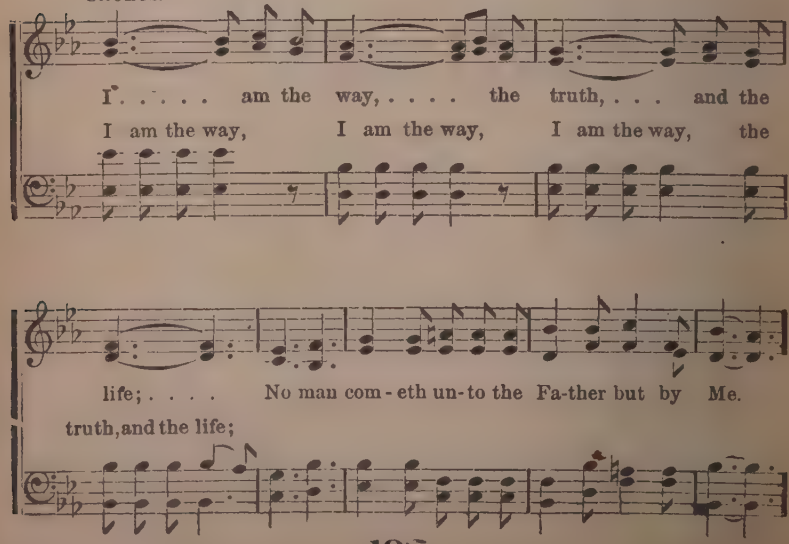
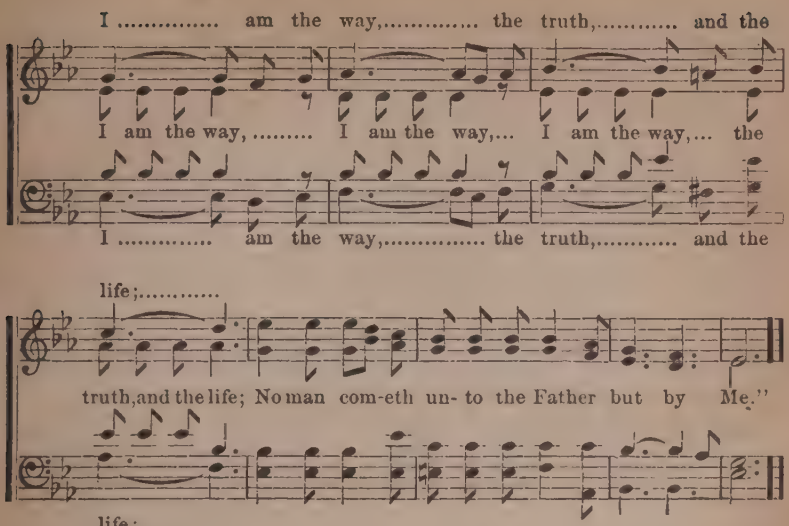
CHORUS.


I . . . . . am the way, ... the truth, . . . and the
life; . . . . No man com - eth un-to the Fa-ther but by Me.
I am the way, I am the way, I am the way, the
truth, and the life;

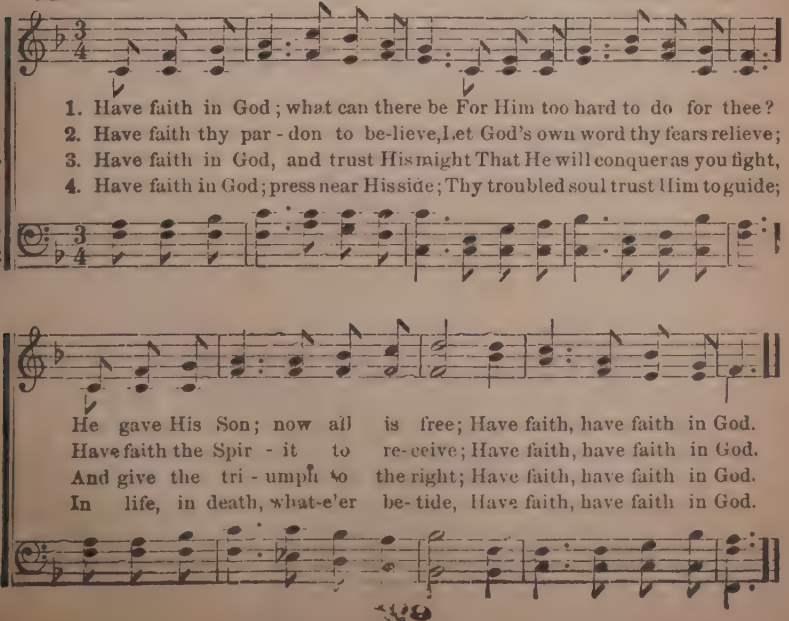
I Am the Way.—Concluded.


I ..... am the way,..... the truth,..... and the
I am the way, ... I am the way,... I am the way,... the
I ..... am the way,..... the truth,..... and the
life;.....
truth, and the life; No man com-eth un- to the Father but by Me."
life;.....

No. 105. Have Faith in God.

MARK 11: 22.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. Have faith in God; what can there be For Him too hard to do for thee?
2. Have faith thy par - don to be-lieve, Let God's own word thy fears relieve;
3. Have faith in God, and trust His might That He will conquer as you fight,
4. Have faith in God; press near His side; Thy troubled soul trust Him to guide;
He gave His Son; now all is free; Have faith, have faith in God.
Have faith the Spir - it to re-ceive; Have faith, have faith in God.
And give the tri - umph to the right; Have faith, have faith in God.
In life, in death, what-e'er be-tide, Have faith, have faith in God.

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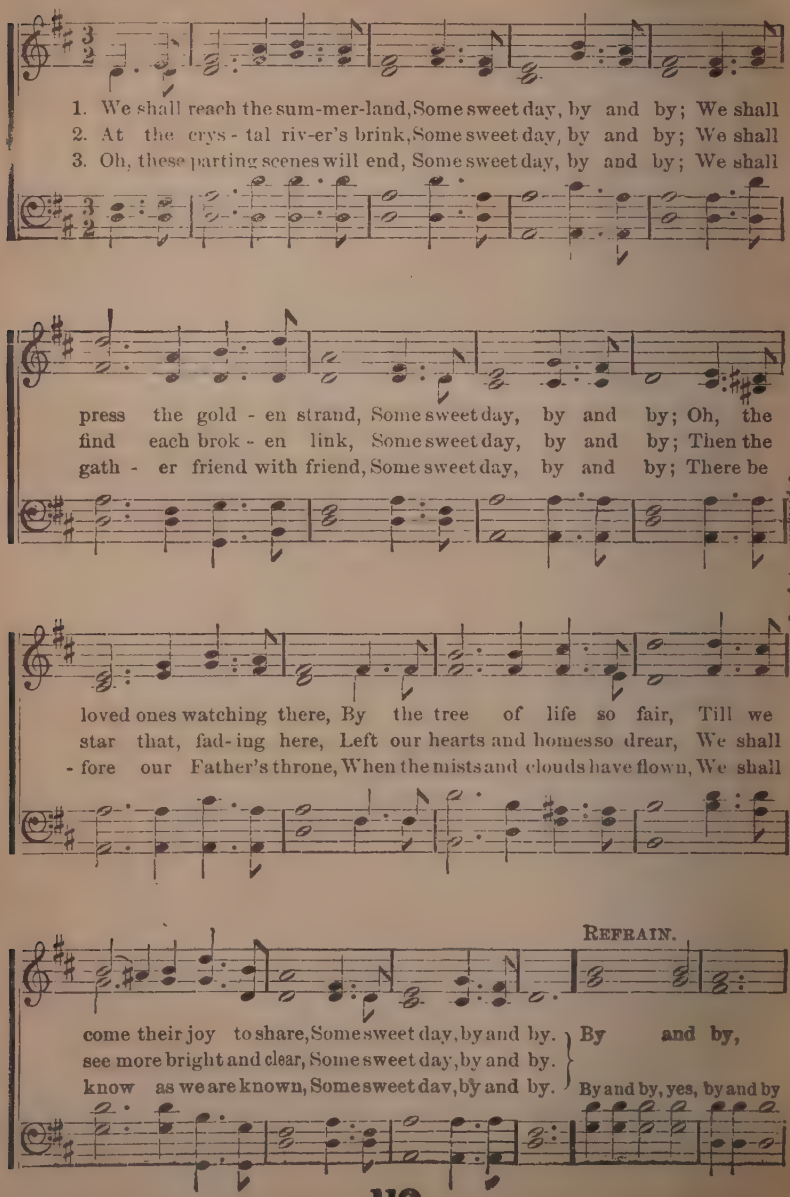
No. 106. Some Sweet Day, By and By.

"Then I shall know."—1 Cor. 13: 12.

F. J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.


1. We shall reach the sum-mer-land, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall
2. At the crys - tal riv-er's brink, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall
3. Oh, these parting scenes will end, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall
press the gold - en strand, Some sweet day, by and by; Oh, the
find each brok - en link, Some sweet day, by and by; Then the
gath - er friend with friend, Some sweet day, by and by; There be
loved ones watching there, By the tree of life so fair, Till we
star that, fad-ing here, Left our hearts and homes so drear, We shall
- fore our Father's throne, When the mists and clouds have flown, We shall
Refrain.
come their joy to share, Some sweet day, by and by.
see more bright and clear, Some sweet day, by and by.
know as we are known, Some sweet day, by and by.
By and by,
By and by, yes, by and by

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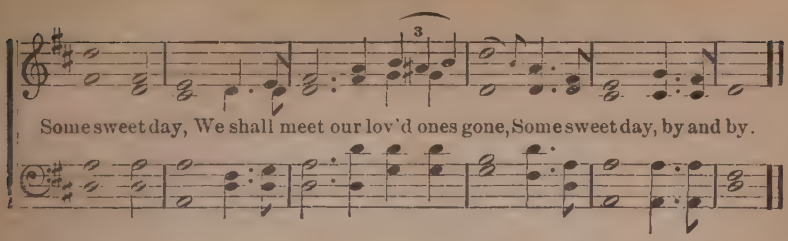
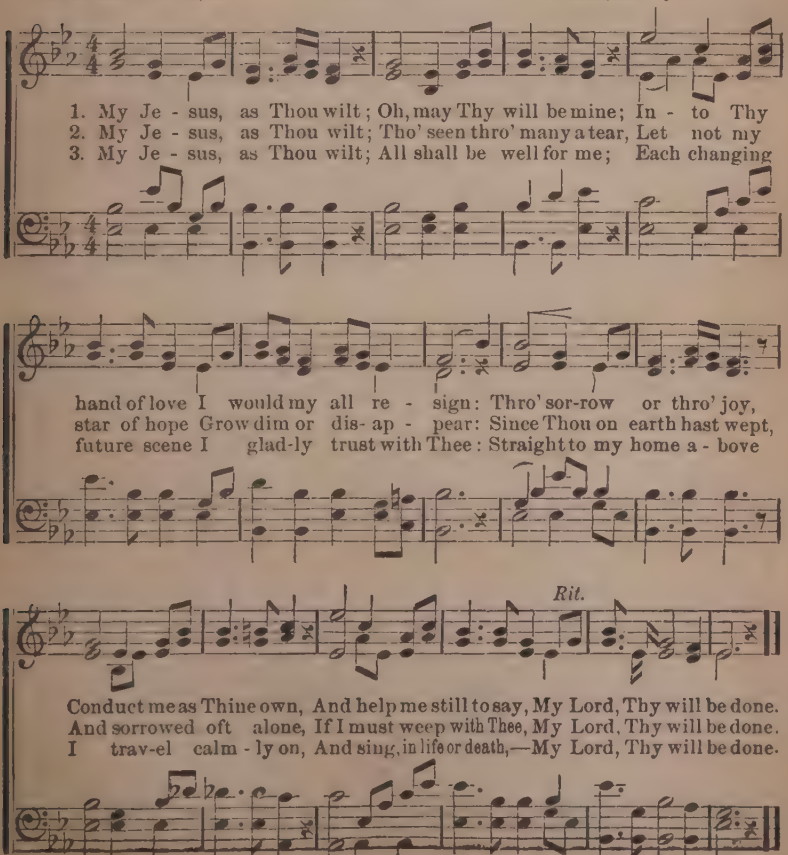


No. 107. My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

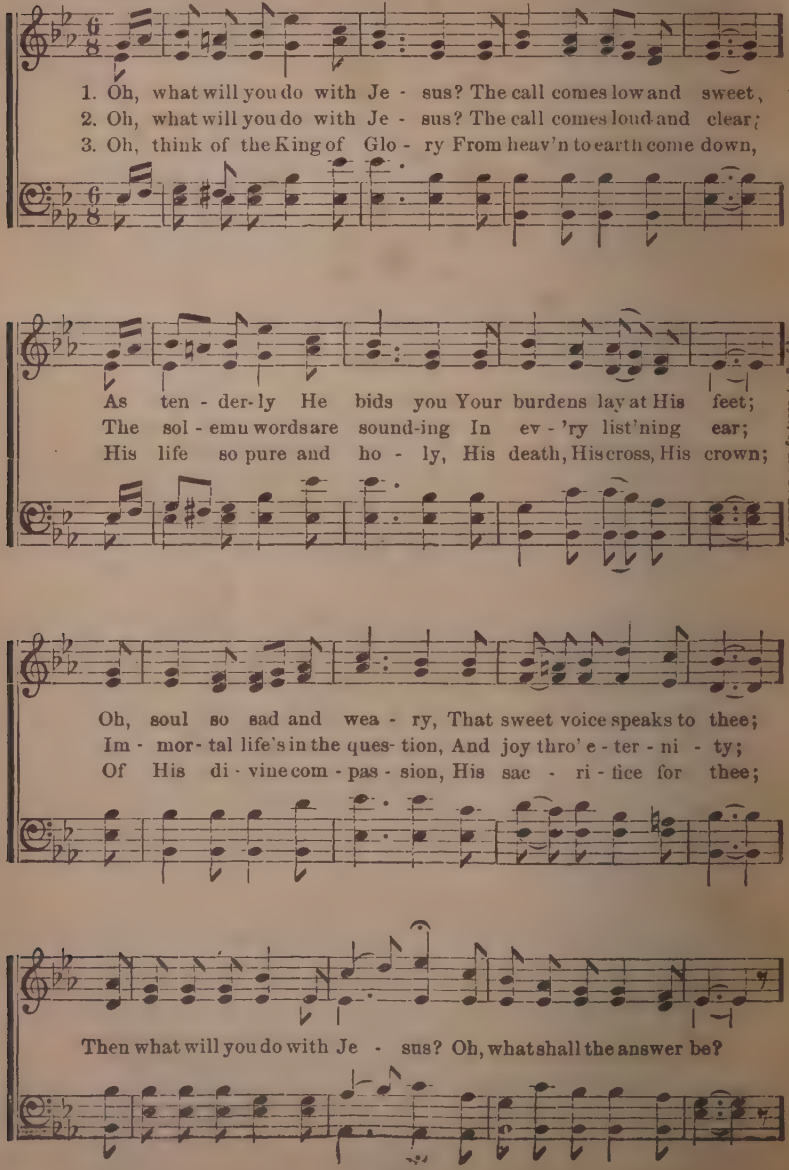
JANE BORTHWICK, tr. (JEWETT. 6s. D.) WEBER, arr. by H. P. M.


1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt; Oh, may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy
2. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt; Tho' seen thro' many a tear, Let not my
3. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt; All shall be well for me; Each changing
hand of love I would my all re - sign: Thro' sor-row or thro' joy,
star of hope Grow dim or dis- ap - pear: Since Thou on earth hast wept,
future scene I glad-ly trust with Thee: Straight to my home a - bove
Rit.
Conduct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done.
And sorrowed oft alone, If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done.
I trav-el calm - ly on, And sing, in life or death,—My Lord, Thy will be done.

No. 108. What will you do with Jesus?

"What shall I do with Jesus, which is called Christ?"—Matt. 27 : 22.

NATHANIEL NORTON. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Oh, what will you do with Je - sus? The call comes low and sweet,
2. Oh, what will you do with Je - sus? The call comes loud and clear;
3. Oh, think of the King of Glo - ry From heav'n to earth come down,
As ten - der-ly He bids you Your burdens lay at His feet;
The sol - emn words are sound-ing In ev - 'ry list'ning ear;
His life so pure and ho - ly, His death, His cross, His crown;
Oh, soul so sad and wea - ry, That sweet voice speaks to thee;
Im - mor - tal life's in the ques - tion, And joy thro' e - ter - ni - ty;
Of His di - vine com - pas - sion, His sac - ri - fice for thee;
Then what will you do with Je - sus? Oh, what shall the answer be?

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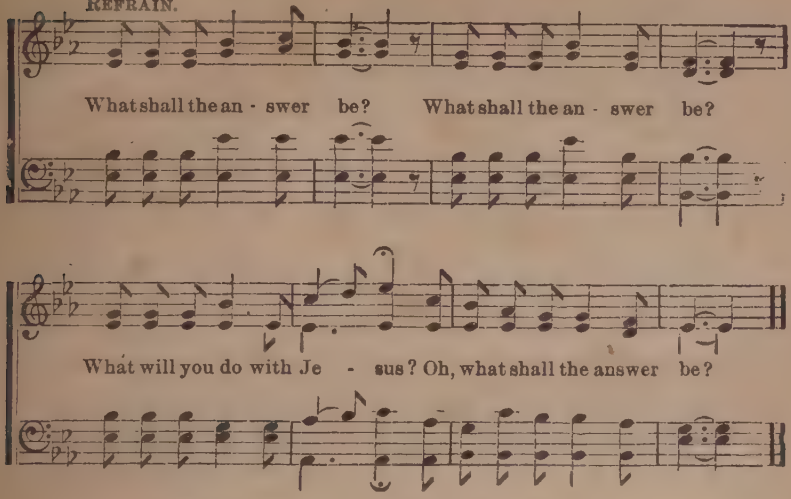
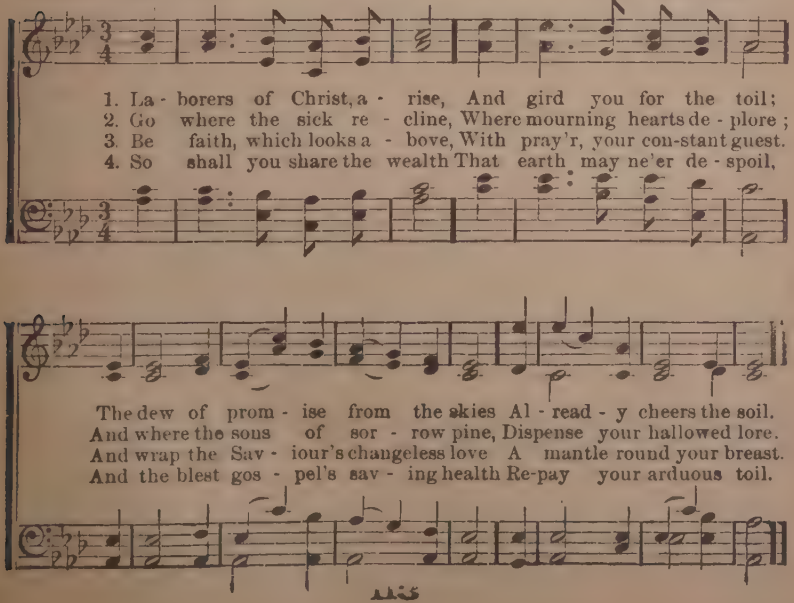


No. 109. Laborers of Christ, Arise.

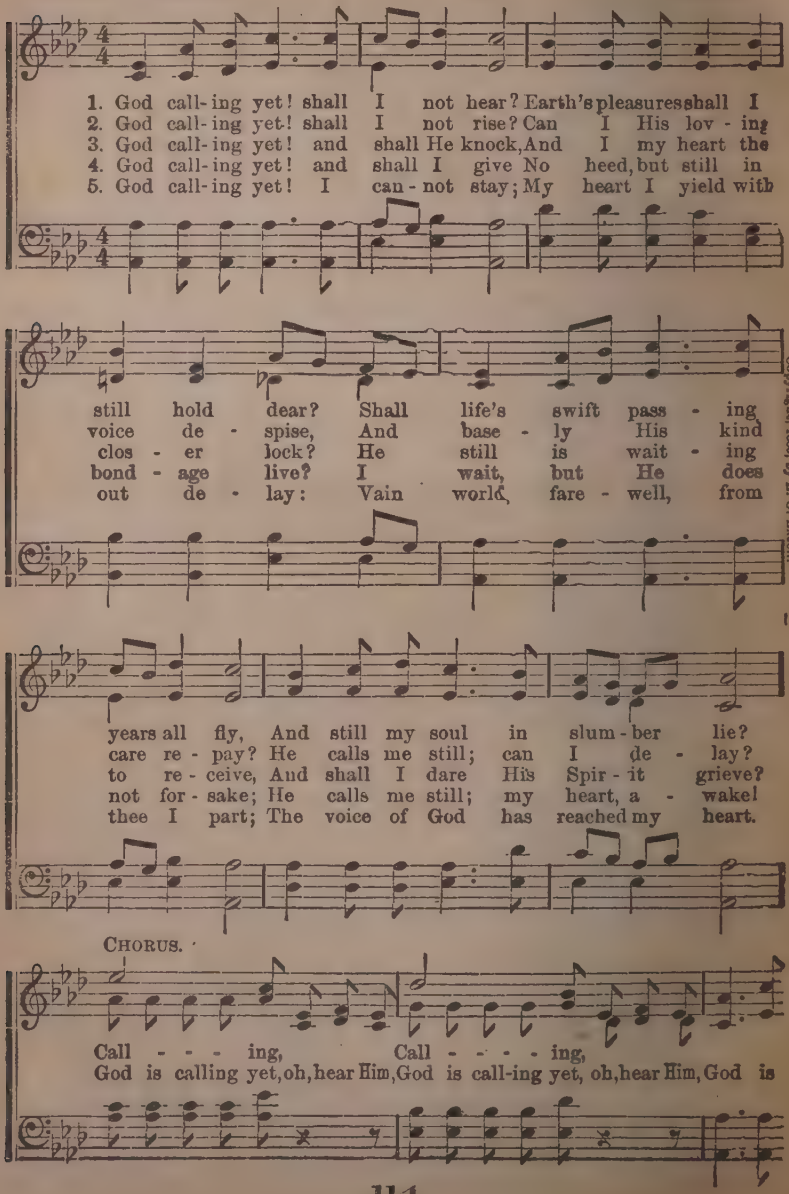
Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY. (AHIRA. S. M.) H. W. GREATOREX.


1. La - borers of Christ, a - rise, And gird you for the toil;
2. Go where the sick re - cline, Where mourning hearts de - plore;
3. Be faith, which looks a - bove, With pray'r, your con-stant guest.
4. So shall you share the wealth That earth may ne'er de - spoil,
The dew of prom - ise from the skies Al - read - y cheers the soil.
And where the sons of sor - row pine, Dispense your hallowed lore.
And wrap the Sav - iour's changeless love A mantle round your breast.
And the blest gos - pel's sav - ing health Re-pay your arduous toil.

No. 110. God is Calling Yet.

"My spirit shall not always strive with man."—GEN. 6: 3.

GERHARDT TERSTEEGEN. E. O. EXCELL.


1. God call-ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I
2. God call-ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I His lov-ing
3. God call-ing yet! and shall He knock, And I my heart the
4. God call-ing yet! and shall I give No heed, but still in
5. God call-ing yet! I can-not stay; My heart I yield with
still hold dear? Shall life's swift pass-ing
voice de-spise, And base-ly His kind
clos-er lock? He still is wait-ing
bond-age live? I wait, but He does
out de-lay: Vain world, fare-well, from
years all fly, And still my soul in slum-ber lie?
care re-pay? He calls me still; can I de-lay?
to re-ceive, And shall I dare His Spir-it grieve?
not for-sake; He calls me still; my heart, a-wake!
thee I part; The voice of God has reached my heart.
CHORUS.
Call - - - ing, Call - - - - ing,
God is calling yet, oh, hear Him, God is call-ing yet, oh, hear Him, God is

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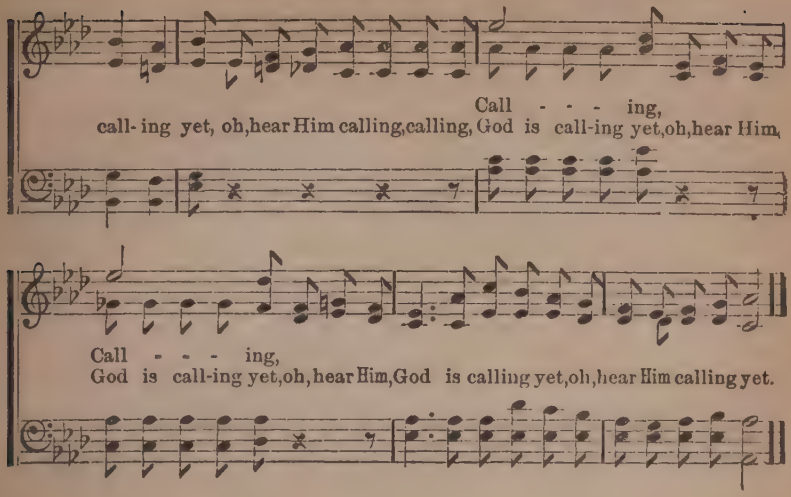
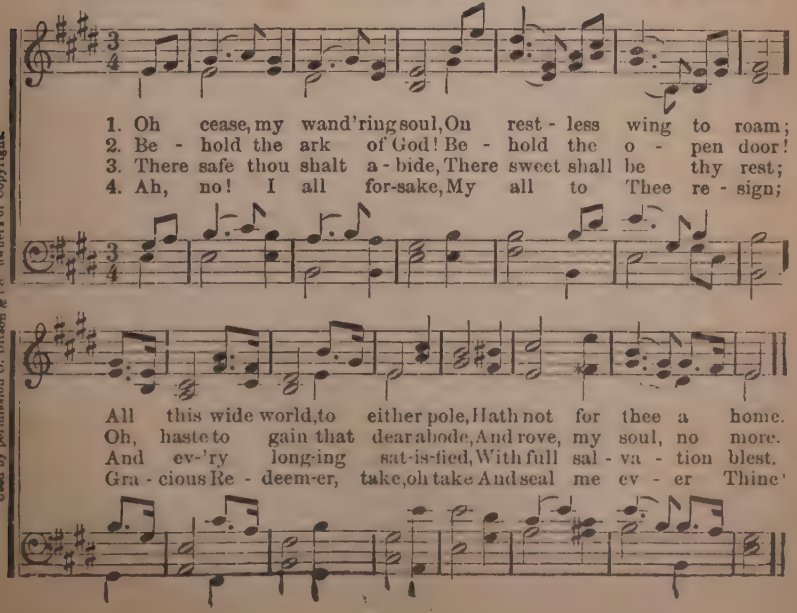
God is Calling Yet.—Concluded.


Call - - - ing,
call-ing yet, oh, hear Him calling, calling, God is call-ing yet, oh, hear Him,
Call - - - ing,
God is call-ing yet, oh, hear Him, God is calling yet, oh, hear Him calling yet.

No. 111. Oh Cease, my Wandering Soul.

W. A. MUHLENBERG. (ADRIAN. S. M.) J. E. GOULD.


1. Oh cease, my wand'ring soul, On rest - less wing to roam;
2. Be - hold the ark of God! Be - hold the o - pen door!
3. There safe thou shalt a - bide, There sweet shall be thy rest;
4. Ah, no! I all for-sake, My all to Thee re - sign;
All this wide world, to either pole, Hath not for thee a home.
Oh, haste to gain that dear abode, And rove, my soul, no more.
And ev-'ry long-ing sat-is-fied, With full sal - va - tion blest.
Gra - cious Re - deem-er, take, oh take And seal me ev - er Thine!

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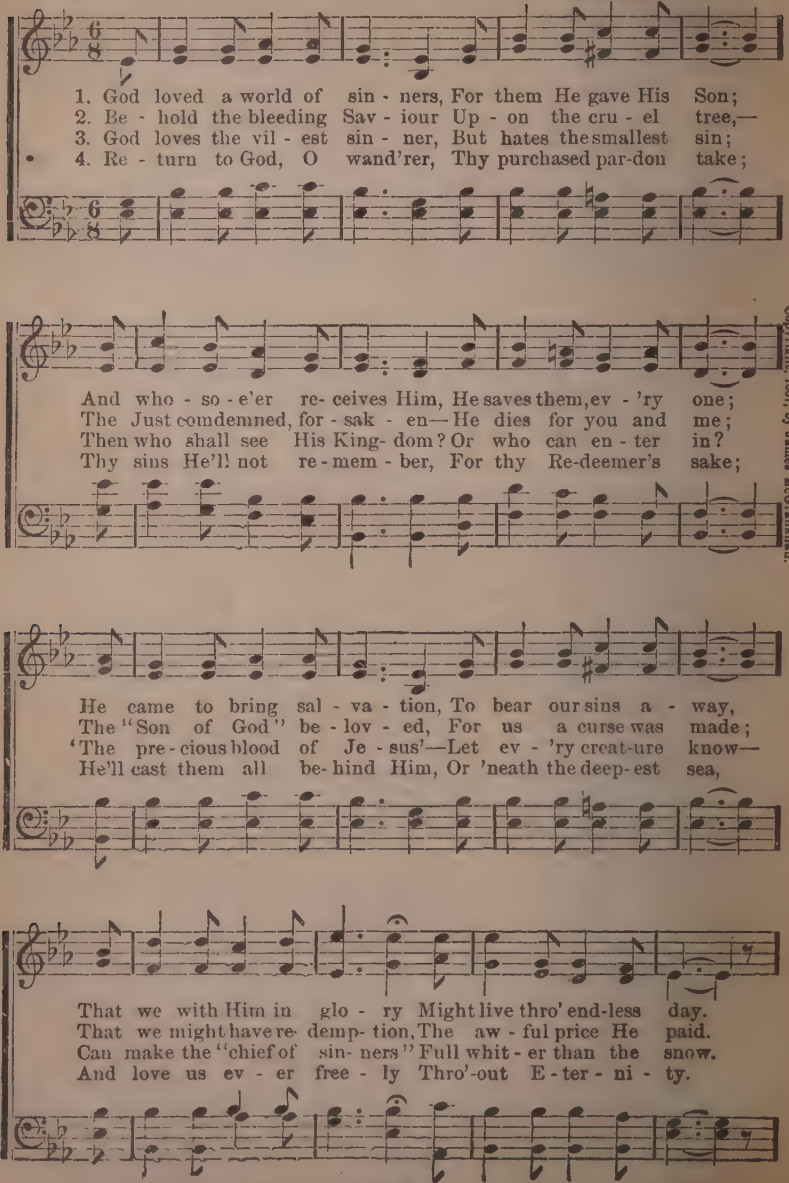
No. 112. How shall we Escape?

HEB. 2: 3.

G. M. J. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. God loved a world of sin - ners, For them He gave His Son;
2. Be - hold the bleeding Sav - iour Up - on the cru - el tree,—
3. God loves the vil - est sin - ner, But hates the smallest sin;
4. Re - turn to God, O wand'rer, Thy purchased par-don take;
And who - so - e'er re- ceives Him, He saves them, ev - 'ry one;
The Just condemned, for - sak - en—He dies for you and me;
Then who shall see His King- dom? Or who can en - ter in?
Thy sins He'll not re - mem - ber, For thy Re-deemer's sake;
He came to bring sal - va - tion, To bear our sins a - way,
The "Son of God" be - lov - ed, For us a curse was made;
The pre - cious blood of Je - sus'—Let ev - 'ry creat-ure know—
He'll cast them all be- hind Him, Or 'neath the deep-est sea,
That we with Him in glo - ry Might live thro' end-less day.
That we might have re- demp- tion, The aw - ful price He paid.
Can make the "chief of sin- ners" Full whit - er than the snow.
And love us ev - er free - ly Thro'-out E - ter - ni - ty.

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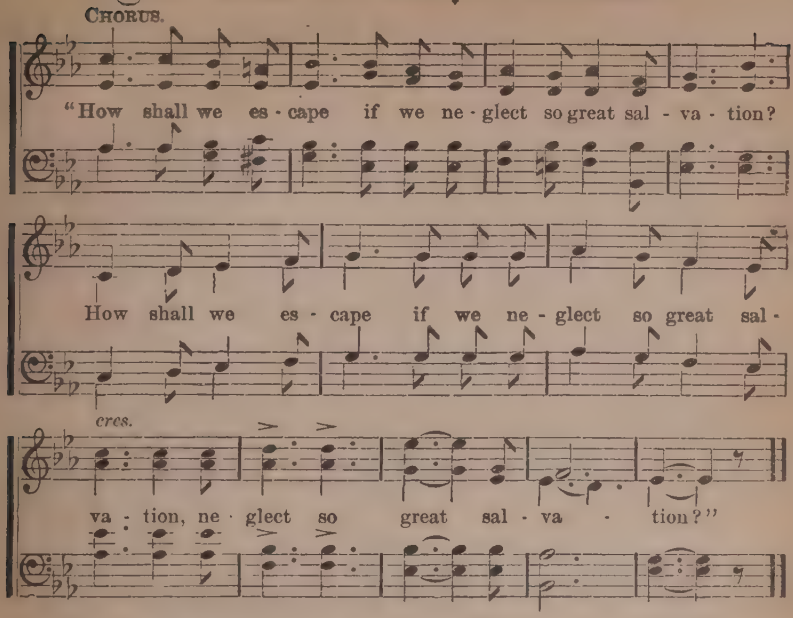
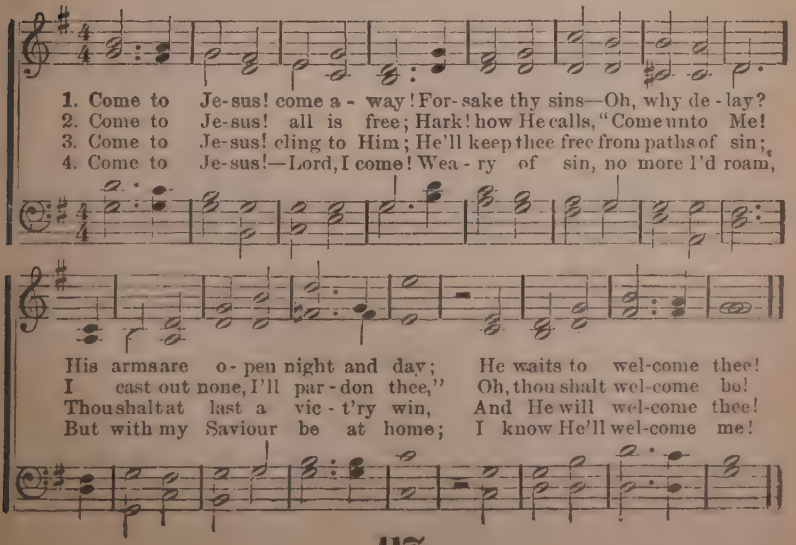
How Shall we Escape.—Concluded.


CHORUS.
"How shall we es - cape if we ne - glect so great sal - va - tion?
How shall we es - cape if we ne - glect so great sal -
cres.
va - tion, ne - glect so great sal - va - tion?"

No. 113. Come to Jesus! come away!

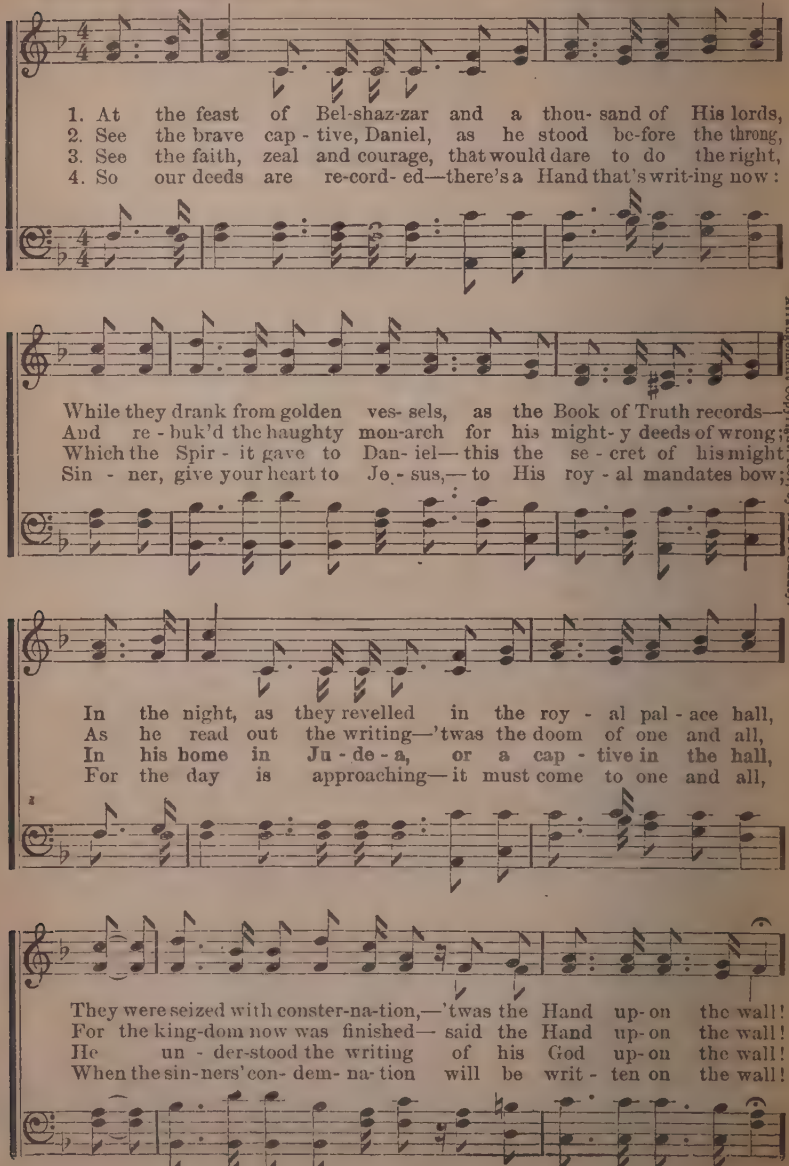
JOHN 6: 37.


1. Come to Je-sus! come a - way! For-sake thy sins—Oh, why de - lay?
2. Come to Je-sus! all is free; Hark! how He calls, "Come unto Me!
3. Come to Je-sus! cling to Him; He'll keep thee free from paths of sin;
4. Come to Je-sus!—Lord, I come! Wea - ry of sin, no more I'd roam,
His arms are o - pen night and day; He waits to wel-come thee!
I cast out none, I'll par - don thee," Oh, thou shalt wel-come be!
Thou shalt at last a vic - t'ry win, And He will wel-come thee!
But with my Saviour be at home; I know He'll wel-come me!

No. 114. The Handwriting on the Wall.

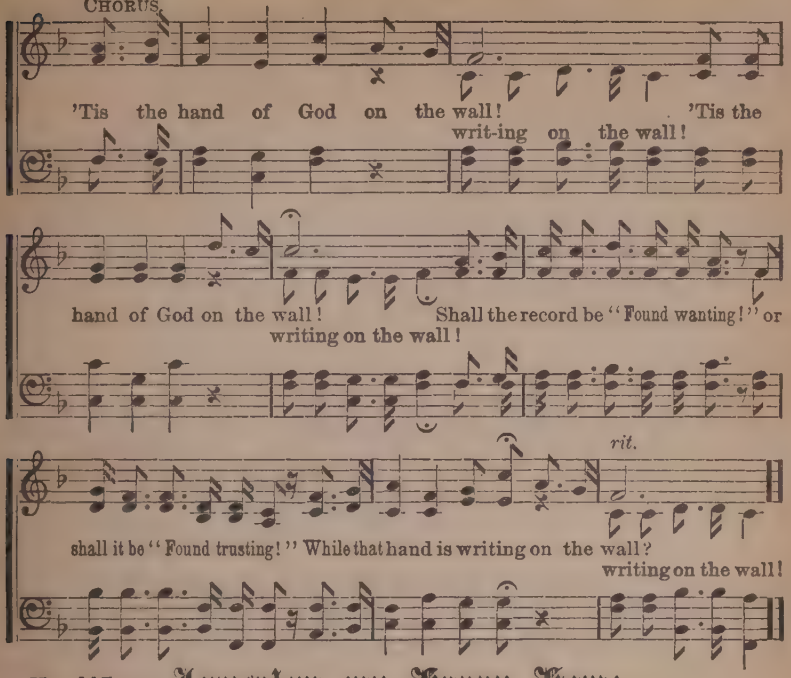
"And the king saw the part of the hand that wrote."—DANIEL 5: 5.

Words and Music by KNOWLES SHAW. Arr. by IRA D. SANKEY.


1. At the feast of Bel-shaz-zar and a thou- sand of His lords,
2. See the brave cap - tive, Daniel, as he stood be-fore the throng,
3. See the faith, zeal and courage, that would dare to do the right,
4. So our deeds are re-cord- ed—there's a Hand that's writ-ing now:
While they drank from golden ves- sels, as the Book of Truth records—
And re - buk'd the haughty mon-arch for his might- y deeds of wrong;
Which the Spir - it gave to Dan- iel—this the se - cret of his might
Sin - ner, give your heart to Je - sus,—to His roy - al mandates bow;
In the night, as they revelled in the roy - al pal - ace hall,
As he read out the writing—'twas the doom of one and all,
In his home in Ju - de - a, or a cap - tive in the hall,
For the day is approaching—it must come to one and all,
They were seized with conster-na-tion,—'twas the Hand up- on the wall!
For the king-dom now was finished—said the Hand up- on the wall!
He un - der-stood the writing of his God up- on the wall!
When the sin-ners' con- dem- na- tion will be writ - ten on the wall!

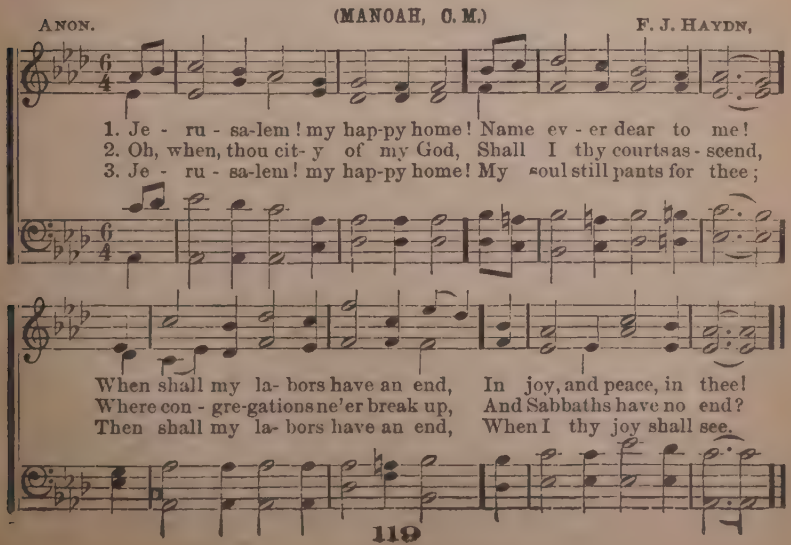
Arrangement Copyright, 1887, by Ira D. Sankey.

The Handwriting on the Wall.—Concluded.


CHORUS.
'Tis the hand of God on the wall! 'Tis the writ-ing on the wall!
hand of God on the wall! Shall the record be "Found wanting!" or writing on the wall!
rit.
shall it be "Found trusting!" While that hand is writing on the wall? writing on the wall!

No. 115. Jerusalem my Happy Home.

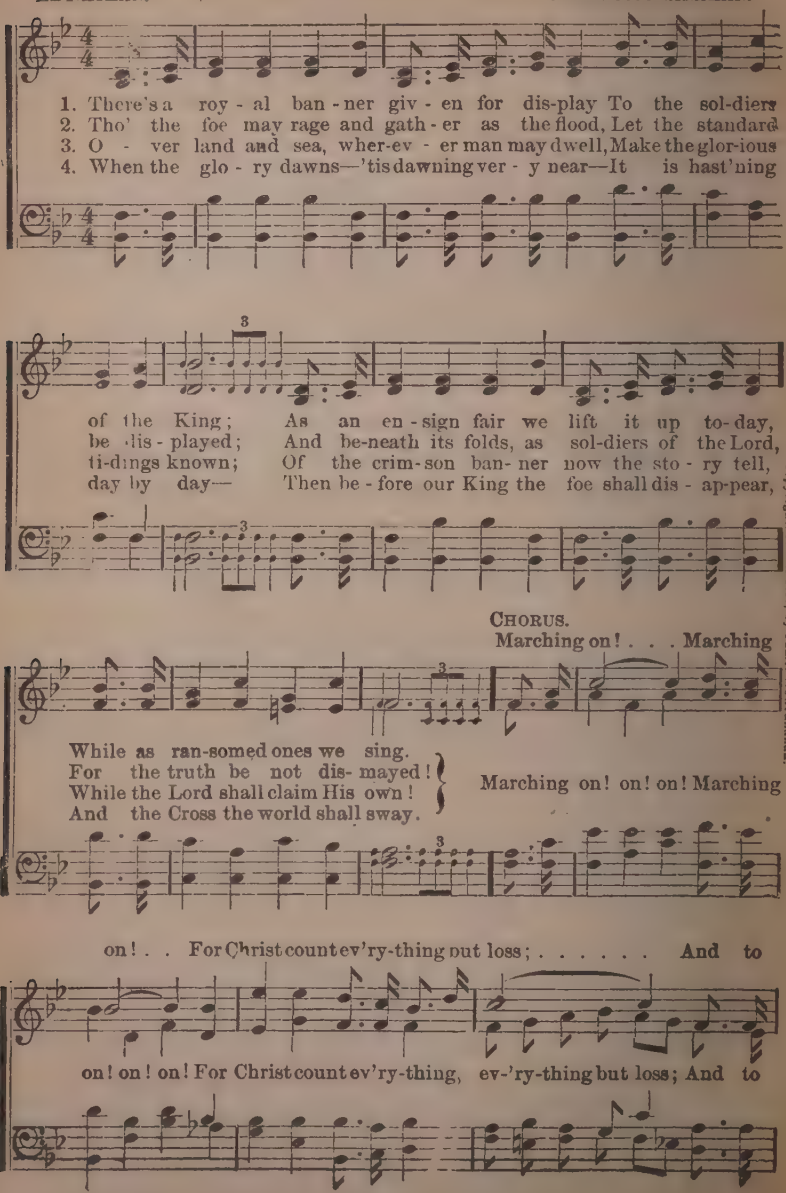
ANON. (MANOAH, C. M.) F. J. HAYDN,


1. Je - ru - sa-lem! my hap-py home! Name ev - er dear to me!
2. Oh, when, thou cit- y of my God, Shall I thy courts as - scend,
3. Je - ru - sa-lem! my hap-py home! My soul still pants for thee;
When shall my la- bors have an end, In joy, and peace, in thee!
Where con - gre-gations ne'er break up, And Sabbaths have no end?
Then shall my la- bors have an end, When I thy joy shall see.

No. 116. The Banner of the Cross.

"Thou hast given a banner to them that fear Thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth."—PS. 60. 4.

EL NATHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. There's a roy - al ban - ner giv - en for dis-play To the sol-diers
2. Tho' the foe may rage and gath - er as the flood, Let the standard
3. O - ver land and sea, wher-ev - er man may dwell, Make the glor-ious
4. When the glo - ry dawns—'tis dawning ver - y near—It is hast'ning
of the King; As an en - sign fair we lift it up to-day,
be dis - played; And be-neath its folds, as sol-diers of the Lord,
ti-dings known; Of the crim-son ban- ner now the sto - ry tell,
day by day— Then be - fore our King the foe shall dis - ap-pear,
CHORUS.
Marching on! . . . Marching
While as ran-somed ones we sing.
For the truth be not dis- mayed!
While the Lord shall claim His own!
And the Cross the world shall sway.
Marching on! on! on! Marching
on! . . For Christ count ev'ry-thing but loss; . . . . . And to
on! on! on! For Christ count ev'ry-thing, ev-'ry-thing but loss; And to

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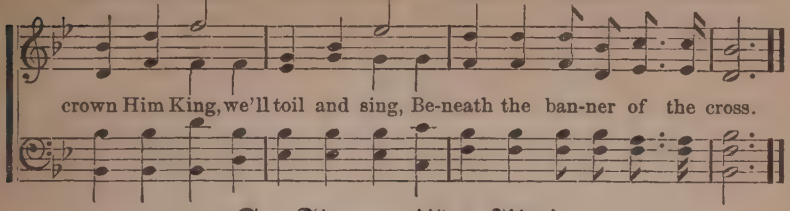
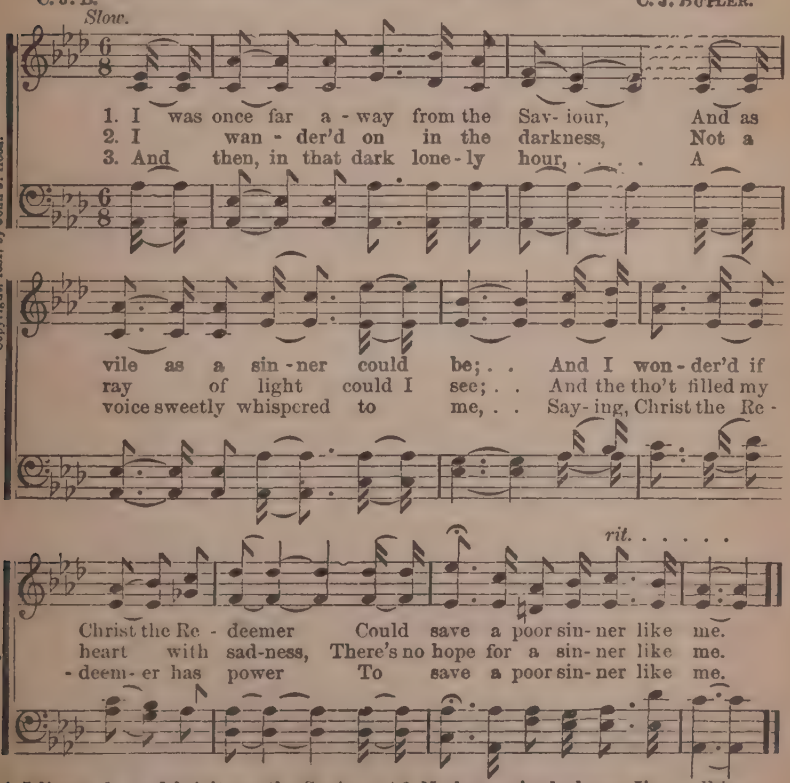
crown Him King, toil and sing, 'Neath the ban-ner of the cross.



No. 117. A Sinner like Me!

"Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."—1 Tim. 1: 15.

C. J. B. C. J. Butler.


Slow.
1. I was once far a - way from the Sav- iour, And as
2. I wan - der'd on in the darkness, Not a
3. And then, in that dark lone - ly hour, . . . A
vile as a sin - ner could be; . . And I won - der'd if
ray of light could I see; . . And the tho't filled my
voice sweetly whispered to me, . . Say- ing, Christ the Re -
rit. . . . . .
Christ the Re - deemer Could save a poor sin- ner like me.
heart with sad-ness, There's no hope for a sin- ner like me.
- deem- er has power To save a poor sin- ner like me.

Copyright, 1881, by John J. Hood.

4 I listened: and lo! 'twas the Saviour
That was speaking so kindly to me;
I cried, "I'm the chief of sinners,
Thou canst save a poor sinner like me!"

5 I then fully trusted in Jesus;
And oh, what a joy came to me!
My heart was filled with His praises,
For saving a sinner like me.

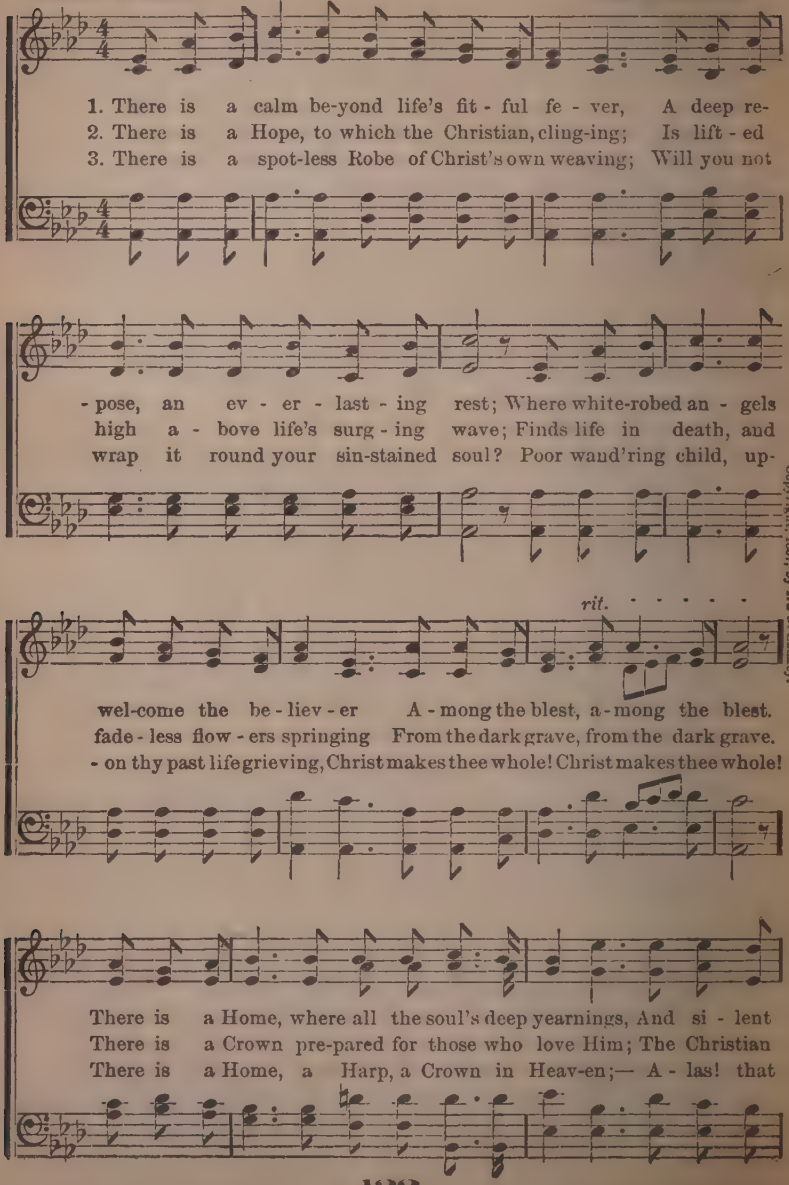
6 No longer in darkness I'm walking,
For the light is now shining on me;
And now unto others I'm telling
How He saved a poor sinner like me.

7 And when life's journey is over,
And I the dear Saviour shall see,
I'll praise Him for ever and ever,
For saving a sinner like me.

No. 118. There is a Calm.

"There remaineth a rest to the people of God."—HEB. 4: 9.

ERNEST RICKMAN. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. There is a calm be-yond life's fit - ful fe - ver, A deep re-
2. There is a Hope, to which the Christian, cling-ing; Is lift - ed
3. There is a spot-less Robe of Christ's own weaving; Will you not
- pose, an ev - er - last - ing rest; Where white-robed an - gels
high a - bove life's surg - ing wave; Finds life in death, and
wrap it round your sin-stained soul? Poor wand'ring child, up-
rit.
wel-come the be - liev - er A - mong the blest, a - mong the blest.
fade - less flow - ers springing From the dark grave, from the dark grave.
- on thy past life grieving, Christ makes thee whole! Christ makes thee whole!
There is a Home, where all the soul's deep yearnings, And si - lent
There is a Crown pre-pared for those who love Him; The Christian
There is a Home, a Harp, a Crown in Heav-en;— A - las! that

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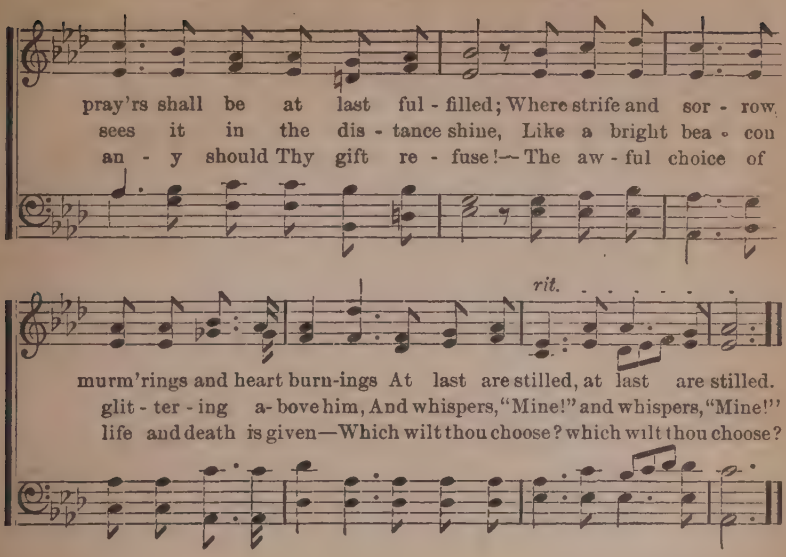
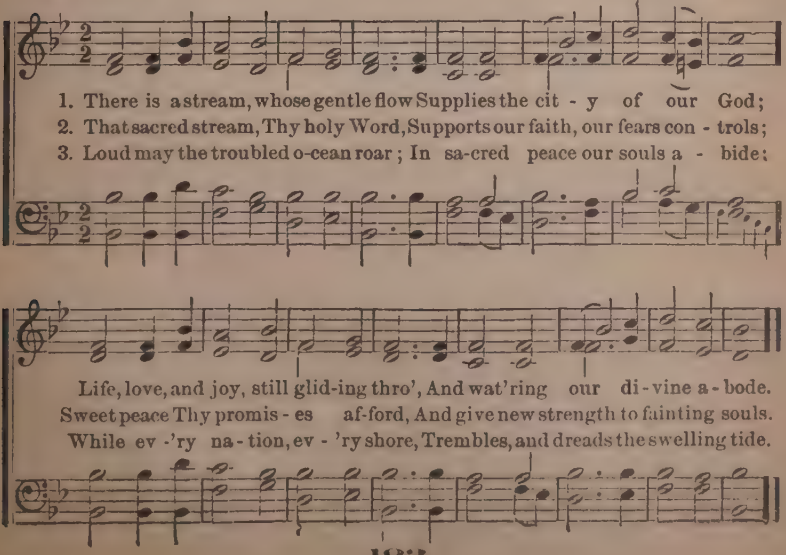
There is a Calm.—Concluded.


pray'rs shall be at last ful - filled; Where strife and sor - row
sees it in the dis - tance shine, Like a bright bea - con
an - y should Thy gift re - fuse!—The aw - ful choice of
rit.
murm'rings and heart burn-ings At last are stilled, at last are stilled.
glit - ter - ing a- bove him, And whispers, "Mine!" and whispers, "Mine!"
life and death is given—Which wilt thou choose? which wilt thou choose?

No. 119. There is a Stream.

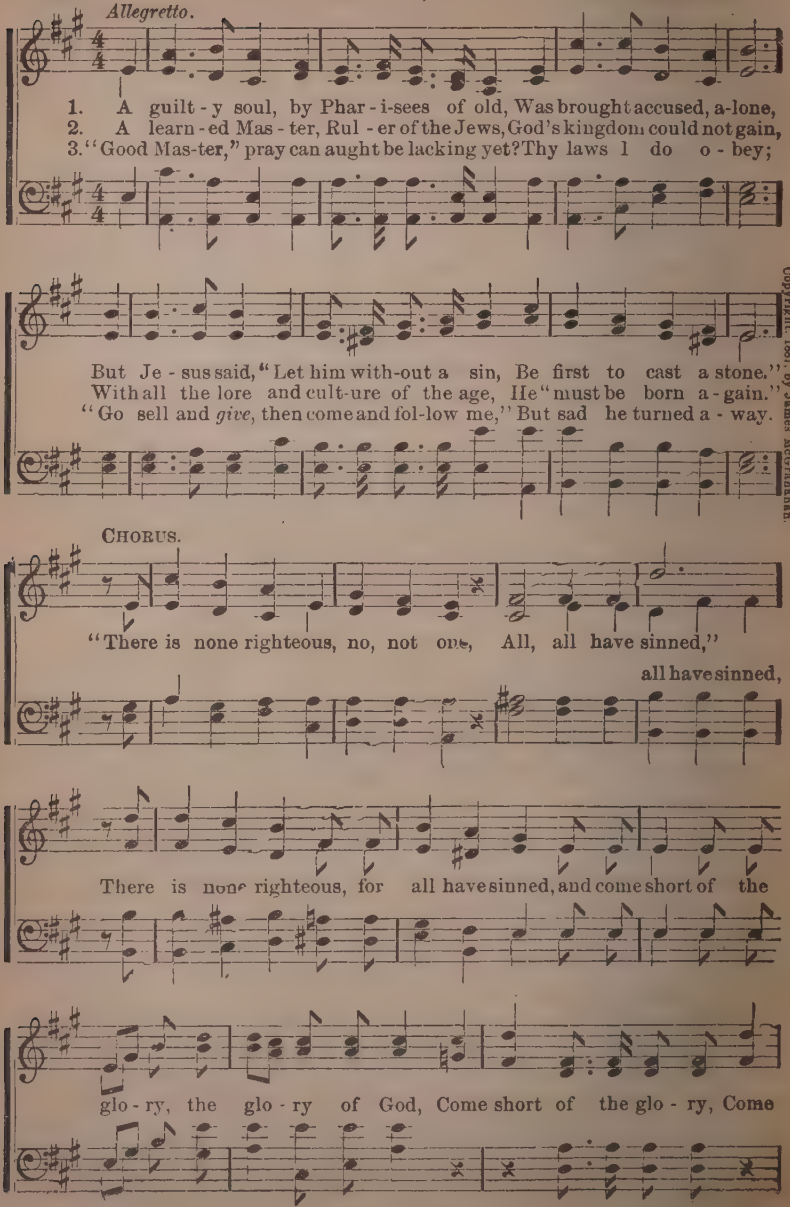
(WARD. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. LOWELL MASON.


1. There is a stream, whose gentle flow Supplies the cit - y of our God;
2. That sacred stream, Thy holy Word, Supports our faith, our fears con - trols;
3. Loud may the troubled o-cean roar; In sa-cred peace our souls a - bide;
Life, love, and joy, still glid-ing thro', And wat'ring our di - vine a - bode.
Sweet peace Thy promis - es af-ford, And give new strength to fainting souls.
While ev -'ry na - tion, ev - 'ry shore, Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

No. 120. There is None Righteous.

G. M. J. ROM. 3: 10, 23. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


Allegretto.
1. A guilt - y soul, by Phar - i-sees of old, Was brought accused, a-lone,
2. A learn - ed Mas - ter, Rul - er of the Jews, God's kingdom could not gain,
3. "Good Mas-ter," pray can aught be lacking yet? Thy laws I do o - bey;
But Je - sus said, "Let him with-out a sin, Be first to cast a stone."
With all the lore and cult-ure of the age, He "must be born a - gain."
"Go sell and *give*, then come and fol-low me," But sad he turned a - way.
CHORUS.
"There is none righteous, no, not one, All, all have sinned,"
all have sinned,
There is none righteous, for all have sinned, and come short of the
glo - ry, the glo - ry of God, Come short of the glo - ry, Come

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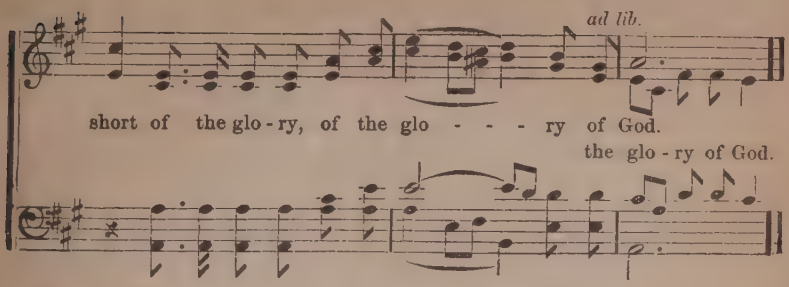
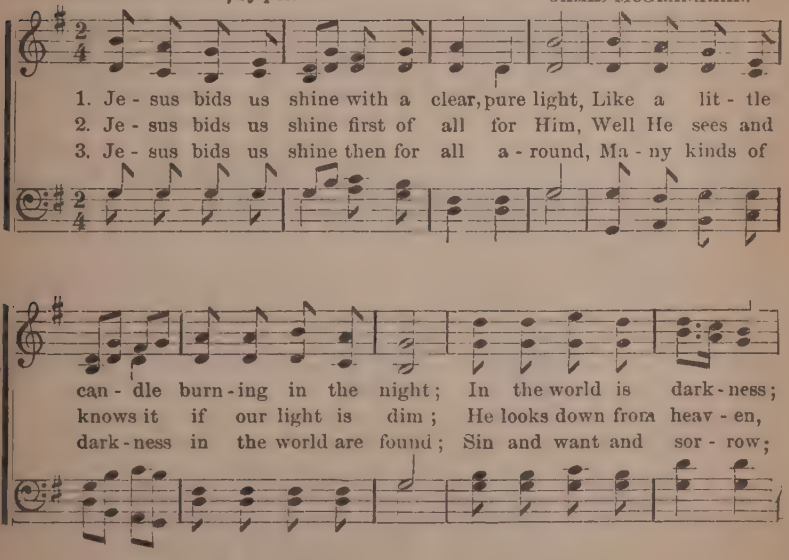


No. 121. Little Lights.

ANNA B. WARNER, by per. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. Je - sus bids us shine with a clear, pure light, Like a lit - tle
2. Je - sus bids us shine first of all for Him, Well He sees and
3. Je - sus bids us shine then for all a - round, Ma - ny kinds of
can - dle burn - ing in the night; In the world is dark - ness;
knows it if our light is dim; He looks down from heav - en,
dark - ness in the world are found; Sin and want and sor - row;
so we must shine, You in your cor - ner and I in mine.
He sees us shine, You in your cor - ner and I in mine.
so we must shine, You in your cor - ner and I in mine.

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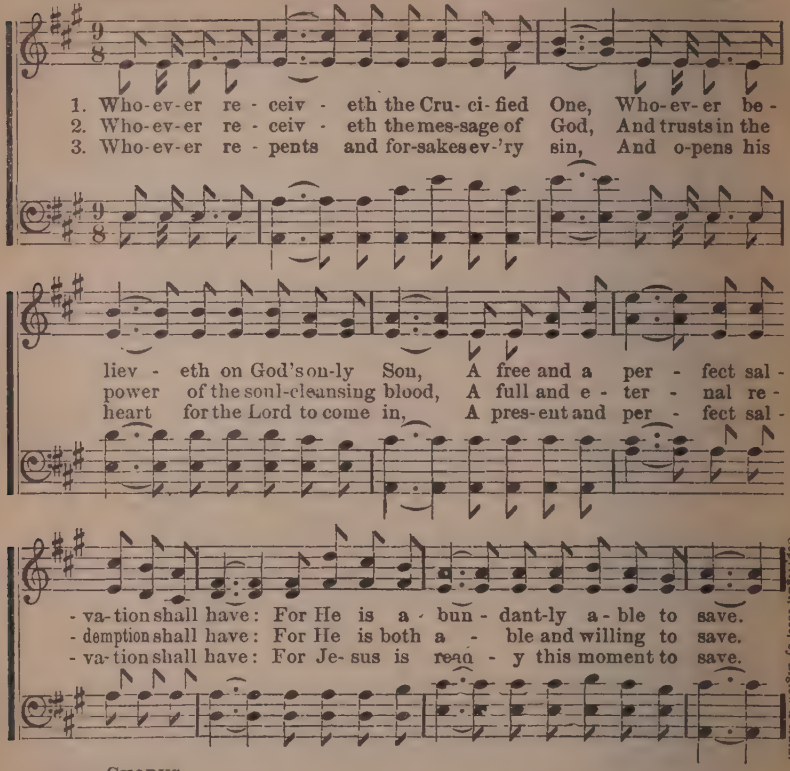
No. 122. Abundantly Able to Save.

"He will abundantly pardon."—Isa. 55: 7.

E. A. Hoffman. P. P. Bliss.


1. Who-ev-er re - ceiv - eth the Cru- ci- fied One, Who-ev-er be -
2. Who-ev-er re - ceiv - eth the mes-sage of God, And trusts in the
3. Who-ev-er re - pents and for-sakes ev-'ry sin, And o-pens his
liev - eth on God's on-ly Son, A free and a per - fect sal -
power of the soul-cleansing blood, A full and e - ter - nal re -
heart for the Lord to come in, A pres-ent and per - fect sal -
- va-tion shall have: For He is a - bun - dant-ly a - ble to save.
- demption shall have: For He is both a - ble and willing to save.
- va-tion shall have: For Je- sus is rea - dy this moment to save.

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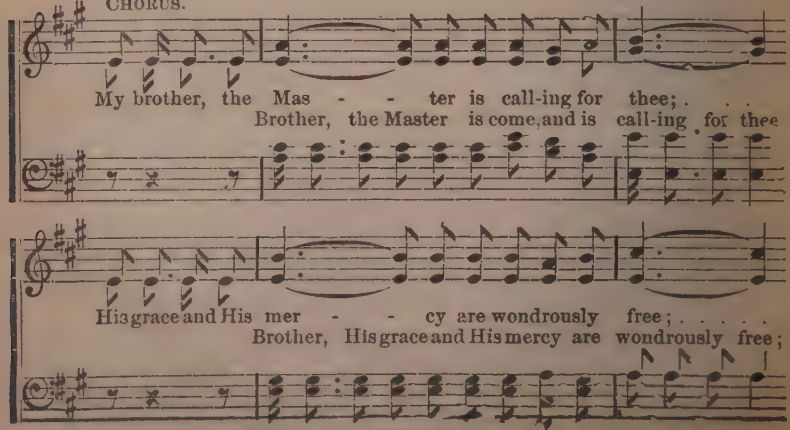
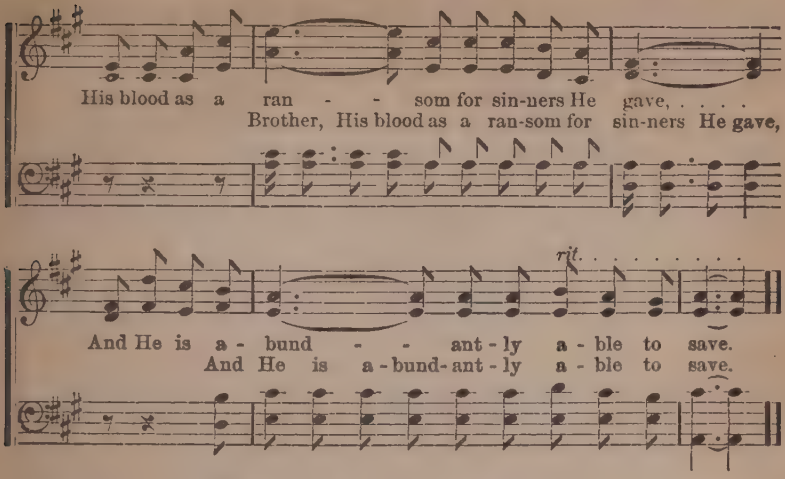
Chorus.

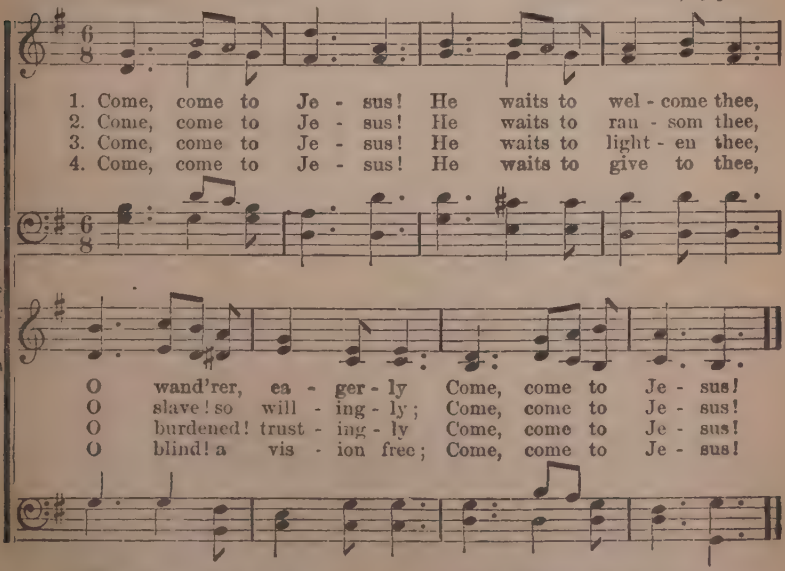

My brother, the Mas - - ter is call-ing for thee; . . .
Brother, the Master is come, and is call-ing for thee
His grace and His mer - - cy are wondrously free; . . . .
Brother, His grace and His mercy are wondrously free;


His blood as a ran - - som for sin-ners He gave, ...
Brother, His blood as a ran-som for sin-ners He gave,
rit.
And He is a - bund - - ant - ly a - ble to save.
And He is a - bund - ant - ly a - ble to save.

No. 123. Come, Come to Jesus.

"Come unto me."—MATT. 11: 28.

GEO. B. PECK. HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.


1. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to wel - come thee,
2. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to ran - som thee,
3. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to light - en thee,
4. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to give to thee,
O wand'rer, ea - ger - ly Come, come to Je - sus!
O slave! so will - ing - ly; Come, come to Je - sus!
O burdened! trust - ing - ly Come, come to Je - sus!
O blind! a vis - ion free; Come, come to Je - sus!

Copyright, 1864.

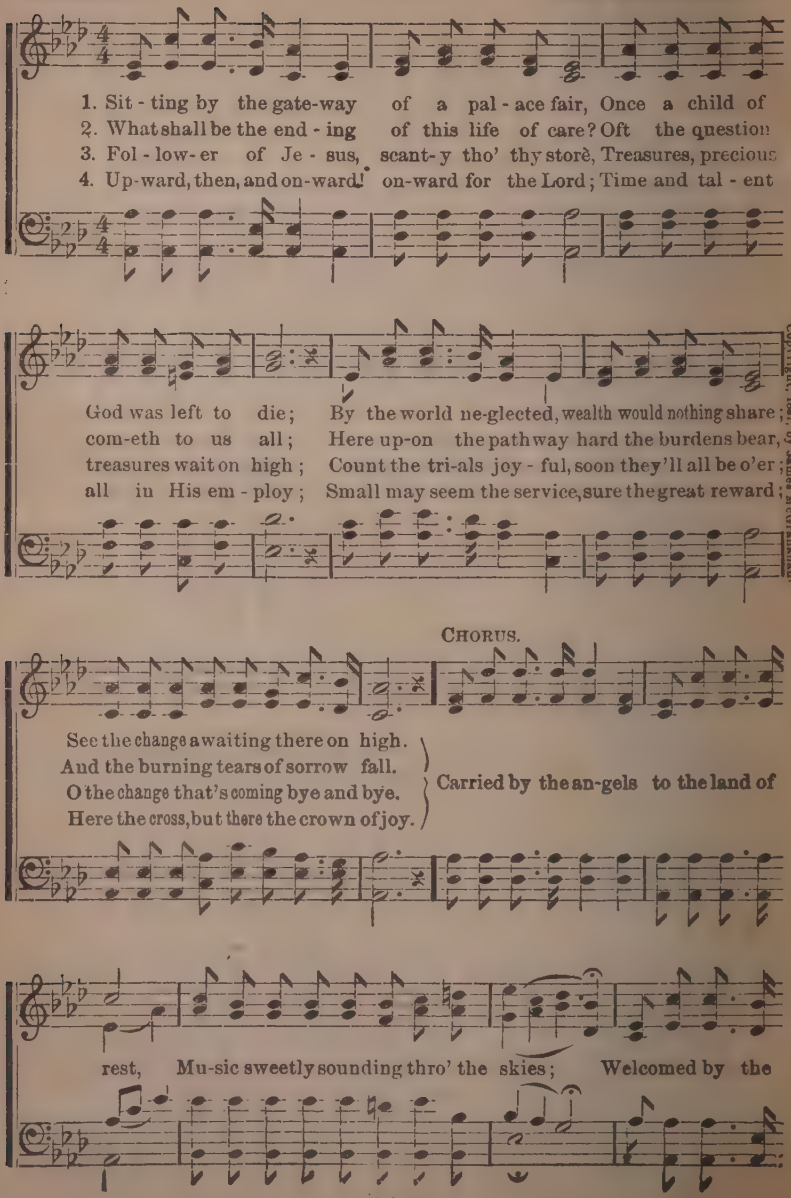
5 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to shelter thee,
O weary! blessedly
Come, come to Jesus!

6 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to carry thee,
O lamb! so lovingly,
Come, come to Jesus!

No. 124. Carried by the Angels.

LUKE 16: 22.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.


1. Sit - ting by the gate-way of a pal - ace fair, Once a child of
2. What shall be the end - ing of this life of care? Oft the question
3. Fol - low-er of Je - sus, scant-y tho' thy store, Treasures, precious
4. Up-ward, then, and on-ward! on-ward for the Lord; Time and tal - ent
God was left to die; By the world ne-glected, wealth would nothing share;
com-eth to us all; Here up-on the pathway hard the burdens bear,
treasures wait on high; Count the tri-als joy - ful, soon they'll all be o'er;
all in His em - ploy; Small may seem the service, sure the great reward;
CHORUS.
See the change awaiting there on high.
And the burning tears of sorrow fall.
O the change that's coming bye and bye.
Here the cross, but there the crown of joy.
Carried by the an-gels to the land of
rest, Mu-sic sweetly sounding thro' the skies; Welcomed by the

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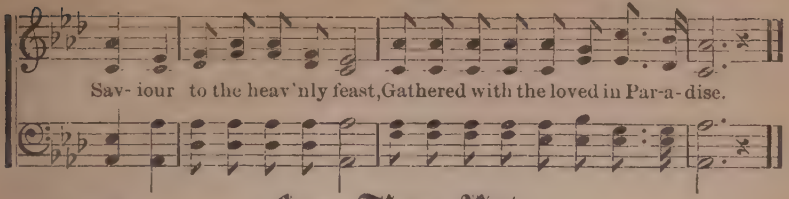


No. 125. Fear Thou Not.

J. E. A.
Trans. from Dr. MALAN.

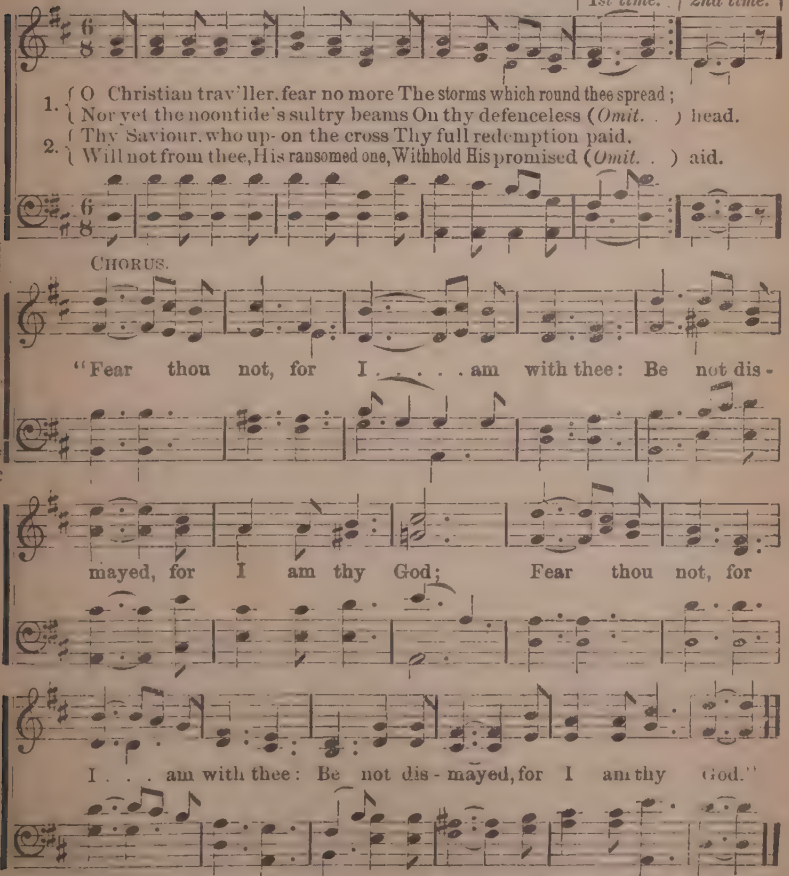
ISA. 41: 10.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1st time. 2nd time.

1. { O Christian trav'ller, fear no more The storms which round thee spread;
   { Nor yet the noontide's sultry beams On thy defenceless (*Omit.* . .) head.

2. { Thy Saviour, who up- on the cross Thy full redemption paid.
   { Will not from thee, His ransomed one, Withhold His promised (*Omit.* . .) aid.


CHORUS.
"Fear thou not, for I . . . . am with thee: Be not dis-
mayed, for I am thy God; Fear thou not, for
I . . . am with thee: Be not dis- mayed, for I am thy God."

Copyright, 1864, by James McGranahan.

3 A safe retreat and hiding-place
Thy Saviour will provide:
And sorrow cannot fill thy heart,
While sheltered at His side.

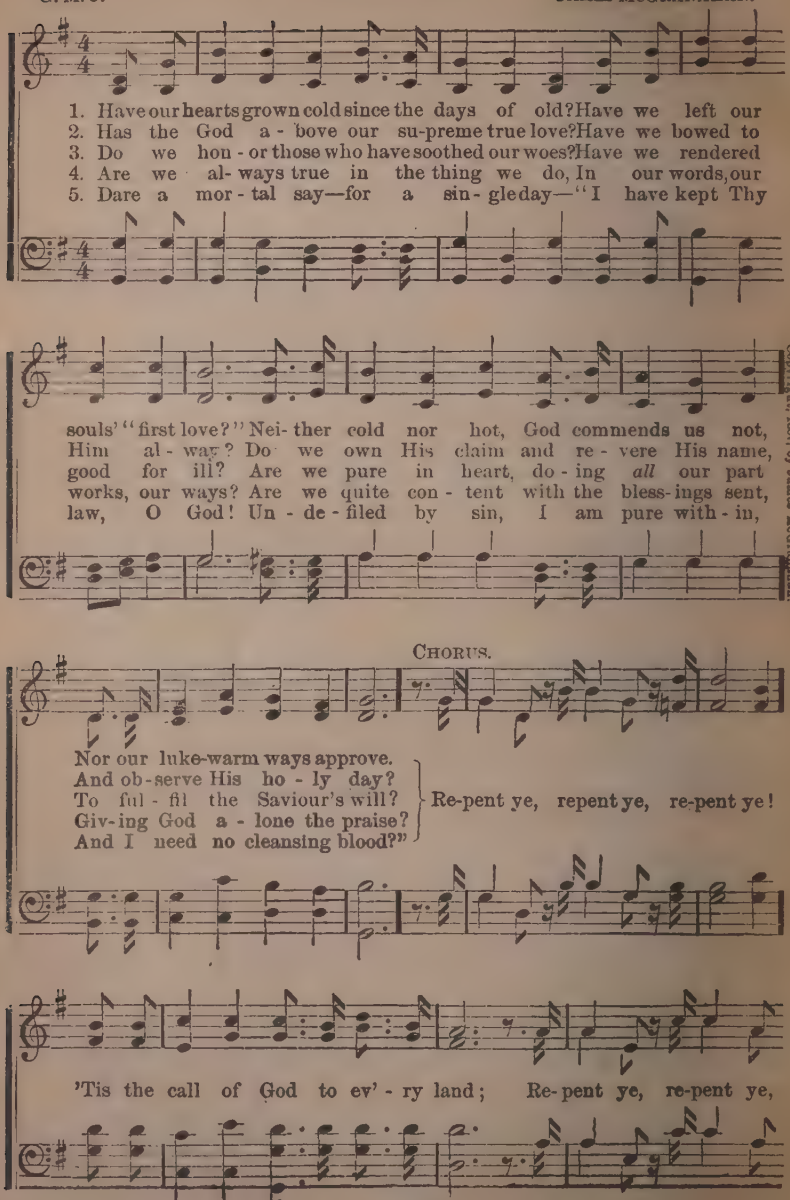
4 No; in thy darkest days on earth,
When every joy seems flown,
Believer, thou shalt never tread
The toilsome way alone.

No. 126.

Repent Ye.

MATT. 3: 2.

G. M. J. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. Have our hearts grown cold since the days of old? Have we left our
2. Has the God a - bove our su-preme true love? Have we bowed to
3. Do we hon - or those who have soothed our woes? Have we rendered
4. Are we al- ways true in the thing we do, In our words, our
5. Dare a mor - tal say—for a sin - gle day—"I have kept Thy
souls' "first love?" Nei- ther cold nor hot, God commends us not,
Him al - way? Do we own His claim and re - vere His name,
good for ill? Are we pure in heart, do - ing *all* our part
works, our ways? Are we quite con - tent with the bless-ings sent,
law, O God! Un - de - filed by sin, I am pure with - in,
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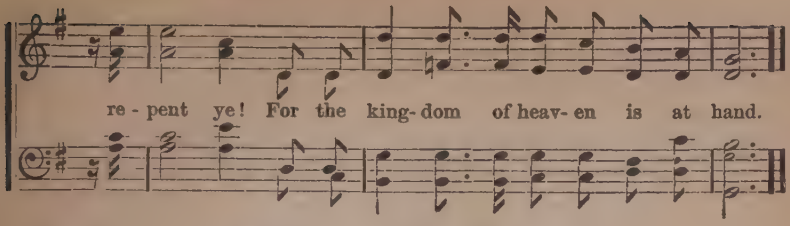
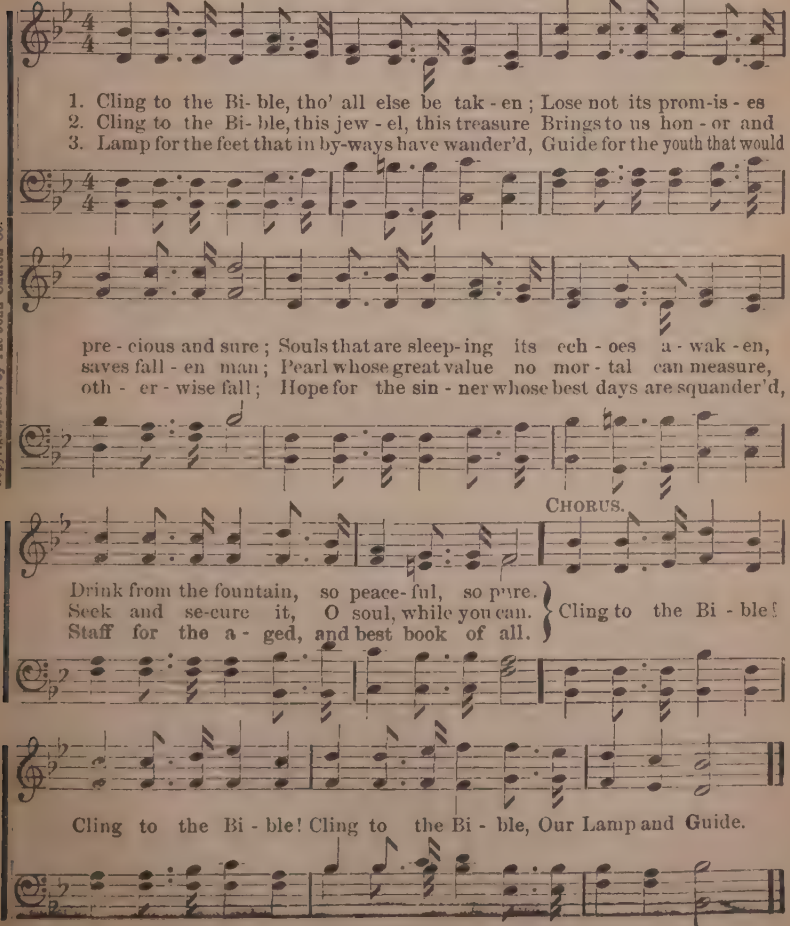
CHORUS.
Nor our luke-warm ways approve.
And ob-serve His ho - ly day?
To ful - fil the Saviour's will?
Giv-ing God a - lone the praise?
And I need no cleansing blood?"
Re-pent ye, repent ye, re-pent ye!
'Tis the call of God to ev' - ry land; Re-pent ye, re-pent ye,

Repent Ye!—Concluded.



No. 127. Cling to the Bible.

M. J. SMITH. Ps. 119: 105. J. R. MURRAY.


1. Cling to the Bi- ble, tho' all else be tak - en ; Lose not its prom-is - es
2. Cling to the Bi- ble, this jew - el, this treasure Brings to us hon - or and
3. Lamp for the feet that in by-ways have wander'd, Guide for the youth that would
pre - cious and sure ; Souls that are sleep-ing its ech - oes a - wak - en,
saves fall - en man ; Pearl whose great value no mor - tal can measure,
oth - er - wise fall ; Hope for the sin - ner whose best days are squander'd,
CHORUS.
Drink from the fountain, so peace- ful, so pure.
Seek and se-cure it, O soul, while you can.
Staff for the a - ged, and best book of all.
Cling to the Bi - ble!
Cling to the Bi - ble! Cling to the Bi - ble, Our Lamp and Guide.

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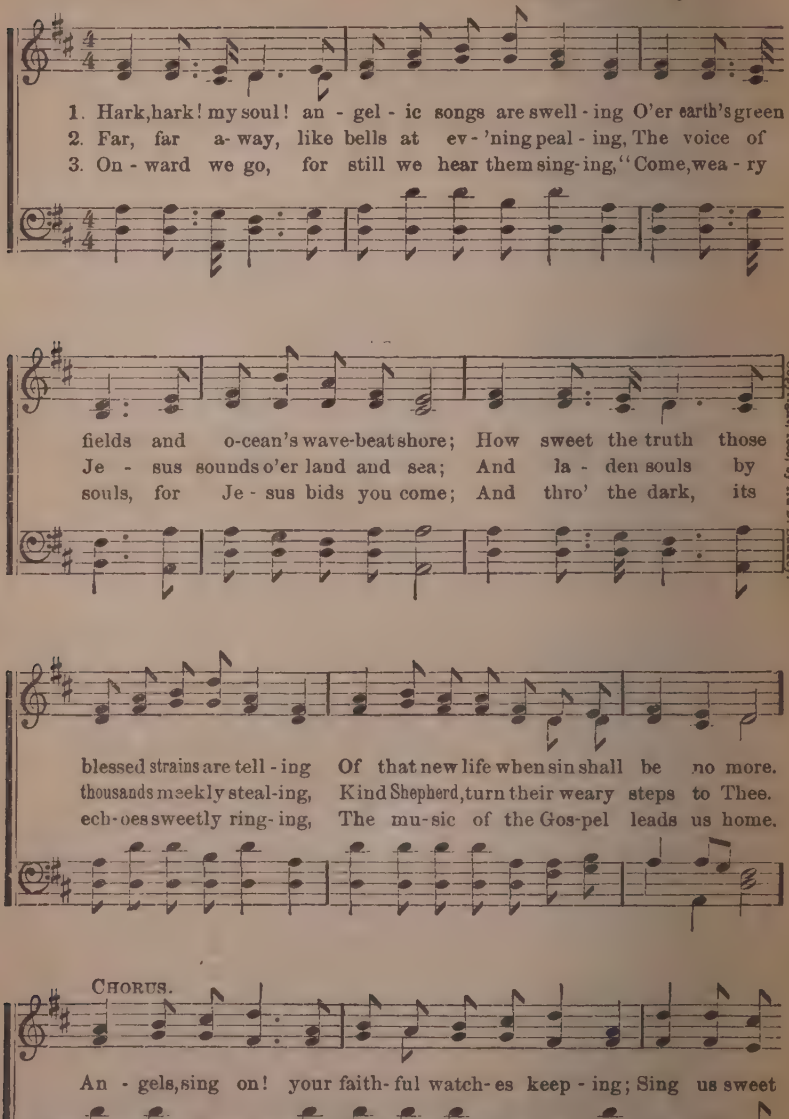
No. 128. Hark, Hark! my Soul!

"Are they not all ministering spirits."—HEB. 1: 14.

F. W. FABER. C. C. CONVERSE. Arr. by I. D. S.


1. Hark, hark! my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green
2. Far, far a- way, like bells at ev- 'ning peal - ing, The voice of
3. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing-ing, "Come, wea - ry
fields and o-cean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those
Je - sus sounds o'er land and sea; And la - den souls by
souls, for Je - sus bids you come; And thro' the dark, its
blessed strains are tell - ing Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
thousands meekly steal-ing, Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
ech-oes sweetly ring- ing, The mu-sic of the Gos-pel leads us home.
CHORUS.
An - gels, sing on! your faith- ful watch- es keep - ing; Sing us sweet

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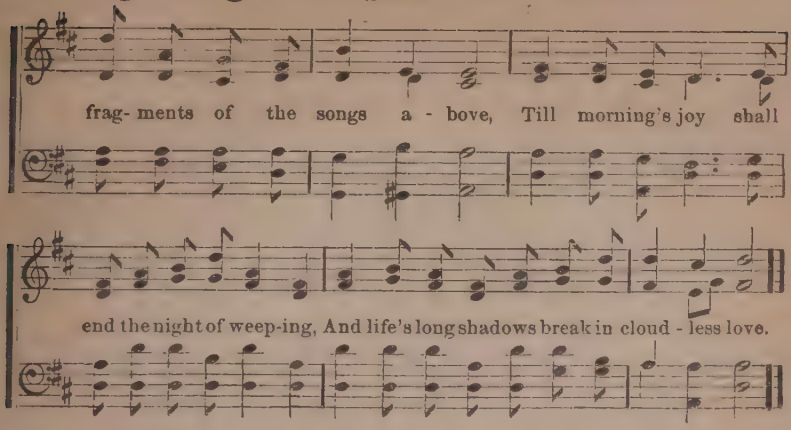
Hark, Hark! my Soul!—Concluded.

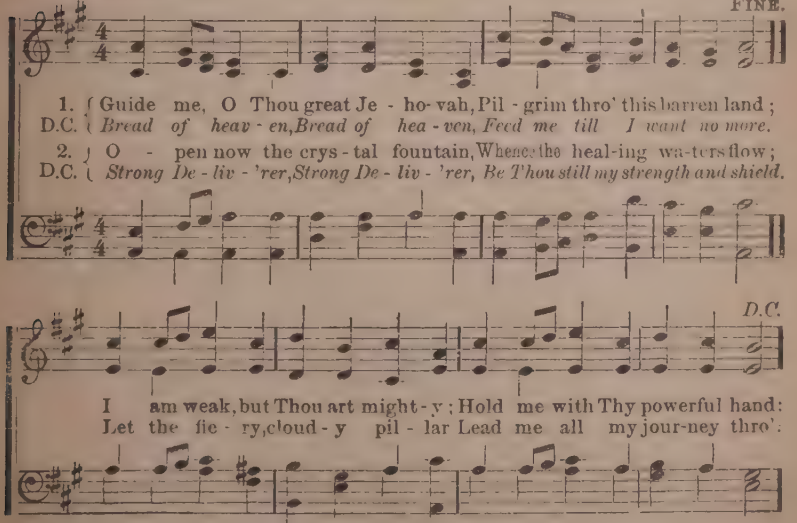

frag- ments of the songs a - bove, Till morning's joy shall
end the night of weep-ing, And life's long shadows break in cloud - less love.

No. 129. Guide Me.

"For thy name's sake, lead me, and guide me."—PSALM 31: 3.

W. WILLIAMS. WM. L. VINER.

FINE.

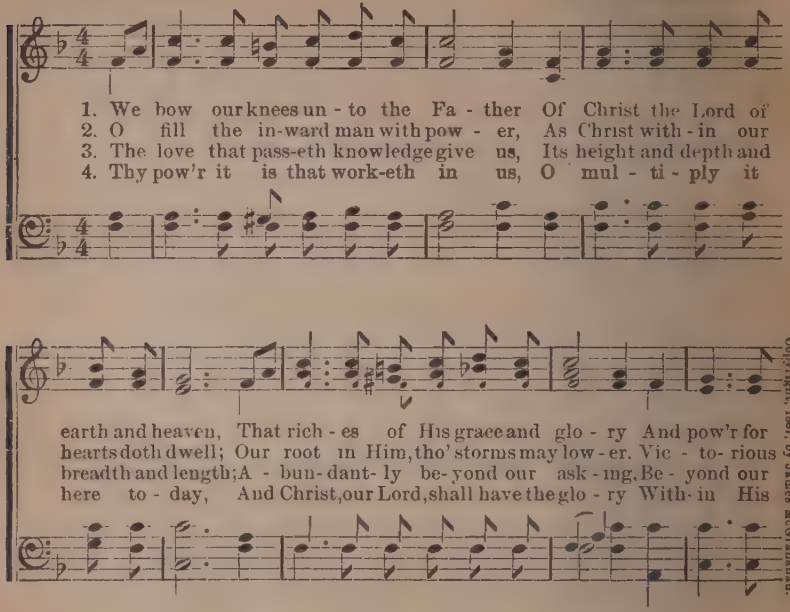

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho- vah, Pil - grim thro' this barren land;
D.C. Bread of heav - en, Bread of hea - ven, Feed me till I want no more.
2. O - pen now the crys - tal fountain, Whence the heal-ing wa-ters flow;
D.C. Strong De - liv - 'rer, Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
D.C.
I am weak, but Thou art might - y; Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Let the fie - ry, cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my jour-ney thro'.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises, Songs of praises,
I will ever give to Thee.

No. 130. Waiting for the Promise.

LUKE 24: 49.

WILBUR F. CRAFTS. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. We bow our knees un - to the Fa - ther Of Christ the Lord of
2. O fill the in-ward man with pow - er, As Christ with - in our
3. The love that pass-eth knowledge give us, Its height and depth and
4. Thy pow'r it is that work-eth in us, O mul - ti - ply it
earth and heaven, That rich - es of His grace and glo - ry And pow'r for
hearts doth dwell; Our root in Him, tho' storms may low - er, Vic - to - rious
breadth and length; A - bun - dant - ly be - yond our ask - ing, Be - yond our
here to - day, And Christ, our Lord, shall have the glo - ry With - in His
CHORUS, not too fast.
serv - ice may be given.
love we still shall tell.
thought give us Thy strength.
church thro' endless day.
We are waiting for the promise of the Fa - ther—
For the Ho - ly Spir - it's power; O our Fa-ther, for Thy Spir-it we are

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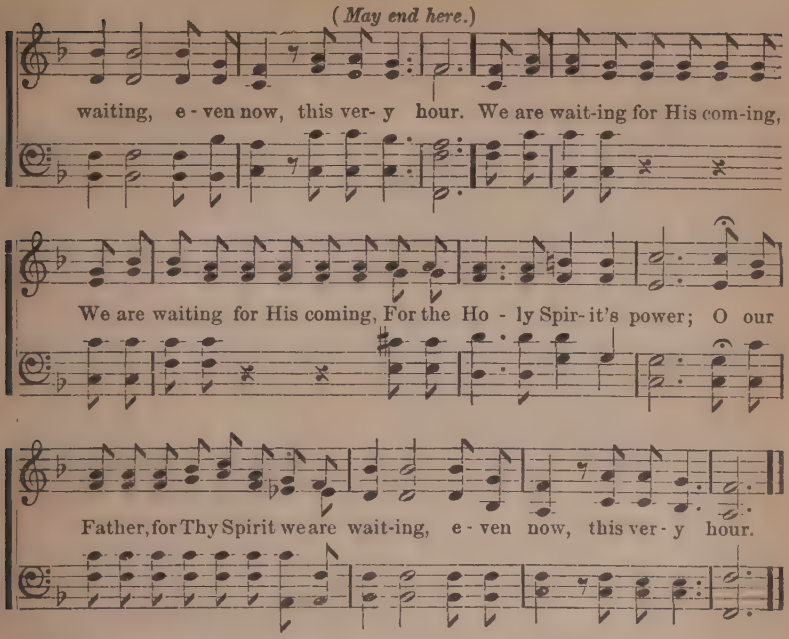
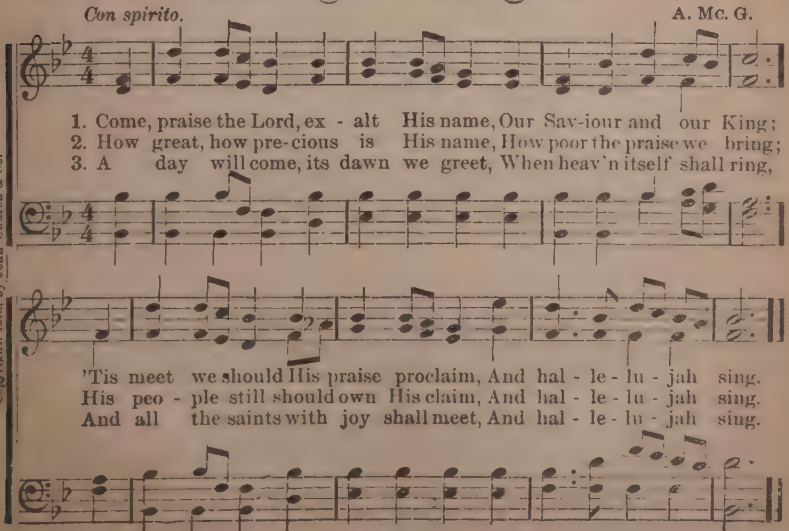
Waiting for the Promise.—Concluded.


(May end here.)
waiting, e - ven now, this ver- y hour. We are wait-ing for His com-ing,
We are waiting for His coming, For the Ho - ly Spir- it's power; O our
Father, for Thy Spirit we are wait-ing, e - ven now, this ver - y hour.

No. 131. Come, Praise the Lord.


Con spirito.
A. Mc. G.
1. Come, praise the Lord, ex - alt His name, Our Sav-iour and our King;
2. How great, how pre-cious is His name, How poor the praise we bring;
3. A day will come, its dawn we greet, When heav'n itself shall ring,
'Tis meet we should His praise proclaim, And hal - le - lu - jah sing.
His peo - ple still should own His claim, And hal - le - lu - jah sing.
And all the saints with joy shall meet, And hal - le - lu - jah sing.

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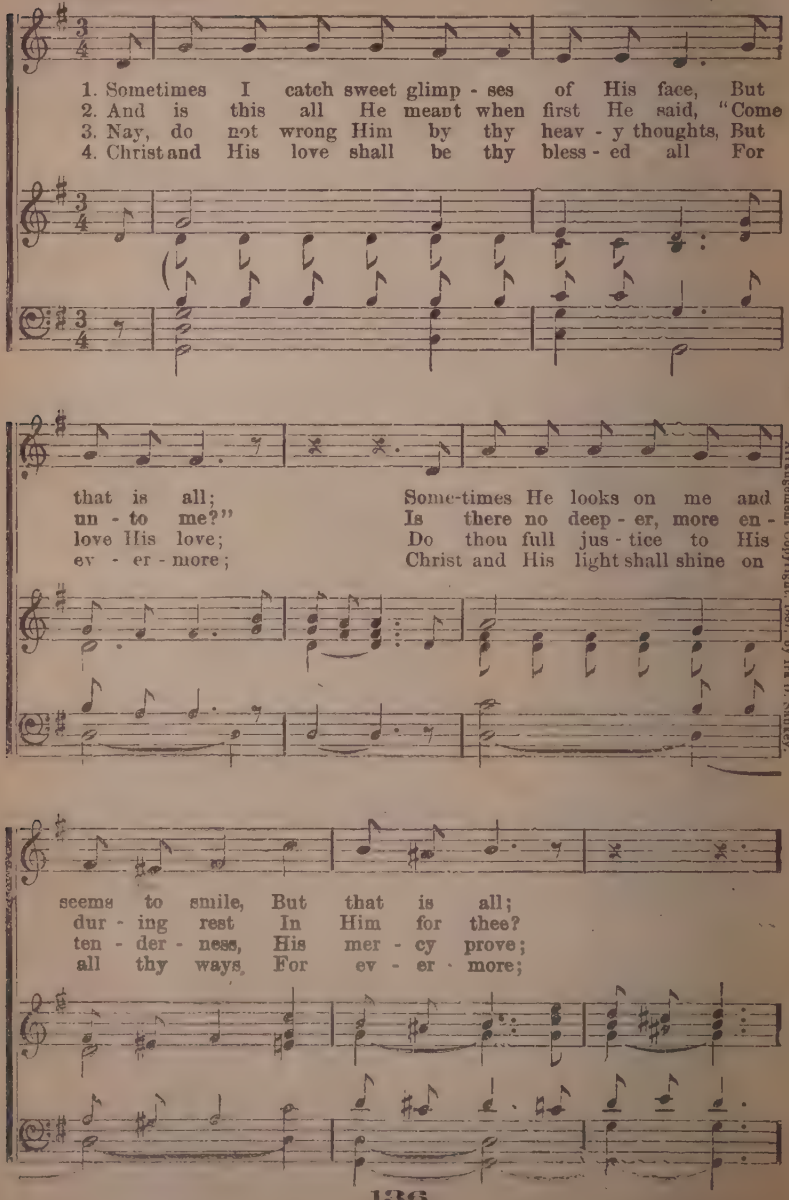
No. 132. But is that All?

"Christ is all, and in all."—Col. 3: 11.

HORATIUS BONAR. Mrs. C. BARNARD, arr.


1. Sometimes I catch sweet glimp - ses of His face, But
2. And is this all He meant when first He said, "Come
3. Nay, do not wrong Him by thy heav - y thoughts, But
4. Christ and His love shall be thy bless - ed all For
that is all;
un - to me?"
love His love;
ev - er - more;
Some-times He looks on me and
Is there no deep - er, more en -
Do thou full jus - tice to His
Christ and His light shall shine on
seems to smile, But that is all;
dur - ing rest In Him for thee?
ten - der - ness, His mer - cy prove;
all thy ways For ev - er - more;

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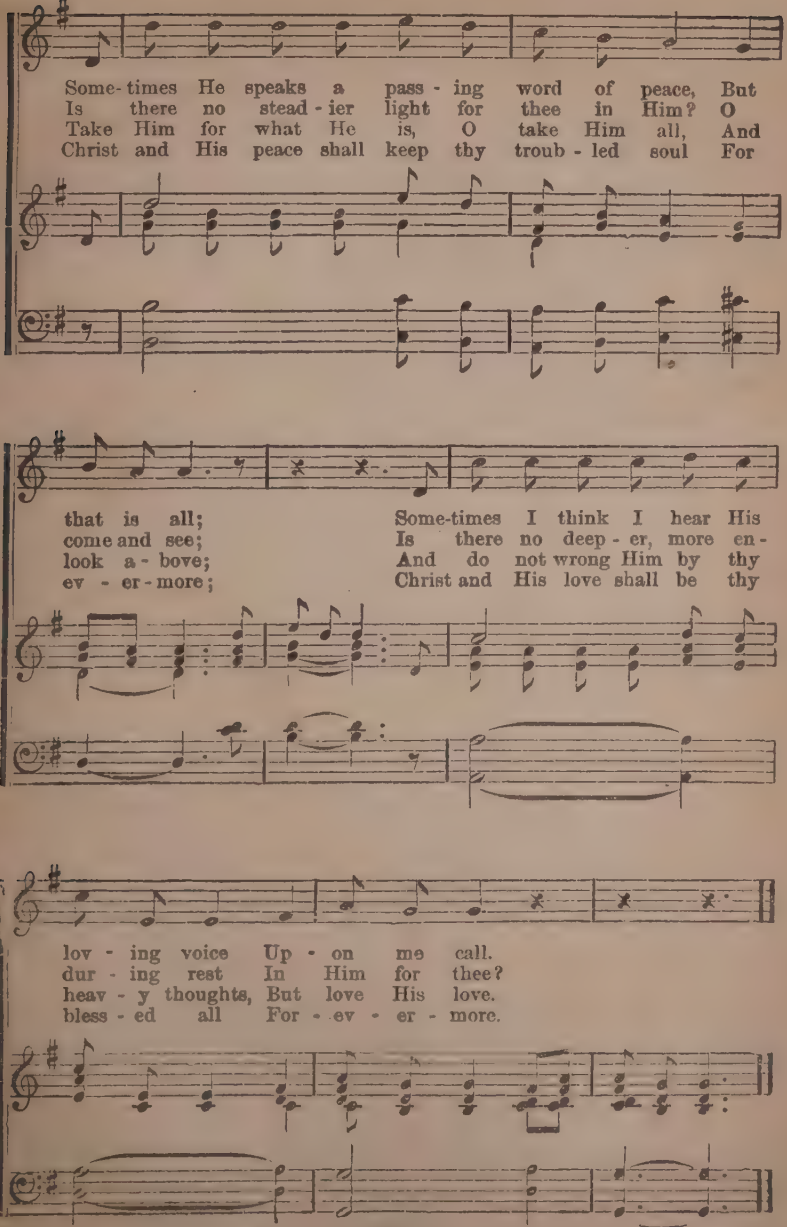
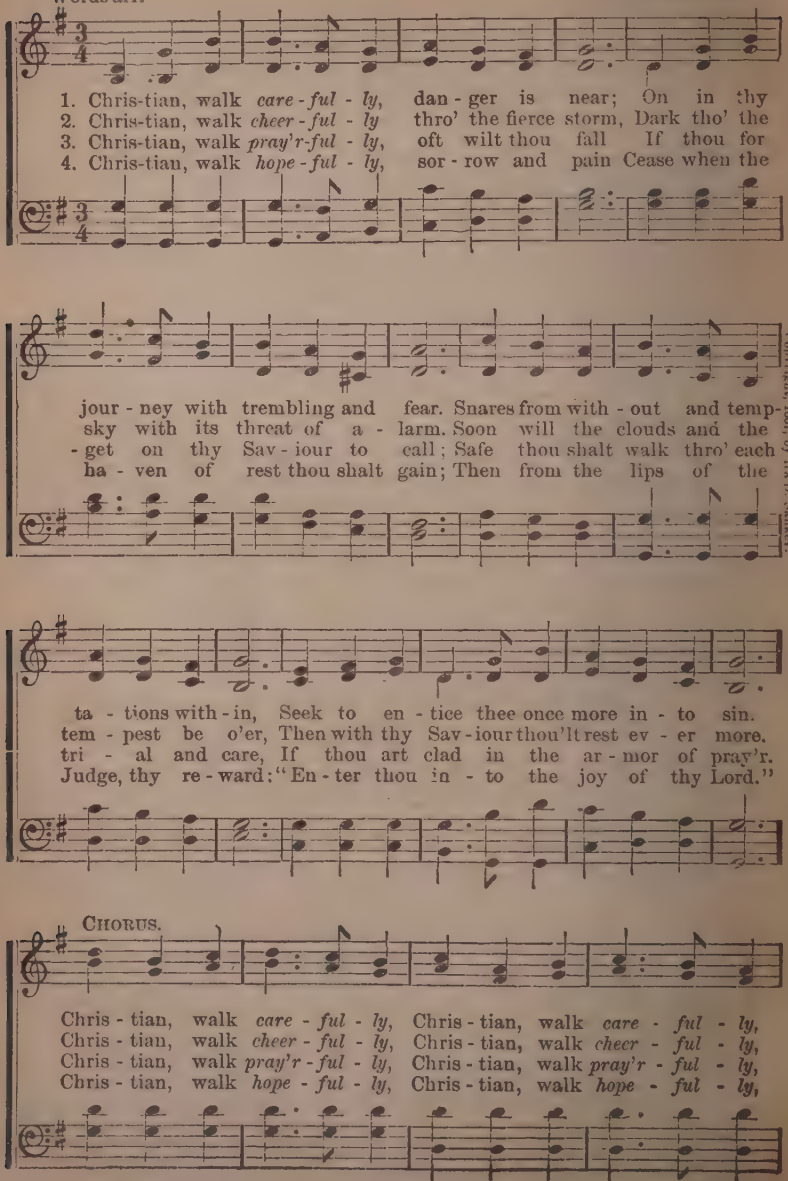
But is that All?—Concluded.


Some-times He speaks a pass-ing word of peace, But
Is there no stead-ier light for thee in Him? O
Take Him for what He is, O take Him all, And
Christ and His peace shall keep thy troub-led soul For
that is all;
come and see;
look a-bove;
ev-er-more;
Some-times I think I hear His
Is there no deep-er, more en-
And do not wrong Him by thy
Christ and His love shall be thy
lov-ing voice Up-on me call.
dur-ing rest In Him for thee?
heav-y thoughts, But love His love.
bless-ed all For-ev-er-more.

No. 133. Christian, Walk Carefully.

"Walk worthy of the vocation wherewith you are called."—EPH. 4: 1.

Words arr. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Chris-tian, walk care-ful-ly, dan-ger is near; On in thy
2. Chris-tian, walk cheer-ful-ly thro' the fierce storm, Dark tho' the
3. Chris-tian, walk pray'r-ful-ly, oft wilt thou fall If thou for
4. Chris-tian, walk hope-ful-ly, sor-row and pain Cease when the
jour-ney with trembling and fear. Snares from with-out and temp-
sky with its threat of a-larm. Soon will the clouds and the
-get on thy Sav-iour to call; Safe thou shalt walk thro' each
ha-ven of rest thou shalt gain; Then from the lips of the
ta-tions with-in, Seek to en-tice thee once more in-to sin.
tem-pest be o'er, Then with thy Sav-iour thou'lt rest ev-er more.
tri-al and care, If thou art clad in the ar-mor of pray'r.
Judge, thy re-ward: "En-ter thou in-to the joy of thy Lord."
CHORUS.
Chris-tian, walk care-ful-ly, Chris-tian, walk care-ful-ly,
Chris-tian, walk cheer-ful-ly, Chris-tian, walk cheer-ful-ly,
Chris-tian, walk pray'r-ful-ly, Chris-tian, walk pray'r-ful-ly,
Chris-tian, walk hope-ful-ly, Chris-tian, walk hope-ful-ly,

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Chris - tian, walk *care* - *ful* - *ly*, dan - ger is near.
Chris - tian, walk *cheer* - *ful* - *ly* through the fierce storm.
Chris - tian, walk *pray'r* - *ful* - *ly*, fear lest thou fall.
Chris - tian, walk *hope* - *ful* - *ly*, rest thou shalt gain.

No. 134. He Holds the Key.

"Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you."—1 PET 5: 7.

Rev. JOHN PARKER. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. He holds the key of all unknown, And I am glad;
2. What if to - mor - row's cares where here With - out its rest?
3. The ver - y dim - ness of my sight Makes me se - cure;
4. I can - not read His fut - ure plans, But this I know:
5. E - nough; this cov - ers all my wants, And so I rest;
If oth - er hands should hold the key, Or, if He trust - ed
I'd rath - er He un - locked the day, And, as the hours swing
For, grop - ing in my mist - y way, I feel His hand; I
I have the smil - ing of His face, And all the ref - uge
For, what I can - not, He can see, And, in His care I
it to me, I might be sad, I might be sad.
o - pen, say, "My will is best," "My will is best."
hear Him say, "My help is sure," "My help is sure."
of His grace, While here be - low, While here be - low.
safe shall be, For - ev - er blest, For - ev - er blest.

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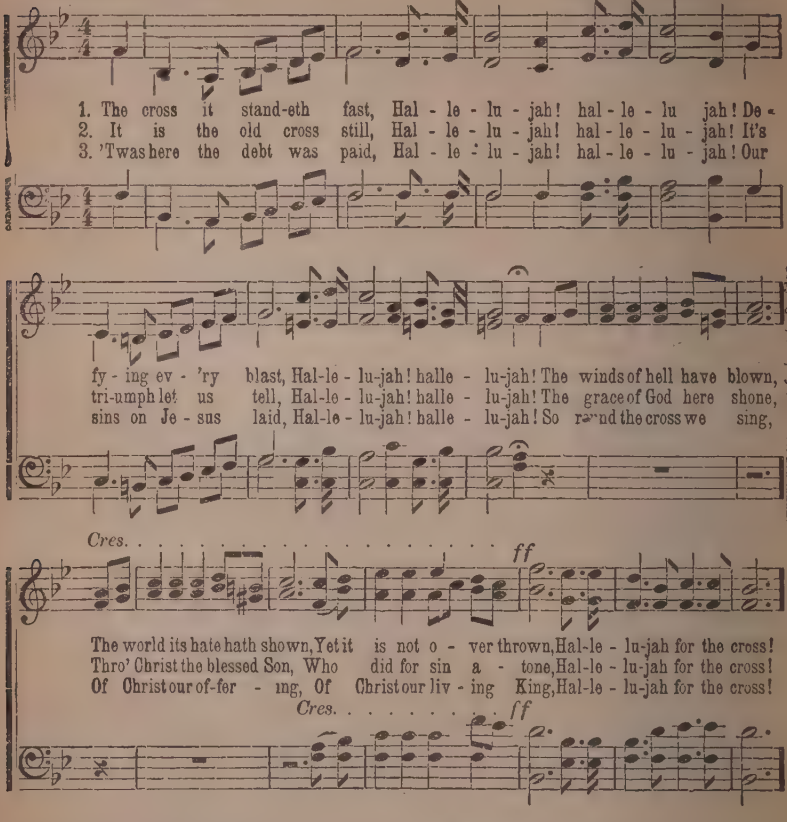
No. 135. Hallelujah for the Cross!

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—GAL. 6: 14.

Dr. HORATIUS BONAR (arr.) JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. The cross it stand-eth fast, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu jah! De -
2. It is the old cross still, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! It's
3. 'Twas here the debt was paid, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Our
fy - ing ev - 'ry blast, Hal-le - lu-jah! halle - lu-jah! The winds of hell have blown,
tri-umph let us tell, Hal-le - lu-jah! halle - lu-jah! The grace of God here shone,
sins on Je - sus laid, Hal-le - lu-jah! halle - lu-jah! So round the cross we sing,
Cres.
ff
The world its hate hath shown, Yet it is not o - ver thrown, Hal-le - lu-jah for the cross!
Thro' Christ the blessed Son, Who did for sin a - tone, Hal-le - lu-jah for the cross!
Of Christ our of-fer - ing, Of Christ our liv - ing King, Hal-le - lu-jah for the cross!
Cres.
ff

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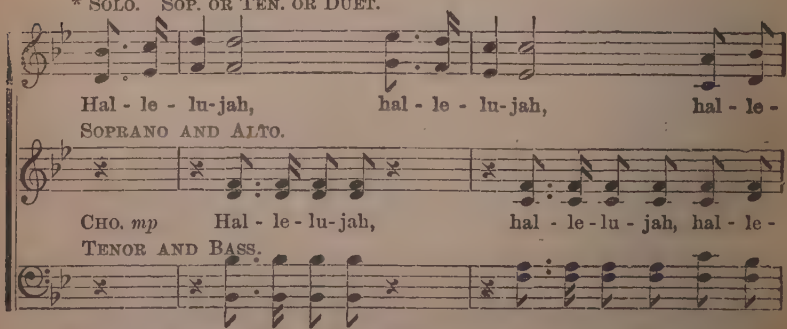
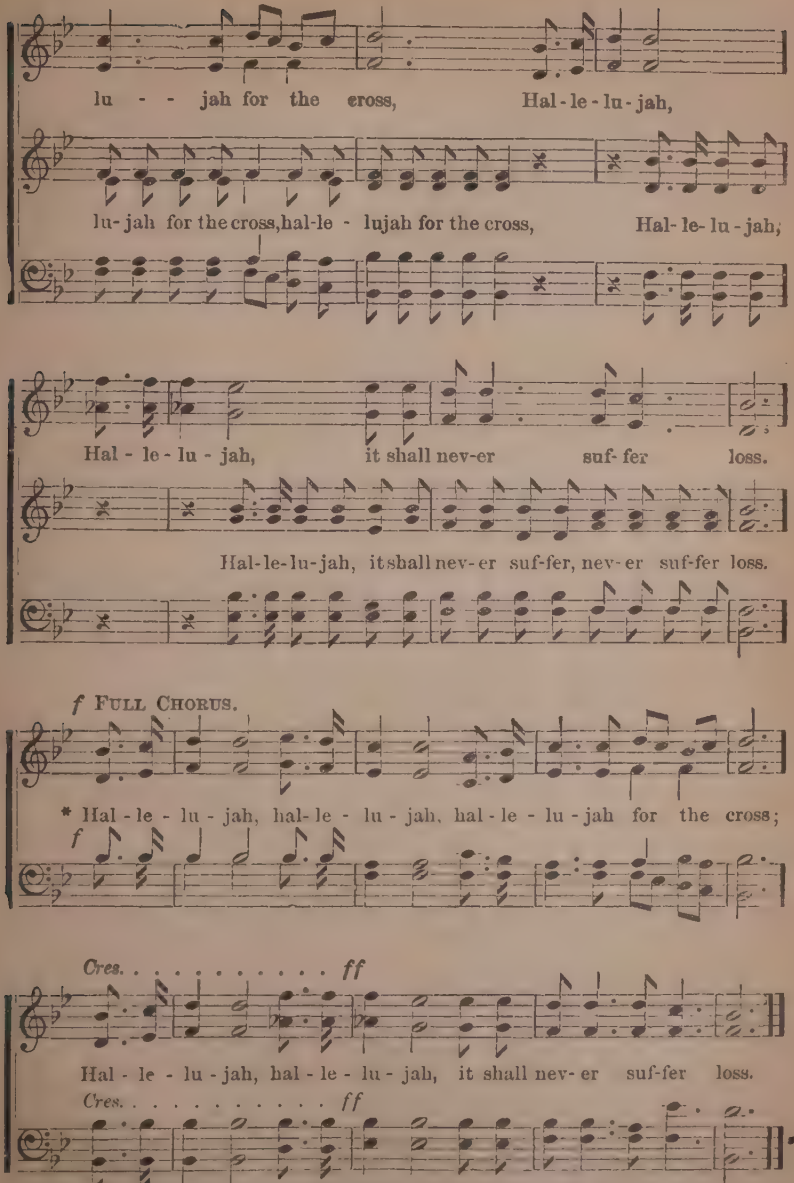
* SOLO. SOP. OR TEN. OR DUET.



* If desired, the Soprano and Alto may sing the upper Staff, *omitting* the middle Staff.

Hallelujah!—Concluded.

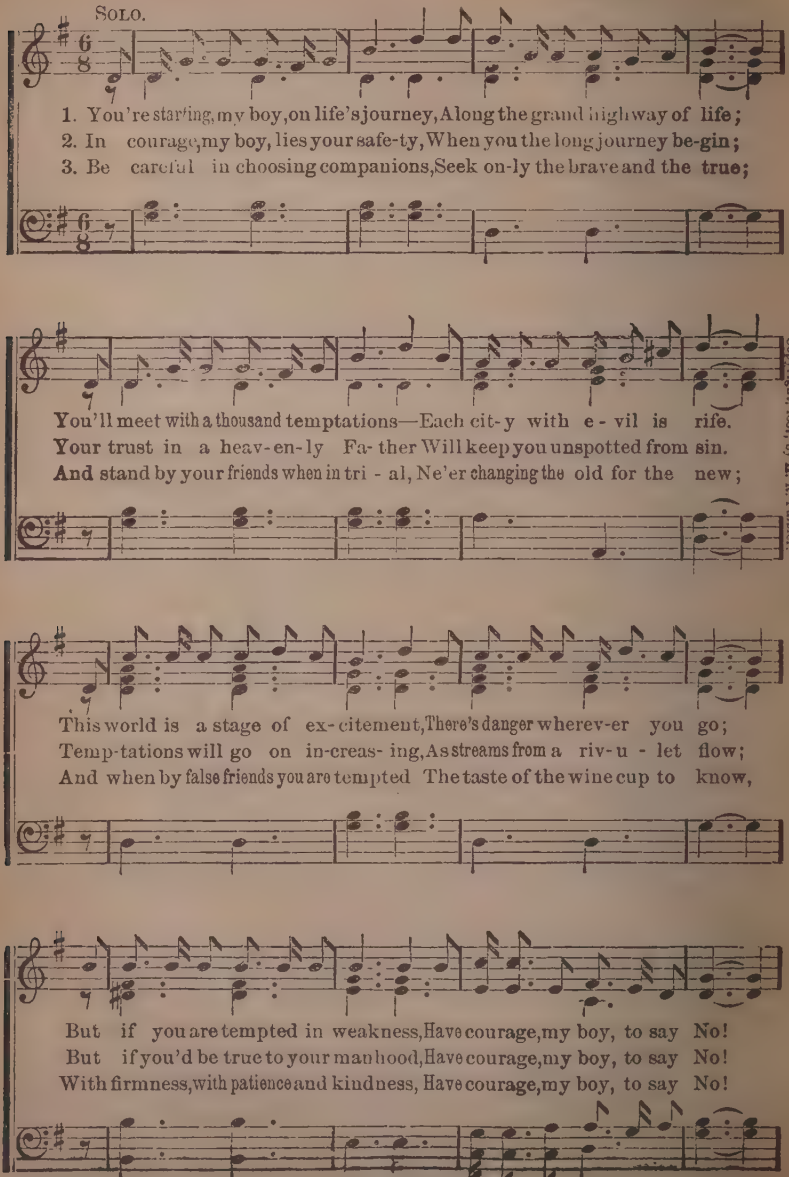

lu - - jah for the cross, Hal-le-lu-jah,
lu-jah for the cross, hal-le - lujah for the cross, Hal-le-lu-jah,
Hal - le - lu - jah, it shall nev-er suf-fer loss.
Hal-le-lu-jah, it shall nev-er suf-fer, nev-er suf-fer loss.
f FULL CHORUS.
* Hal - le - lu - jah, hal-le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah for the cross;
f
Cres. . . . . ff
Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, it shall nev-er suf-fer loss.
Cres. . . . . ff

* For a final ending, all the voices may sing the melody in unison through the last eight measures—the instrument playing the harmony.

No. 136. Have Courage, my Boy, to say No!

"Resist the devil and he will flee from you."—JAMES 4: 7.

P. S. H. R. PALMER, by per.


SOLO.
1. You're starting, my boy, on life's journey, Along the grand highway of life;
2. In courage, my boy, lies your safe-ty, When you the long journey be-gin;
3. Be careful in choosing companions, Seek on-ly the brave and the true;
You'll meet with a thousand temptations—Each cit-y with e-vil is rife.
Your trust in a heav-en-ly Fa-ther Will keep you unspotted from sin.
And stand by your friends when in tri-al, Ne'er changing the old for the new;
This world is a stage of ex-citement, There's danger wherev-er you go;
Temp-tations will go on in-creas-ing, As streams from a riv-u-let flow;
And when by false friends you are tempted The taste of the wine cup to know,
But if you are tempted in weakness, Have courage, my boy, to say No!
But if you'd be true to your manhood, Have courage, my boy, to say No!
With firmness, with patience and kindness, Have courage, my boy, to say No!

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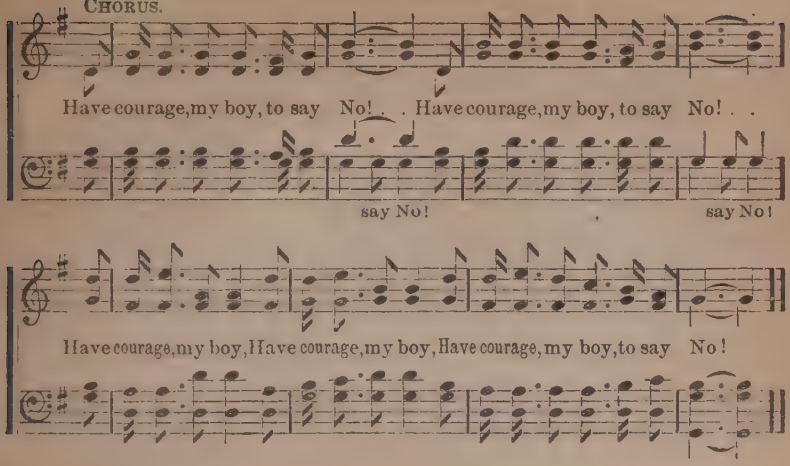
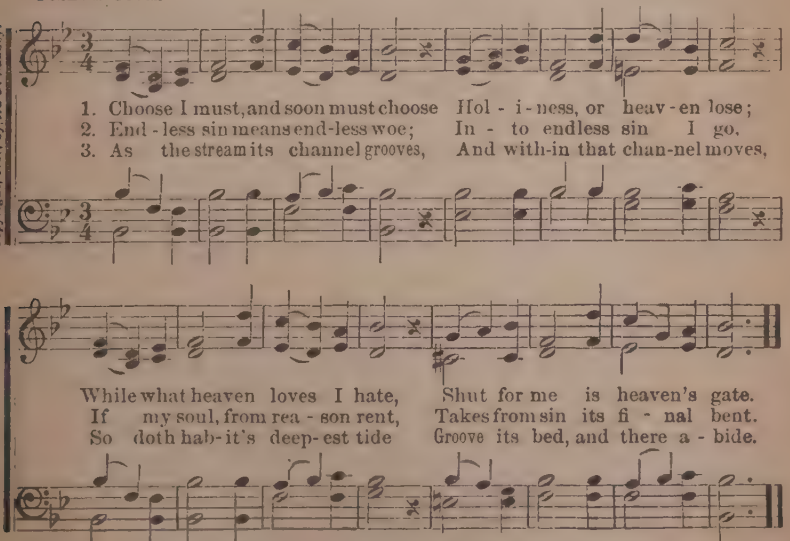
CHORUS.


Have courage, my boy, to say No! . . Have courage, my boy, to say No! . .
say No!
say No!
Have courage, my boy, Have courage, my boy, Have courage, my boy, to say No!

No. 137. God's Time Now.

"Behold, now is the accepted time."—2 COR. 6: 2.

JOSEPH COOK. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Choose I must, and soon must choose Hol - i - ness, or heav - en lose;
2. End - less sin means end-less woe; In - to endless sin I go.
3. As the stream its channel grooves, And with-in that chan-nel moves,
While what heaven loves I hate, Shut for me is heaven's gate.
If my soul, from rea - son rent, Takes from sin its fi - nal bent.
So doth hab-it's deep-est tide Groove its bed, and there a - bide.

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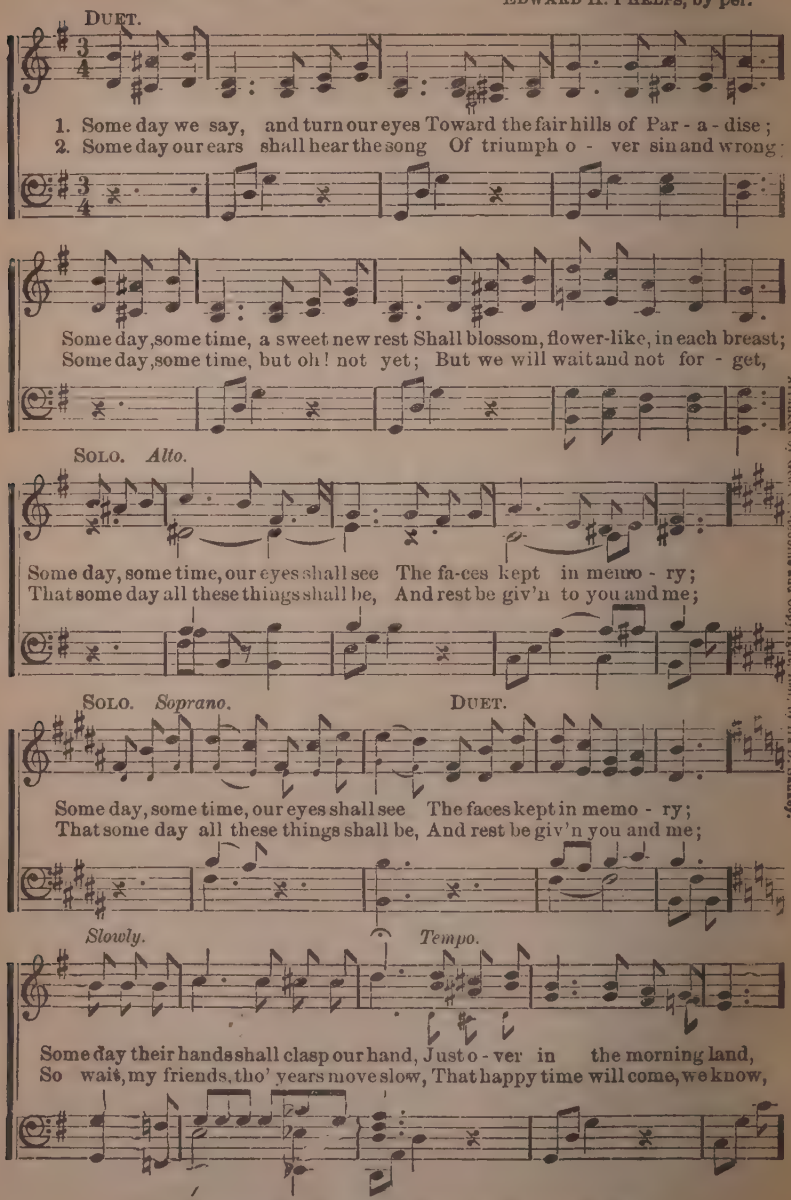
4 Light obeyed increaseth light,
Light resisted bringeth night;
Who shall give me will to choose,
If the love of light I lose?

5 Speed, my soul; this instant yield;
Let the Light its sceptre wield;
While thy God prolongeth grace,
Haste thee toward His holy face!

No. 138. O Morning Land.

"Until the day break and the shadows flee away."—CANT. 2: 17.

EDWARD H. PHELPS, by per.


DUET.
1. Some day we say, and turn our eyes Toward the fair hills of Par - a - dise;
2. Some day our ears shall hear the song Of triumph o - ver sin and wrong:
Some day, some time, a sweet new rest Shall blossom, flower-like, in each breast;
Some day, some time, but oh! not yet; But we will wait and not for - get,
SOLO. Alto.
Some day, some time, our eyes shall see The fa-ces kept in memo - ry;
That some day all these things shall be, And rest be giv'n to you and me;
SOLO. Soprano.
DUET.
Some day, some time, our eyes shall see The faces kept in memo - ry;
That some day all these things shall be, And rest be giv'n you and me;
Slowly.
Tempo.
Some day their hands shall clasp our hand, Just o - ver in the morning land,
So wait, my friends, tho' years move slow, That happy time will come, we know,

Arranged by Geo. C. Stebbins and Copyright, 1887, by Ira D. Sankey.

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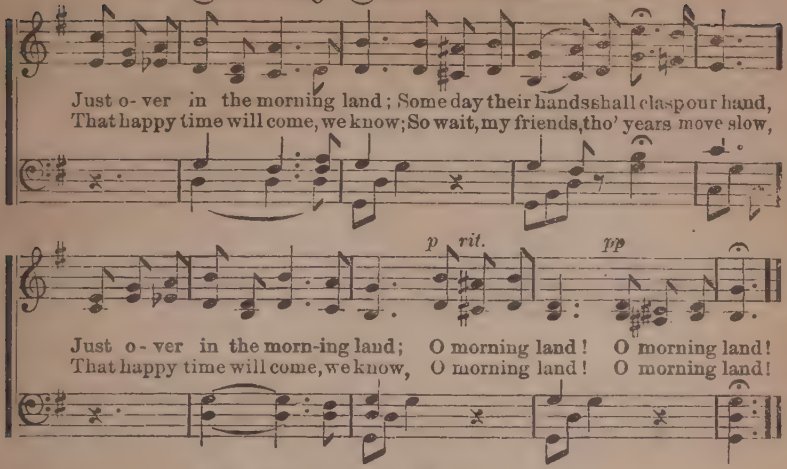
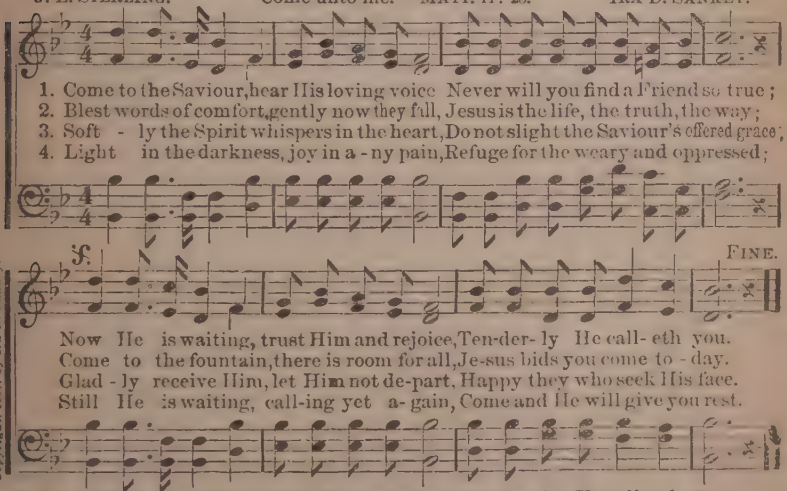
O Morning Land.—Concluded.


Just o- ver in the morning land; Some day their hands shall clasp our hand,
That happy time will come, we know; So wait, my friends, tho' years move slow,
p rit. pp
Just o- ver in the morn-ing land; O morning land! O morning land!
That happy time will come, we know, O morning land! O morning land!

No. 139. O What a Saviour.

J. L. STERLING. "Come unto me."—MATT. 11: 28. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Come to the Saviour, hear His loving voice Never will you find a Friend so true;
2. Blest words of comfort, gently now they fall, Jesus is the life, the truth, the way;
3. Soft - ly the Spirit whispers in the heart, Do not slight the Saviour's offered grace;
4. Light in the darkness, joy in a - ny pain, Refuge for the weary and oppressed;
f.
FINE.
Now He is waiting, trust Him and rejoice, Ten-der- ly He call- eth you.
Come to the fountain, there is room for all, Je-sus bids you come to - day.
Glad - ly receive Him, let Him not de-part, Happy they who seek His face.
Still He is waiting, call-ing yet a- gain, Come and He will give you rest.
D.S.—Still He is waiting, grieve His love no more, Ten-der- ly He call- eth you.
D.S.
O, what a Saviour standing at the door, Haste while He lingers, pardon now implore;

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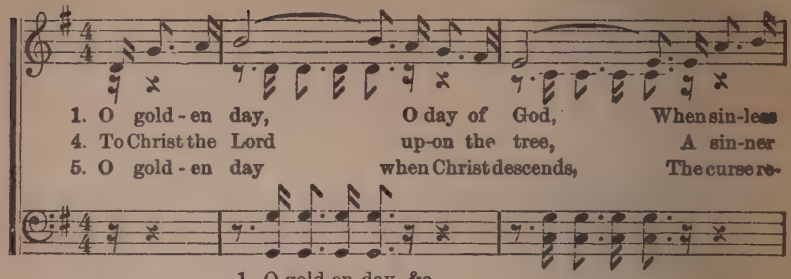
No. 140.

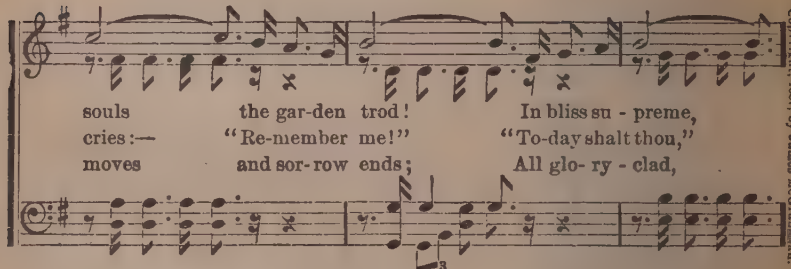
O Paradise!

"With me in Paradise."—LUKE 23: 43.

G. M. J. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. O gold - en day, O day of God, When sin-less
4. To Christ the Lord up-on the tree, A sin-ner
5. O gold - en day when Christ descends, The curse re-

1. O gold-en day, &c.



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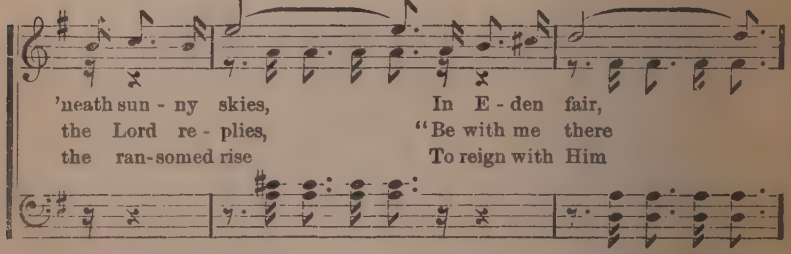
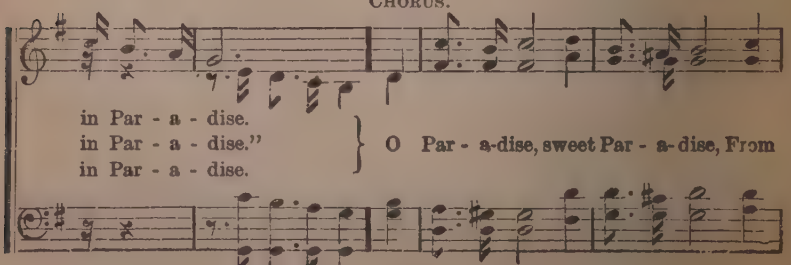
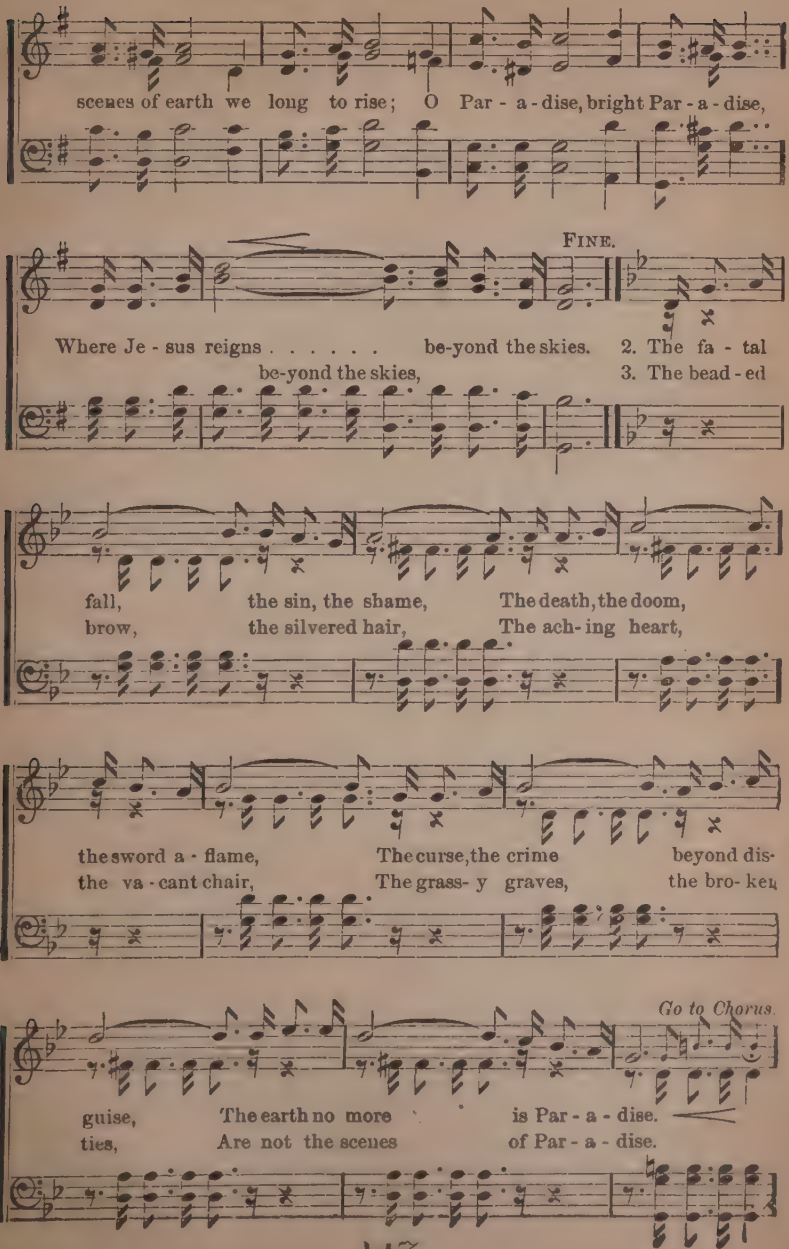


CHORUS.



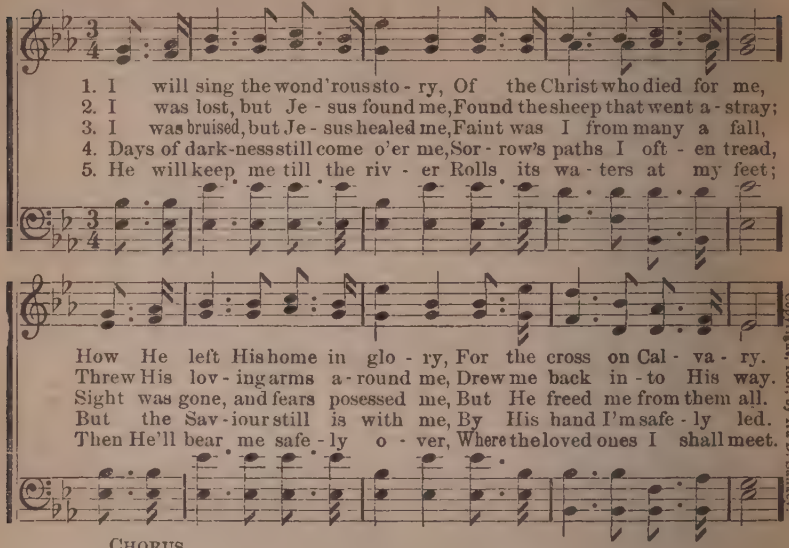
O Paradise!—Concluded.


scenes of earth we long to rise; O Par - a - dise, bright Par - a - dise,
FINE.
Where Je - sus reigns . . . . . be-yond the skies. 2. The fa - tal
be-yond the skies, 3. The bead - ed
fall, the sin, the shame, The death, the doom,
brow, the silvered hair, The ach - ing heart,
the sword a - flame, The curse, the crime beyond dis-
the va - cant chair, The grass - y graves, the bro - ken
Go to Chorus.
guise, The earth no more is Par - a - dise.
ties, Are not the scenes of Par - a - dise.

No. 141. I will Sing the Wondrous Story.

"I will sing of the mercies of the Lord forever."—Ps. 1: 89.

F. H. RAWLEY. PETER BILHORN.


1. I will sing the wond'rous sto - ry, Of the Christ who died for me,
2. I was lost, but Je - sus found me, Found the sheep that went a - stray;
3. I was bruised, but Je - sus healed me, Faint was I from many a fall,
4. Days of dark-ness still come o'er me, Sor - row's paths I oft - en tread,
5. He will keep me till the riv - er Rolls its wa - ters at my feet;
How He left His home in glo - ry, For the cross on Cal - va - ry.
Threw His lov - ing arms a - round me, Drew me back in - to His way.
Sight was gone, and fears posessed me, But He freed me from them all.
But the Sav - iour still is with me, By His hand I'm safe - ly led.
Then He'll bear me safe - ly o - ver, Where the loved ones I shall meet.

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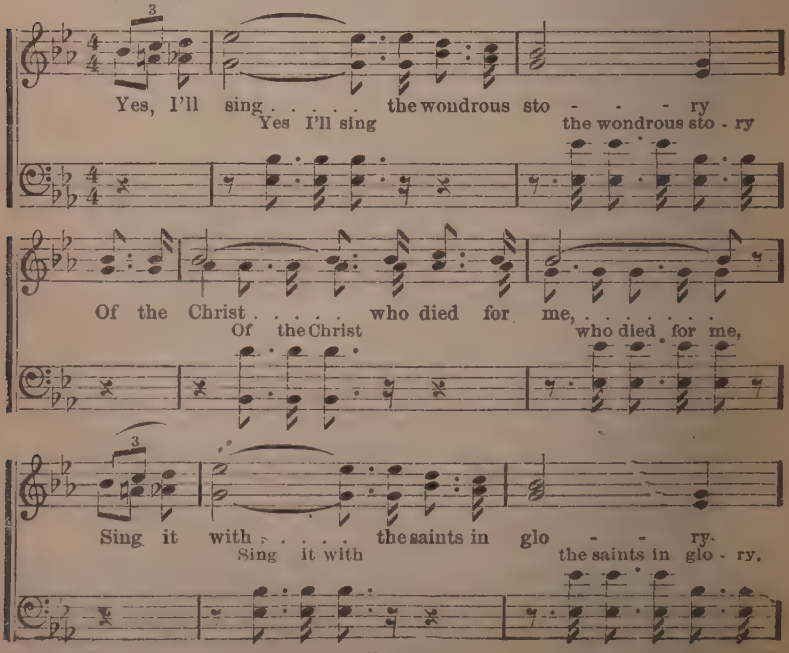
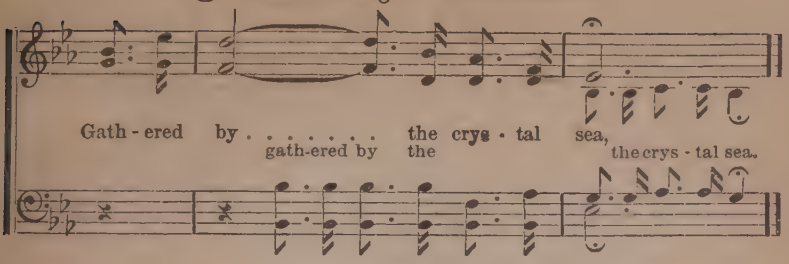
CHORUS.

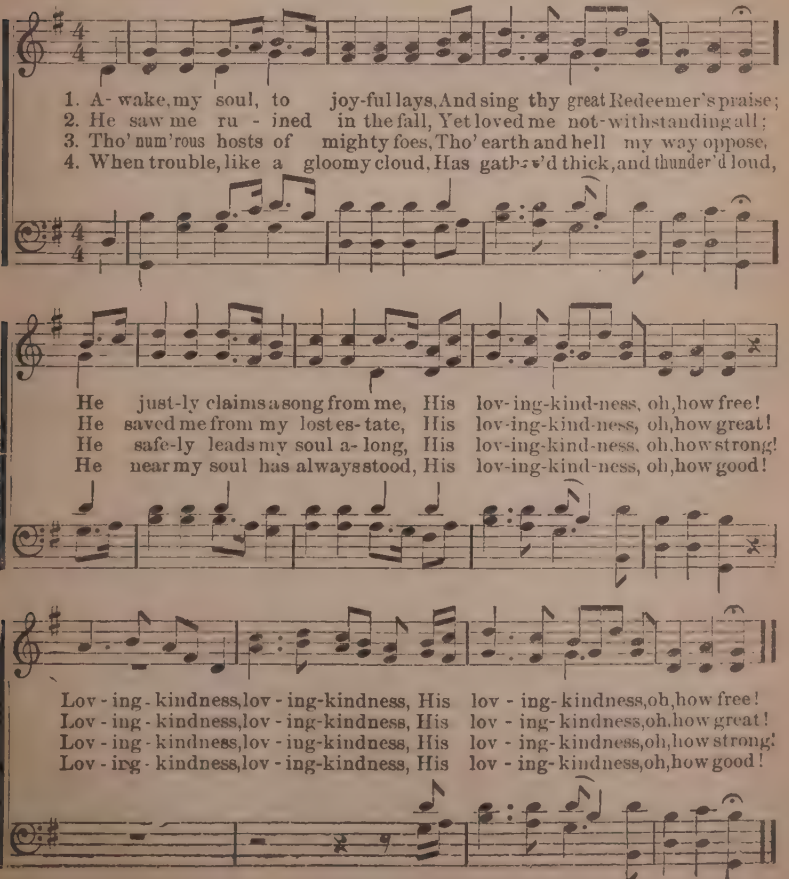

Yes, I'll sing . . . . the wondrous sto - - - ry
Yes I'll sing the wondrous sto - ry
Of the Christ . . . . who died for me, ...
Of the Christ who died for me,
Sing it with . . . . the saints in glo - - - ry.
Sing it with the saints in glo - ry.

I will Sing.—Concluded.



No. 142. Loving Kindness. L. M.

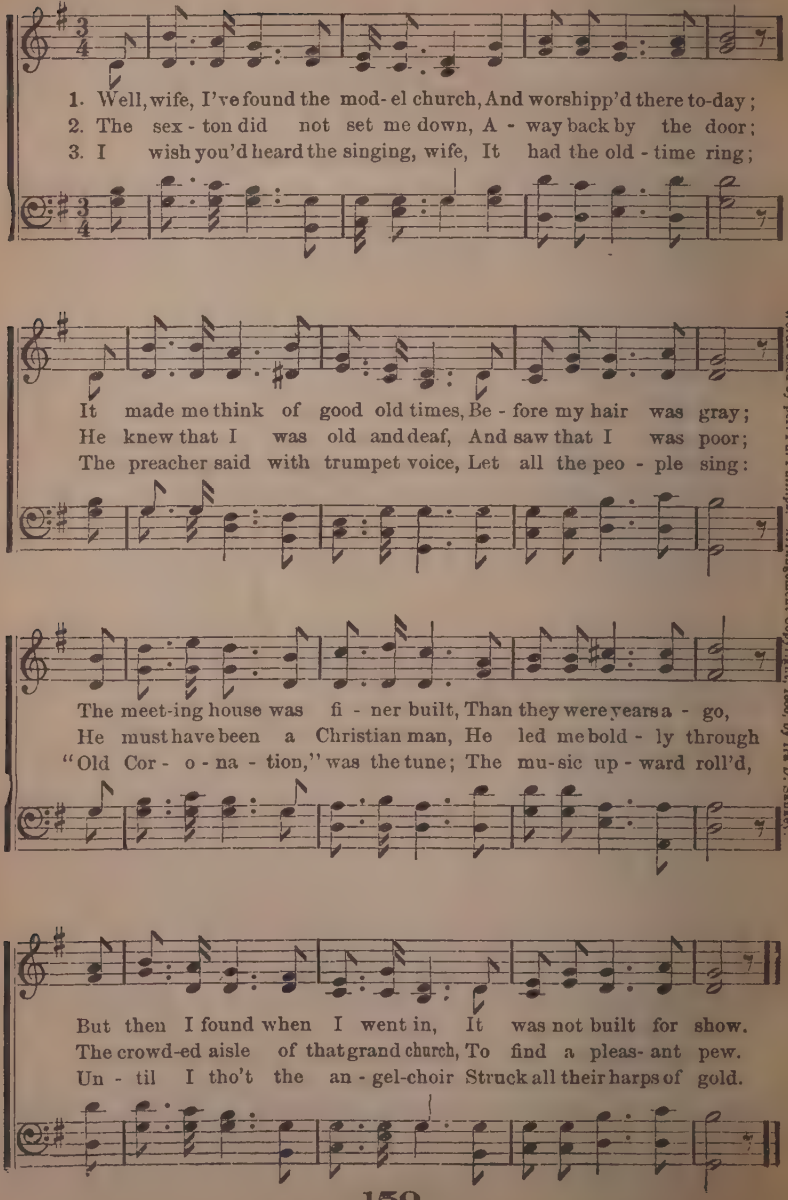
SAMUEL MEDLEY. Western Melody.


1. A - wake, my soul, to joy-ful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me not-withstanding all;
3. Tho' num'rous hosts of mighty foes, Tho' earth and hell my way oppose,
4. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gath-er'd thick, and thunder'd loud,
He just-ly claims a song from me, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how free!
He saved me from my lost es-tate, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how great!
He safe-ly leads my soul a-long, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how strong!
He near my soul has always stood, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how good!
Lov - ing - kindness, lov - ing-kindness, His lov - ing-kindness, oh, how free!
Lov - ing - kindness, lov - ing-kindness, His lov - ing-kindness, oh, how great!
Lov - ing - kindness, lov - ing-kindness, His lov - ing-kindness, oh, how strong!
Lov - ing - kindness, lov - ing-kindness, His lov - ing-kindness, oh, how good!

No. 143. The Model Church.

(SOLO AND CONGREGATION.)

JOHN H. YATES. Arr. by IRA D. SANKEY.

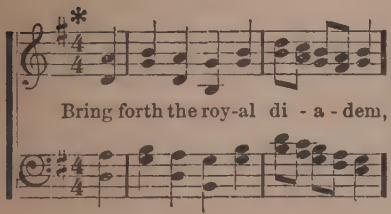

1. Well, wife, I've found the mod- el church, And worshipp'd there to-day;
2. The sex - ton did not set me down, A - way back by the door;
3. I wish you'd heard the singing, wife, It had the old - time ring;
It made me think of good old times, Be - fore my hair was gray;
He knew that I was old and deaf, And saw that I was poor;
The preacher said with trumpet voice, Let all the peo - ple sing:
The meet-ing house was fi - ner built, Than they were years a - go,
He must have been a Christian man, He led me bold - ly through
"Old Cor - o - na - tion," was the tune; The mu-sic up - ward roll'd,
But then I found when I went in, It was not built for show.
The crowd-ed aisle of that grand church, To find a pleas- ant pew.
Un - til I tho't the an - gel-choir Struck all their harps of gold.

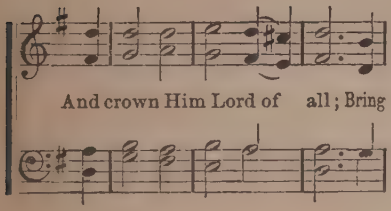
Words used by per. Ph. Phillips. Arrangement Copyright, 1896, by Ira D. Sankey.

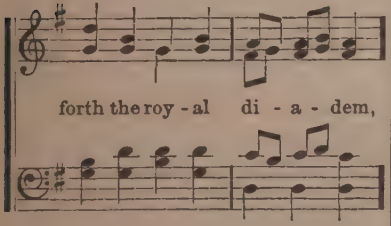
The Model Church—Concluded.

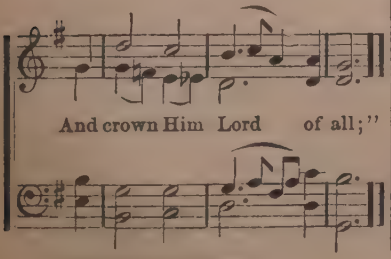
4.

My deafness seemed to melt away,
My spirit caught the fire;
I joined my feeble, trembling voice
With that melodious choir;
And sang as in my youthful days,
"Let angels prostrate fall;









* All join in singing the old tunes.

5.

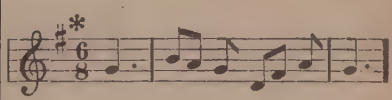
I tell you, wife, it did me good
To sing that hymn once more;
I felt like some wrecked mariner
Who gets a glimpse of shore;
I almost want to lay aside
This weather-beaten form,
And anchor in the blessed port,
Forever from the storm.

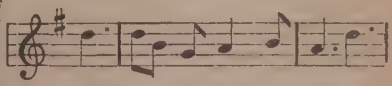
6.

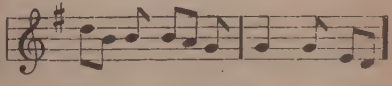
'Twas not a flowery sermon, wife,
But simple gospel truth;
It fitted humble men like me;
It suited hopeful youth;
To win immortal souls to Christ,
The earnest preacher tried;
He talked not of Himself, or creed,
But Jesus crucified.

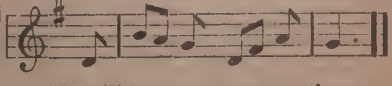
7.

Dear wife, the toil will soon be o'er,
The vict'ry soon be won;
The shining land is just ahead,
Our race is nearly run:
We're nearing Canaan's happy shore,
Our home so bright and fair;
Thank God, we'll never sin again;







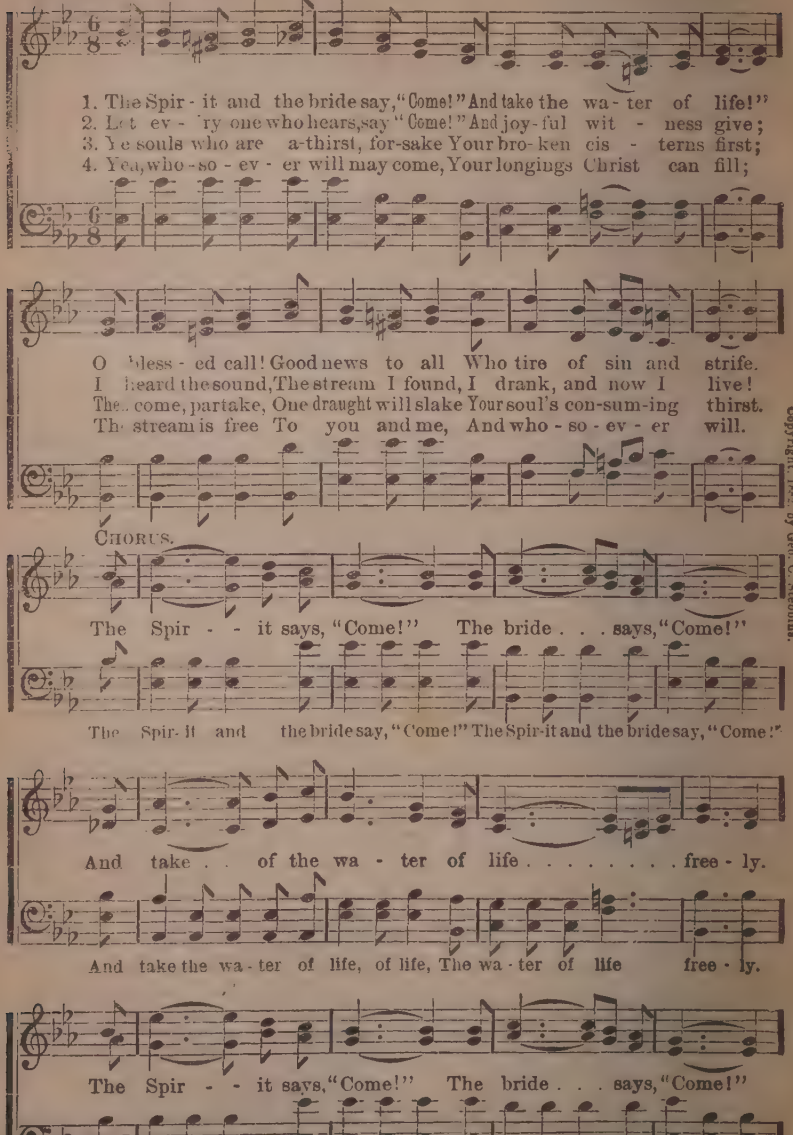


No. 144.

The Gospel Call.

"And the Spirit and the bride say, Come."—Rev. 22: 17.

Arthur T. Pierson. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. The Spir - it and the bride say, "Come!" And take the wa - ter of life!"
2. Let ev - 'ry one who hears, say "Come!" And joy - ful wit - ness give;
3. Ye souls who are a-thirst, for-sake Your bro-ken cis - terns first;
4. Yea, who - so - ev - er will may come, Your longings Christ can fill;
O bless - ed call! Good news to all Who tire of sin and strife.
I heard the sound, The stream I found, I drank, and now I live!
The come, partake, One draught will slake Your soul's con-sum-ing thirst.
The stream is free To you and me, And who - so - ev - er will.
Chorus.
The Spir - - it says, "Come!" The bride . . . says, "Come!"
The Spir - it and the bride say, "Come!" The Spir-it and the bride say, "Come!"
And take . . of the wa - ter of life . . . . . free - ly.
And take the wa - ter of life, of life, The wa - ter of life free - ly.
The Spir - - it says, "Come!" The bride . . . says, "Come!"
The Spir - it and the bride say, "Come!" The Spir-it and the bride say, "Come!"

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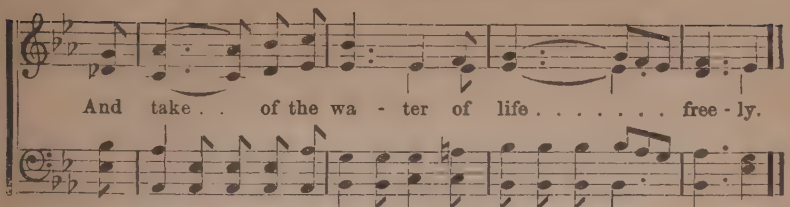
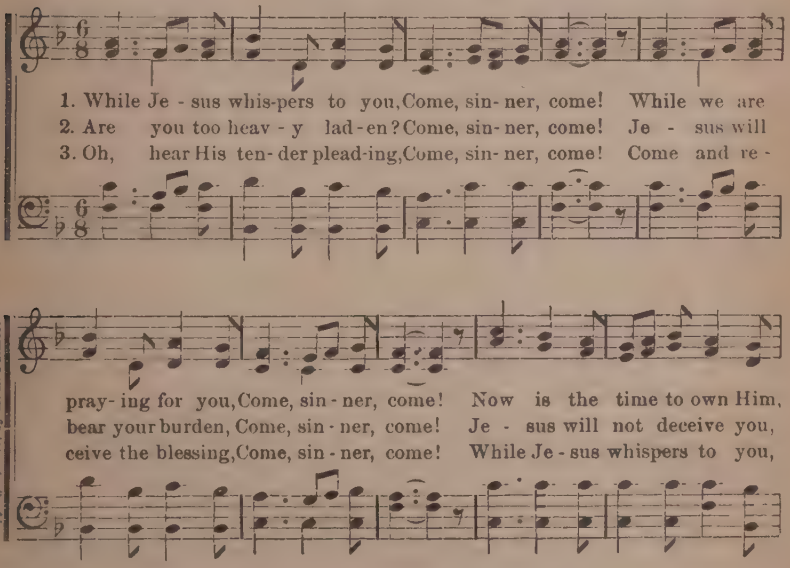


No. 145. Come, Sinner, Come.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden."—MATT. 11: 28.

W. E. WITTER. H. R. PALMER, by per.

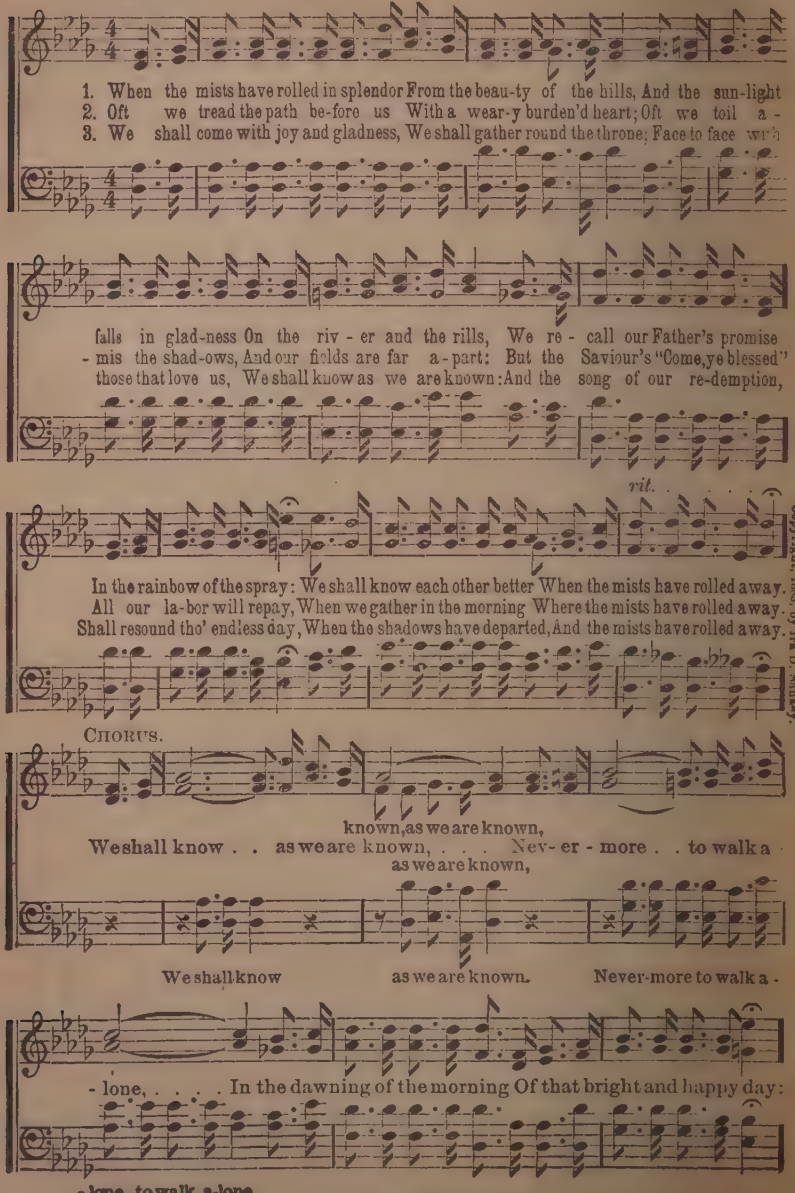

1. While Je - sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin - ner, come! While we are pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to own Him,
2. Are you too heav - y lad - en? Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will not bear your burden, Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will not deceive you,
3. Oh, hear His ten - der plead - ing, Come, sin - ner, come! Come and re - ceive the blessing, Come, sin - ner, come! While Je - sus whispers to you,
Come, sin - ner come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin - ner, come!
Come, sin - ner come! Je - sus can now redeem you, Come, sin - ner, come!
Come, sin - ner come! While we are praying for you, Come, sin - ner, come!

Copyright, 1879, by H. R. Palmer.

No. 146. When the Mists have Rolled Away.

"Until the day break and the shadows flee away."—CANT. 2: 17.

ANNIE HERBERT. Arr. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. When the mists have rolled in splendor From the beau-ty of the hills, And the sun-light
2. Oft we tread the path be-fore us With a wear-y burden'd heart; Oft we toil a-
3. We shall come with joy and gladness, We shall gather round the throne; Face to face we
falls in glad-ness On the riv-er and the rills, We re-call our Father's promise
-mis the shad-ows, And our fields are far a-part: But the Saviour's "Come, ye blessed"
those that love us, We shall know as we are known: And the song of our re-demption,
rit.
In the rainbow of the spray: We shall know each other better When the mists have rolled away.
All our la-bor will repay, When we gather in the morning Where the mists have rolled away.
Shall resound tho' endless day, When the shadows have departed, And the mists have rolled away.
CHORUS.
known, as we are known,
We shall know . . as we are known, . . . Nev-er-more . . to walk a
as we are known,
We shall know as we are known. Never-more to walk a-
-lone, ... In the dawning of the morning Of that bright and happy day:
-lone, to walk a-lone,

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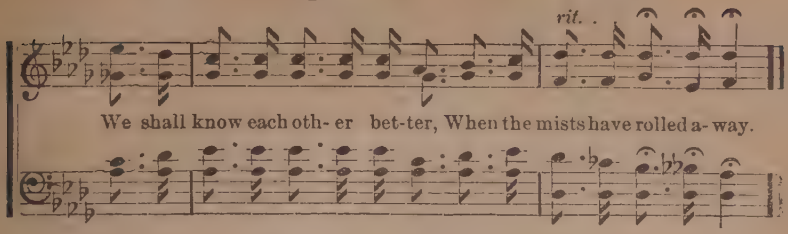
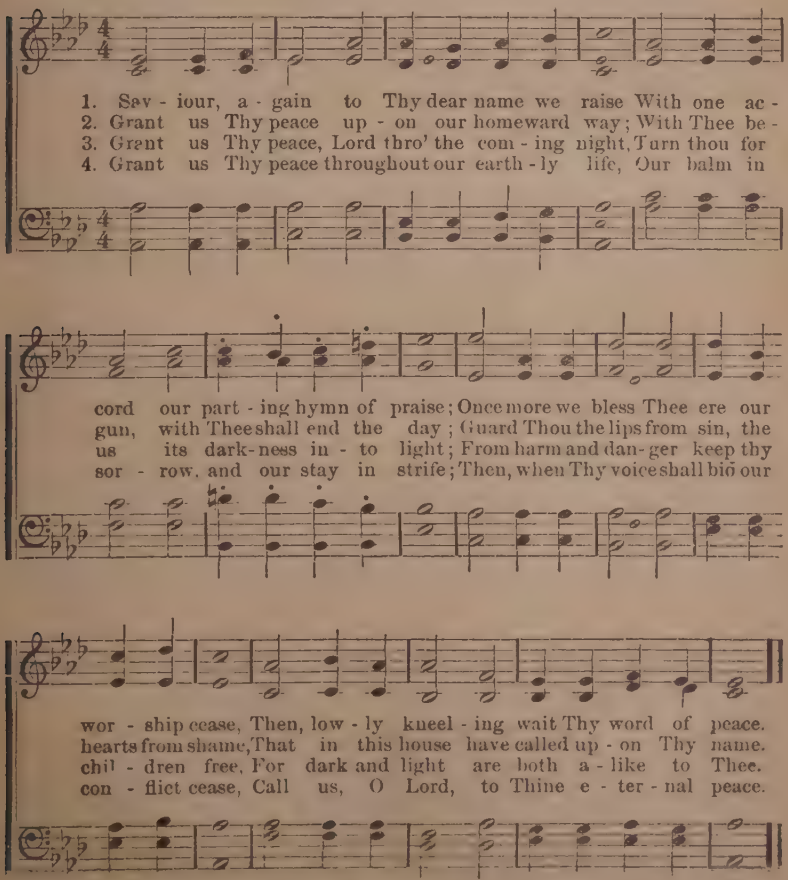


No. 147. Saviour, Again.

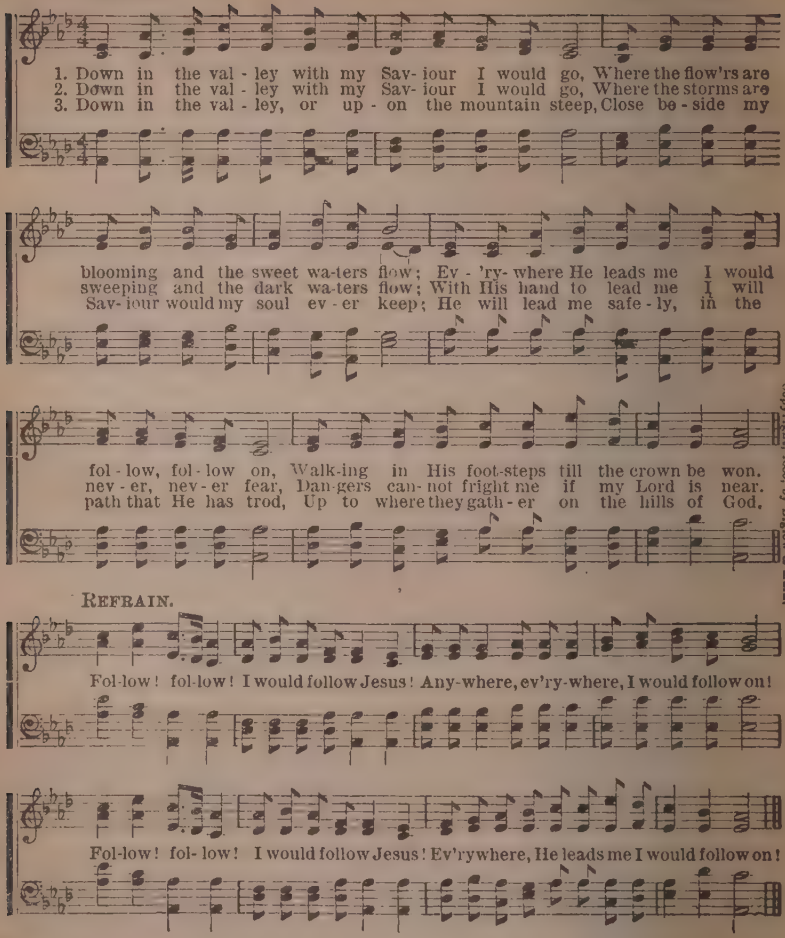
"The Lord will bless his people with peace."—Ps. 29: 11.

JOHN ELLERTON. E. J. HOPKINS.


1. Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac -
2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our homeward way; With Thee be -
3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord thro' the com - ing night, Turn thou for
4. Grant us Thy peace throughout our earth - ly life, Our balm in
cord our part - ing hymn of praise; Once more we bless Thee ere our
gun, with Thee shall end the day; Guard Thou the lips from sin, the
us its dark-ness in - to light; From harm and dan-ger keep thy
sor - row, and our stay in strife; Then, when Thy voice shall bid our
wor - ship cease, Then, low - ly kneel - ing wait Thy word of peace.
hearts from shame, That in this house have called up - on Thy name.
chil - dren free, For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.
con - flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace.

No. 148. Follow On!

W. O. CUSHING. ROBERT LOWRY.


1. Down in the val - ley with my Sav- iour I would go, Where the flow'rs are blooming and the sweet wa-ters flow; Ev - 'ry- where He leads me I would fol - low, fol - low on, Walk-ing in His foot-steps till the crown be won.
2. Down in the val - ley with my Sav- iour I would go, Where the storms are sweeping and the dark wa-ters flow; With His hand to lead me I will nev - er, nev - er fear, Dan-gers can- not fright me if my Lord is near.
3. Down in the val - ley, or up - on the mountain steep, Close be - side my Sav- iour would my soul ev - er keep; He will lead me safe - ly, in the path that He has trod, Up to where they gath - er on the hills of God.
REFRAIN.
Fol-low! fol-low! I would follow Jesus! Any-where, ev'ry-where, I would follow on!
Fol-low! fol- low! I would follow Jesus! Ev'ry where, He leads me I would follow on!

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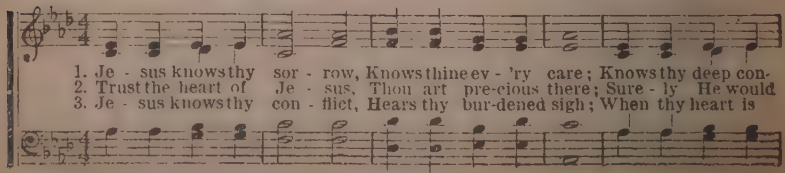
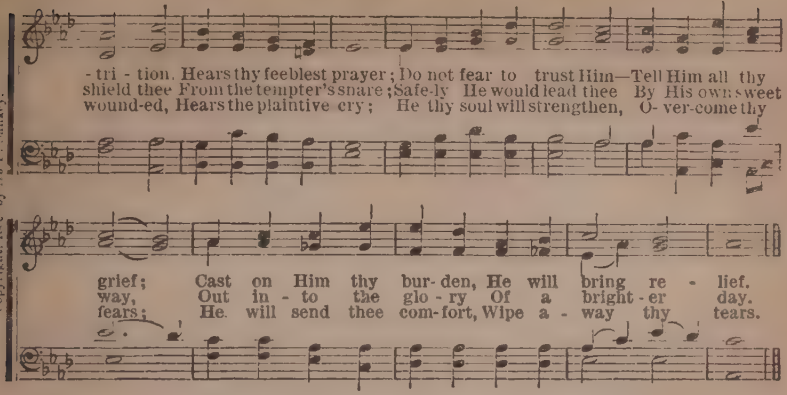
No. 149. Jesus Knows thy Sorrow.

W. O. CUSHING. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Je - sus knows thy sor - row, Knows thine ev - 'ry care; Knows thy deep con-
2. Trust the heart of Je - sus, Thou art pre-cious there; Sure - ly He would
3. Je - sus knows thy con - flict, Hears thy bur-dened sigh; When thy heart is

Jesus Knows thy Sorrow.—Concluded.


- tri - tion. Hears thy feeblest prayer; Do not fear to trust Him—Tell Him all thy
shield thee From the tempter's snare; Safe-ly He would lead thee By His own sweet
wound-ed, Hears the plaintive cry; He thy soul will strengthen, O- ver-come thy
grief; Cast on Him thy bur-den, He will bring re - lief.
way, Out in - to the glo - ry Of a bright - er day.
fears; He will send thee com-fort, Wipe a - way thy tears.

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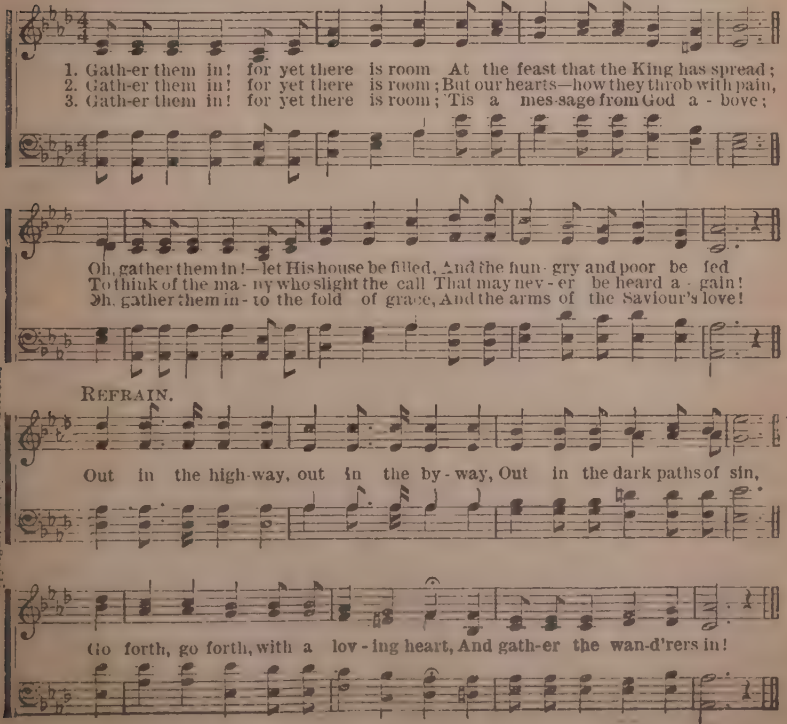
No. 150. Gather Them In.

F. J. VAN ALSTYNE. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Gath-er them in! for yet there is room At the feast that the King has spread;
2. Gath-er them in! for yet there is room; But our hearts—how they throb with pain,
3. Gath-er them in! for yet there is room; Tis a mes-sage from God a - bove;
Oh, gather them in!—let His house be filled, And the hun-gry and poor be fed
To think of the ma - ny who slight the call That may nev - er be heard a - gain!
Oh, gather them in - to the fold of grace, And the arms of the Saviour's love!
REFRAIN.
Out in the high-way, out in the by - way, Out in the dark paths of sin,
Go forth, go forth, with a lov - ing heart, And gath-er the wan-d'rers in!

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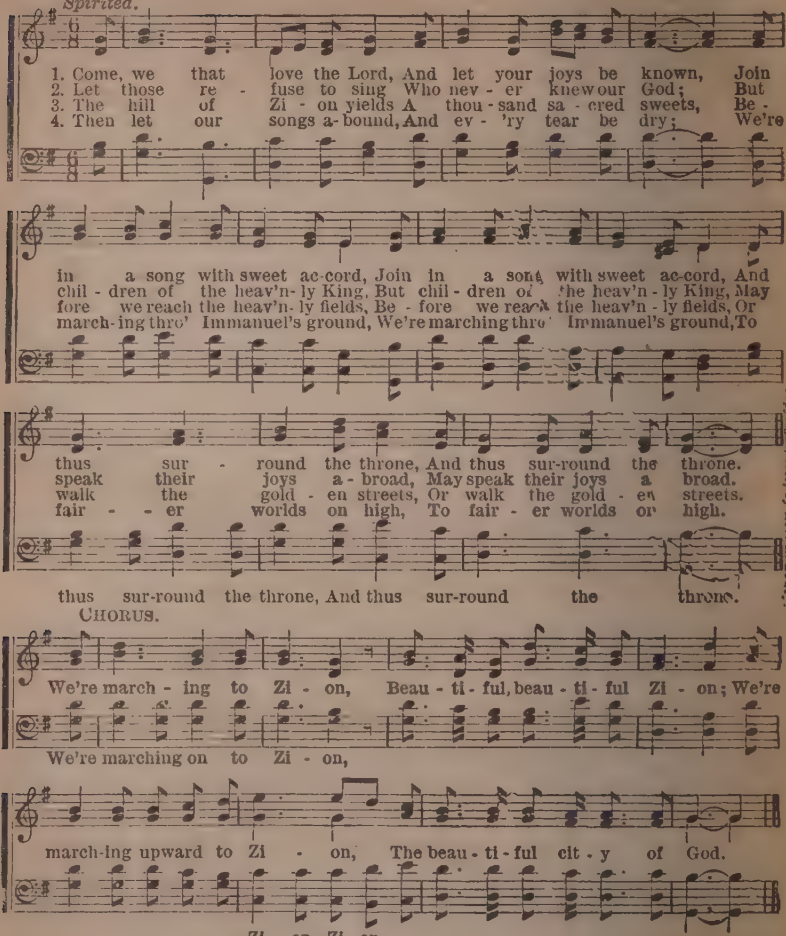
No. 151. We're Marching to Zion.

ISAAC WATTS. Rev. R. LOWRY.

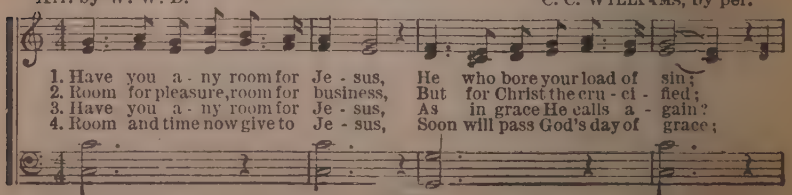
Spirited.

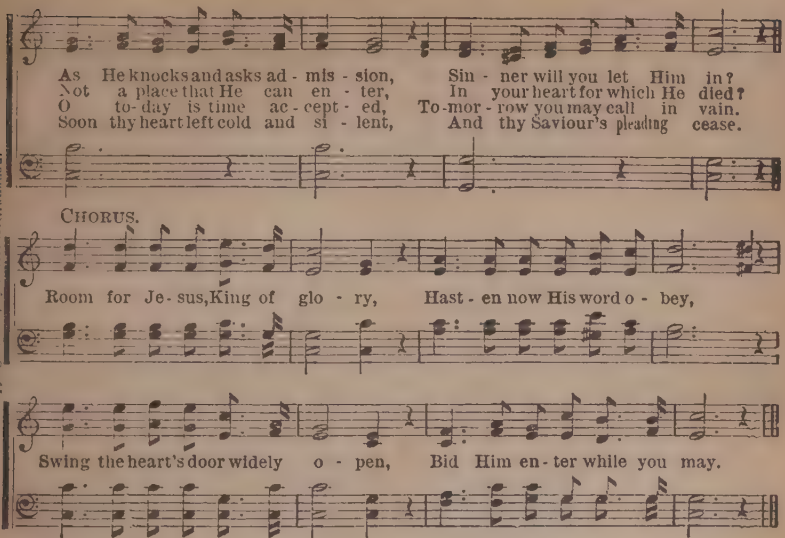

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let your joys be known, Join
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand sa - cred sweets, Be -
4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're
in a song with sweet ac-cord, Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, And
chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King, But chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King, May
fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields, Or
march-ing thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To
thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.
speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a broad.
walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
fair - - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.
thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.
CHORUS.
We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're
We're marching on to Zi - on,
march-ing upward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.
Zi - on, Zi - on,

Copyright, 1867, by Rev. R. Lowry.

No. 152. Have you any Room for Jesus?

Arr. by W. W. D. C. C. WILLIAMS, by per.


1. Have you a - ny room for Je - sus, He who bore your load of sin;
2. Room for pleasure, room for business, But for Christ the cru - ci - fied;
3. Have you a - ny room for Je - sus, As in grace He calls a - gain?
4. Room and time now give to Je - sus, Soon will pass God's day of grace;


As He knocks and asks ad - mis - sion, Sin - ner will you let Him in?
Not a place that He can en - ter, In your heart for which He died?
O to-day is time ac - cept - ed, To-mor - row you may call in vain.
Soon thy heart left cold and si - lent, And thy Saviour's pleading cease.
CHORUS.
Room for Je - sus, King of glo - ry, Hast - en now His word o - bey,
Swing the heart's door widely o - pen, Bid Him en - ter while you may.

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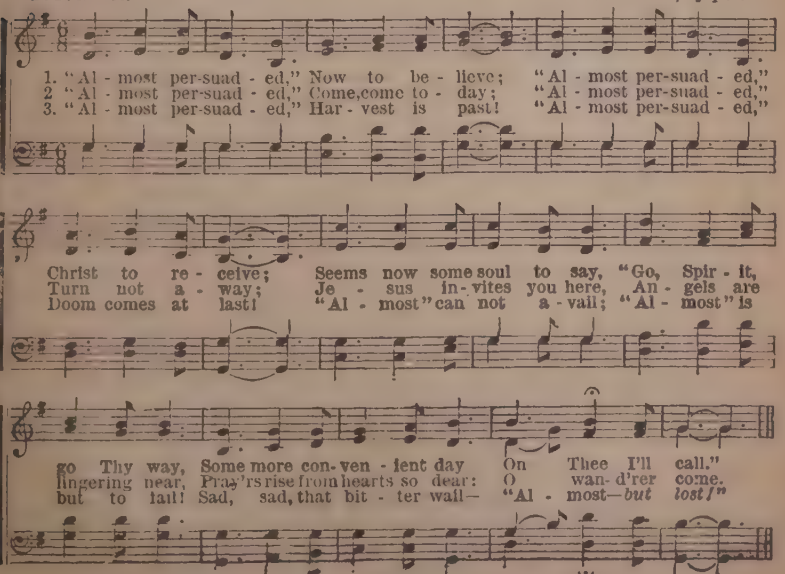
No. 153. Almost Persuaded.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.


1. "Al - most per-suad - ed," Now to be - lieve; "Al - most per-suad - ed,"
2. "Al - most per-suad - ed," Come, come to - day; "Al - most per-suad - ed,"
3. "Al - most per-suad - ed," Har - vest is past! "Al - most per-suad - ed,"
Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
Turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
Doom comes at last! "Al - most" can not a - vail; "Al - most" is
go Thy way, Some more con-ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
lingering near, Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear: O wan-d'rer come.
but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail— "Al - most—*but lost!*"

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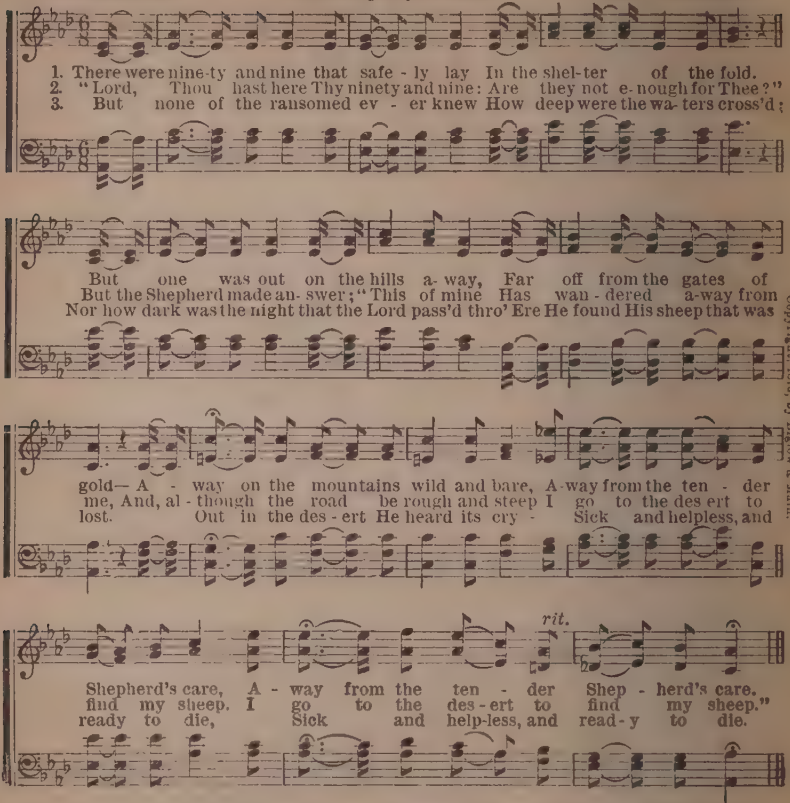
No. 154. The Ninety and Nine.

E. C. CLEPHANE. To be sung only as a Solo. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. There were nine-ty and nine that safe - ly lay In the shel-ter of the fold.
2. "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine: Are they not e-nough for Thee?"
3. But none of the ransomed ev - er knew How deep were the wa-ters cross'd;
But one was out on the hills a-way, Far off from the gates of
But the Shepherd made an-swer; "This of mine Has wan-dered a-way from
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord pass'd thro' Ere He found His sheep that was
gold— A - way on the mountains wild and bare, A-way from the ten - der
me, And, al-though the road be rough and steep I go to the des ert to
lost. Out in the des-ert He heard its cry - Sick and helpless, and
rit.
Shepherd's care, A - way from the ten - der Shep - herd's care.
find my sheep. I go to the des-ert to find my sheep."
ready to die, Sick and help-less, and read-y to die.

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4.

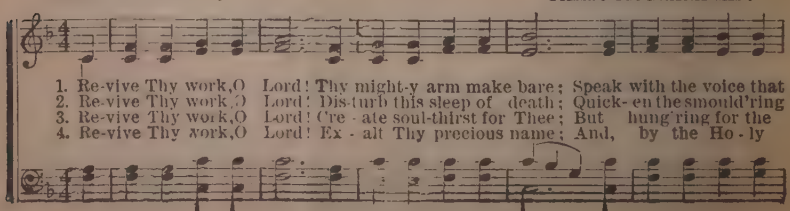
'Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
'Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

5.

But all thro' the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a glad cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!"

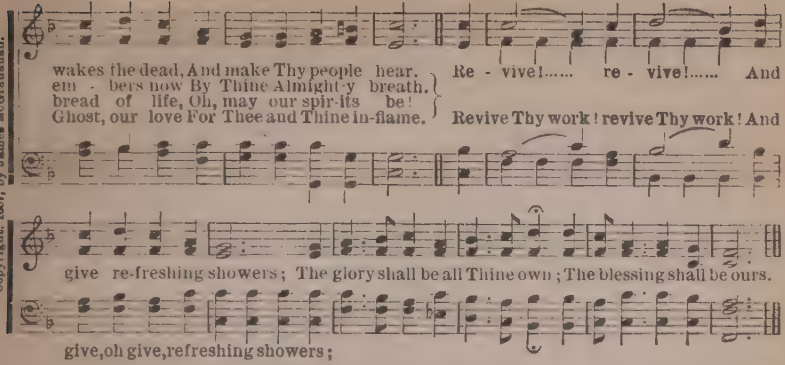
No. 155. Revive Thy Work.

ALBERT MIDLANE. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. Re-vive Thy work, O Lord! Thy might-y arm make bare; Speak with the voice that
2. Re-vive Thy work, O Lord! Dis-turb this sleep of death; Quick-en the smould'ring
3. Re-vive Thy work, O Lord! Cre - ate soul-thirst for Thee; But hung'ring for the
4. Re-vive Thy work, O Lord! Ex - alt Thy precious name; And, by the Ho - ly

Revive Thy Work.—Concluded.

CHORUS.


wakes the dead, And make Thy people hear.
em - bers now By Thine Almight-y breath.
bread of life, Oh, may our spir-its be!
Ghost, our love For Thee and Thine in-flame.
Re - vive!..... re - vive!..... And
Revive Thy work! revive Thy work! And
give re-freshing showers; The glory shall be all Thine own; The blessing shall be ours.
give, oh give, refreshing showers;

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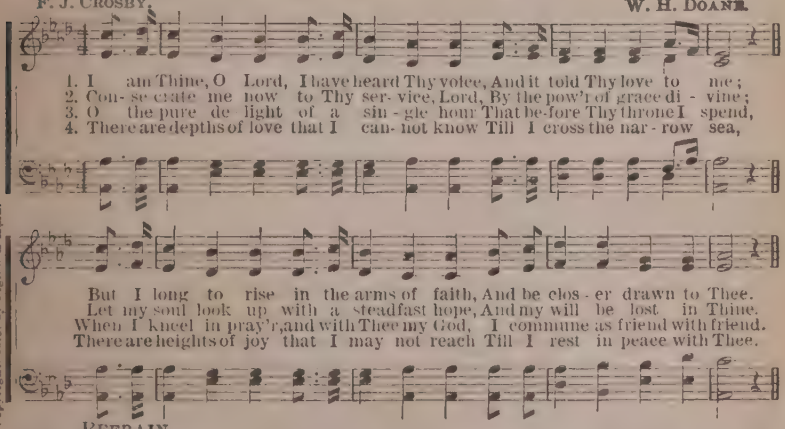
No. 156. I am Thine, O Lord.

F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
2. Con- se-crate me now to Thy ser- vice, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di - vine;
3. O the pure de light of a sin - gle hour That be-fore Thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I can- not know Till I cross the nar - row sea,
But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos - er drawn to Thee.
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee my God, I commune as friend with friend.
There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.

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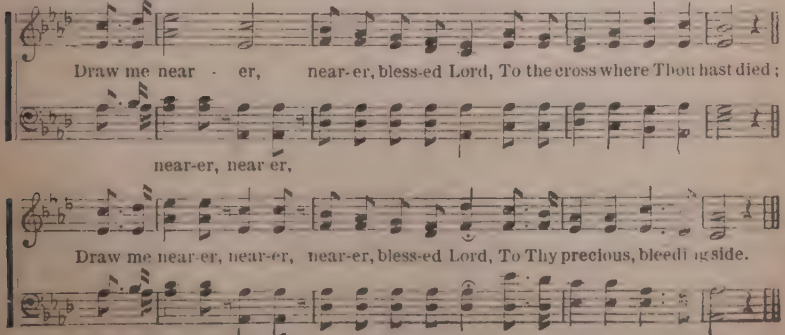
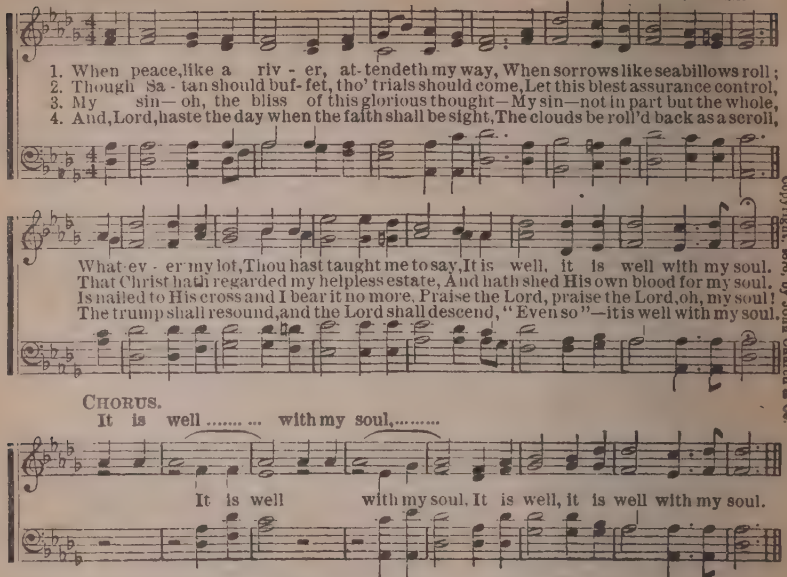
REFRAIN.


Draw me near - er, near-er, bless-ed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died;
near-er, near er,
Draw me near-er, near-er, near-er, bless-ed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.

No. 157. It is Well with My Soul.

H. G. SPAFFORD. P. P. BLISS.


1. When peace, like a riv - er, at-tendeth my way, When sorrows like seabillows roll;
2. Though Sa - tan should buf- fet, tho' trials should come, Let this blest assurance control,
3. My sin — oh, the bliss of this glorious thought — My sin — not in part but the whole,
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be roll'd back as a scroll,
What ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say, It is well, it is well with my soul.
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no more. Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul!
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend, "Even so"—it is well with my soul.
CHORUS.
It is well ..... with my soul, ...
It is well with my soul. It is well, it is well with my soul.

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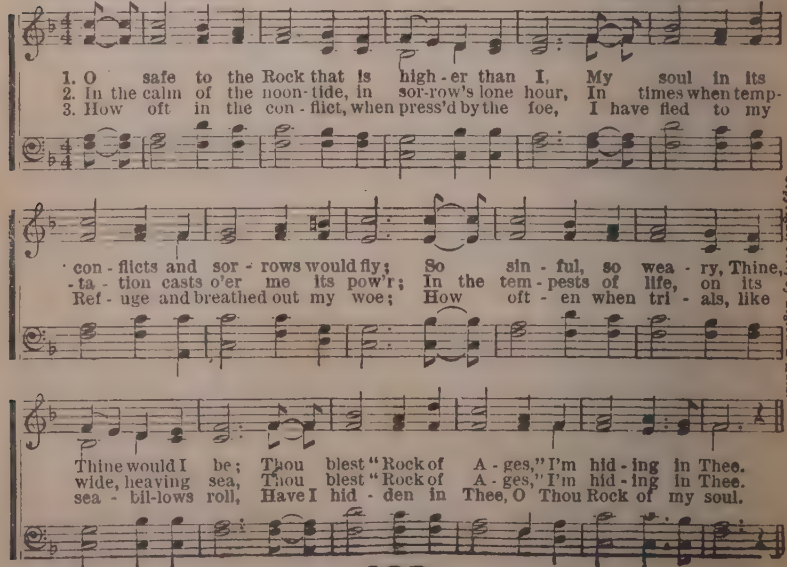
No. 158. Hiding in Thee.

WILLIAM O. CUSHING. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. O safe to the Rock that is high - er than I, My soul in its
2. In the calm of the noon-tide, in sor-row's lone hour, In times when temp-
3. How oft in the con - flict, when press'd by the foe, I have fled to my
con - flicts and sor - rows would fly; So sin - ful, so wea - ry, Thine,
-ta - tion casts o'er me its pow'r; In the tem - pests of life, on its
Ref - uge and breathed out my woe; How oft - en when tri - als, like
Thine would I be; Thou blest "Rock of A - ges," I'm hid - ing in Thee.
wide, heaving sea, Thou blest "Rock of A - ges," I'm hid - ing in Thee.
sea - bil-lows roll, Have I hid - den in Thee, O Thou Rock of my soul.

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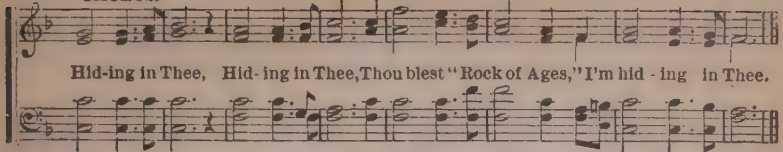
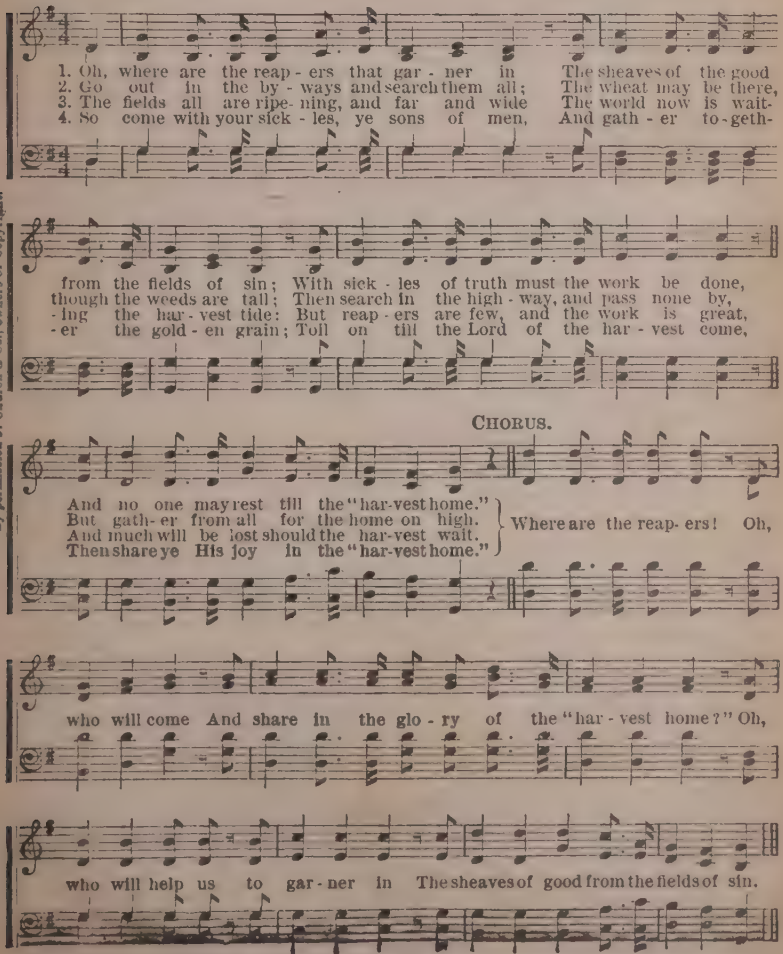
Hiding in Thee.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



No. 159. Oh, Where are the Reapers.

EBEN E. REXFORD. GEO. F. ROOT.


1. Oh, where are the reap-ers that gar-ner in The sheaves of the good
2. Go out in the by-ways and search them all; The wheat may be there,
3. The fields all are ripe-ning, and far and wide The world now is wait-
4. So come with your sick-les, ye sons of men, And gath-er to-geth-
from the fields of sin; With sick-les of truth must the work be done,
though the weeds are tall; Then search in the high-way, and pass none by,
-ing the har-vest tide: But reap-ers are few, and the work is great,
-er the gold-en grain; Toil on till the Lord of the har-vest come,
CHORUS.
And no one may rest till the "har-vest home."
But gath-er from all for the home on high.
And much will be lost should the har-vest wait.
Then share ye His joy in the "har-vest home."
Where are the reap-ers! Oh,
who will come And share in the glo-ry of the "har-vest home?" Oh,
who will help us to gar-ner in The sheaves of good from the fields of sin.

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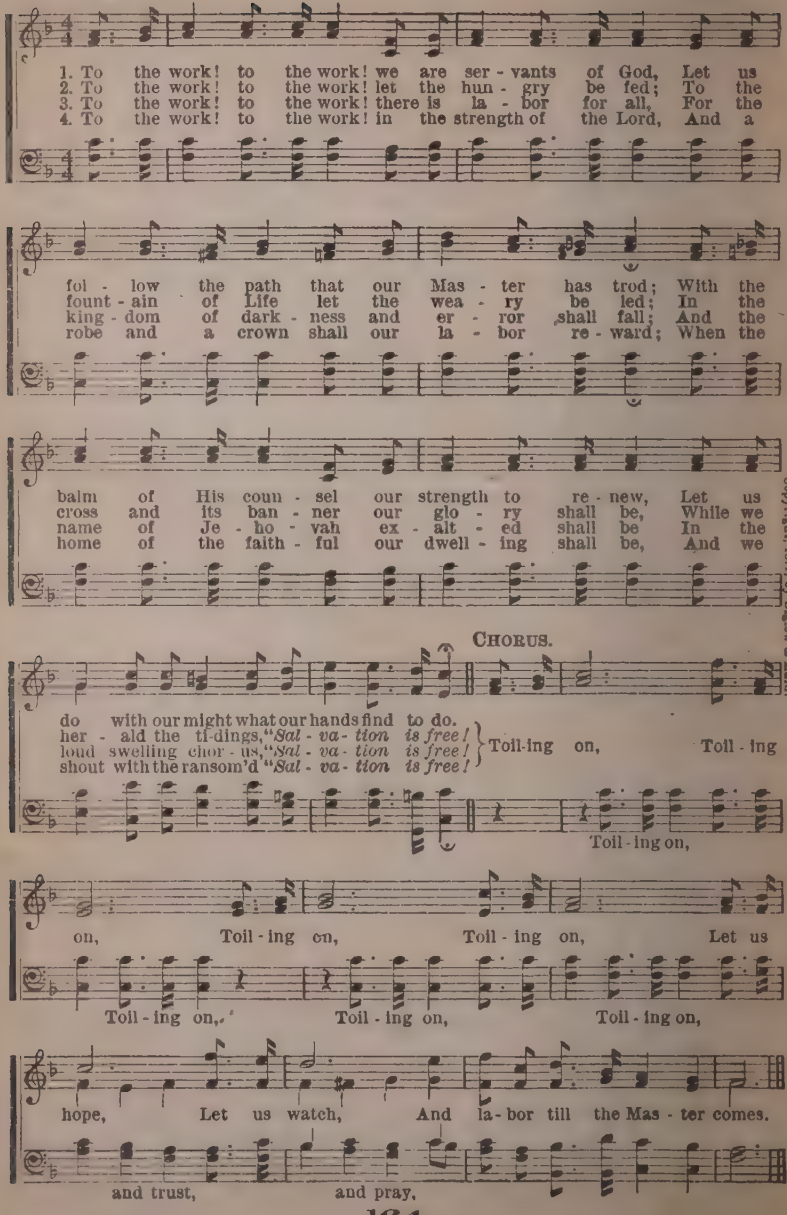
No. 160. To the Work.

F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. To the work! to the work! we are ser - vants of God, Let us
2. To the work! to the work! let the hun - gry be fed; To the
3. To the work! to the work! there is la - bor for all, For the
4. To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord, And a
fol - low the path that our Mas - ter has trod; With the
fount - ain of Life let the wea - ry be led; In the
king - dom of dark - ness and er - ror shall fall; And the
robe and a crown shall our la - bor re - ward; When the
balm of His coun - sel our strength to re - new, Let us
cross and its ban - ner our glo - ry shall be, While we
name of Je - ho - vah ex - alt - ed shall be In the
home of the faith - ful our dwell - ing shall be, And we
CHORUS.
do with our might what our hands find to do.
her - ald the ti-dings, "Sal - va - tion is free!
loud swelling chor - us, "Sal - va - tion is free!
shout with the ransom'd "Sal - va - tion is free!
Toil-ing on, Toil - ing
Toil - ing on,
on, Toil - ing on, Toil - ing on, Let us
Toil - ing on, Toil - ing on, Toil - ing on,
hope, Let us watch, And la - bor till the Mas - ter comes.
and trust, and pray.

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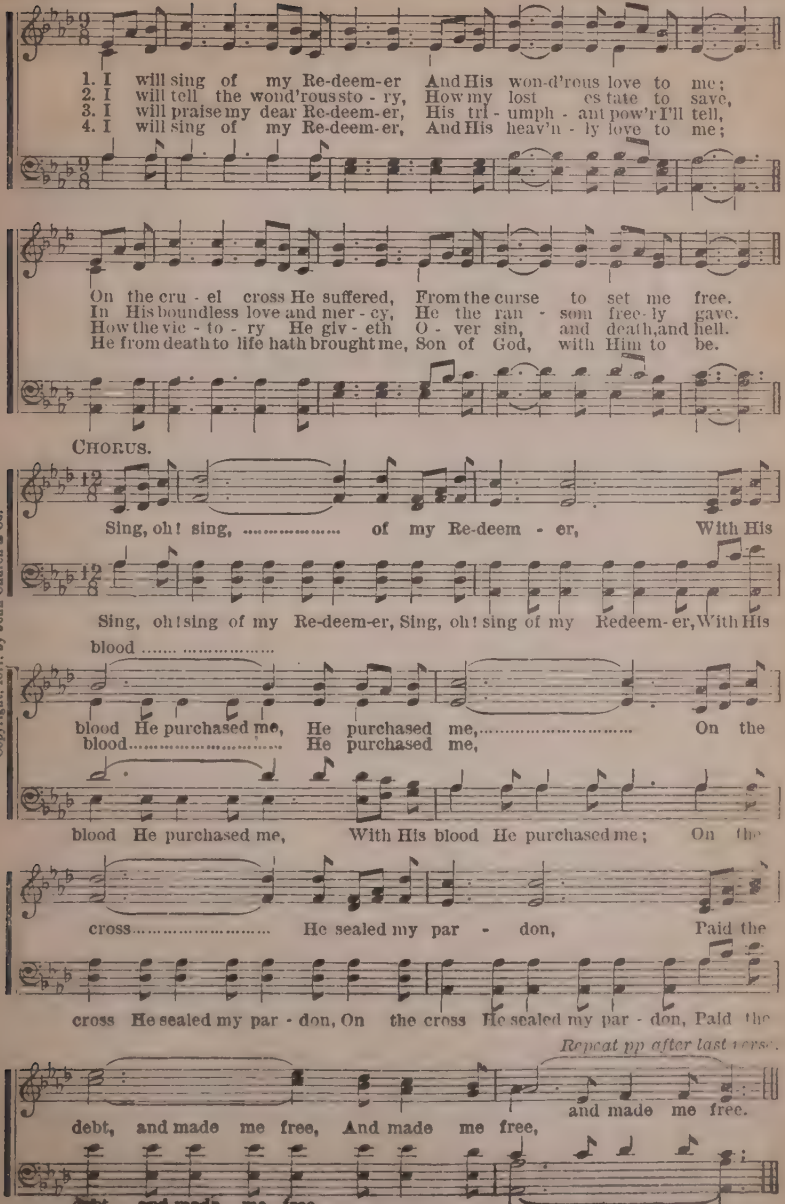
No. 161.

My Redeemer.

P. P. BLISS. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. I will sing of my Re-deem-er And His won-d'rous love to me;
2. I will tell the wond'rous sto - ry, How my lost es tate to save,
3. I will praise my dear Re-deem-er, His tri - umph - ant pow'r I'll tell,
4. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And His heav'n - ly love to me;
On the cru - el cross He suffered, From the curse to set me free.
In His boundless love and mer - cy, He the ran - som free - ly gave.
How the vic - to - ry He giv - eth O - ver sin, and death, and hell.
He from death to life hath brought me, Son of God, with Him to be.
CHORUS.
Sing, oh! sing, ... of my Re-deem - er, With His
Sing, oh! sing of my Re-deem-er, Sing, oh! sing of my Redeem-er, With His
blood .....
blood He purchased me, He purchased me, ... On the
blood ..... He purchased me,
blood He purchased me, With His blood He purchased me; On the
cross ..... He sealed my par - don, Paid the
cross He sealed my par - don, On the cross He sealed my par - don, Paid the
Repeat pp after last verse.
debt, and made me free, And made me free,
and made me free.
debt, and made me free,

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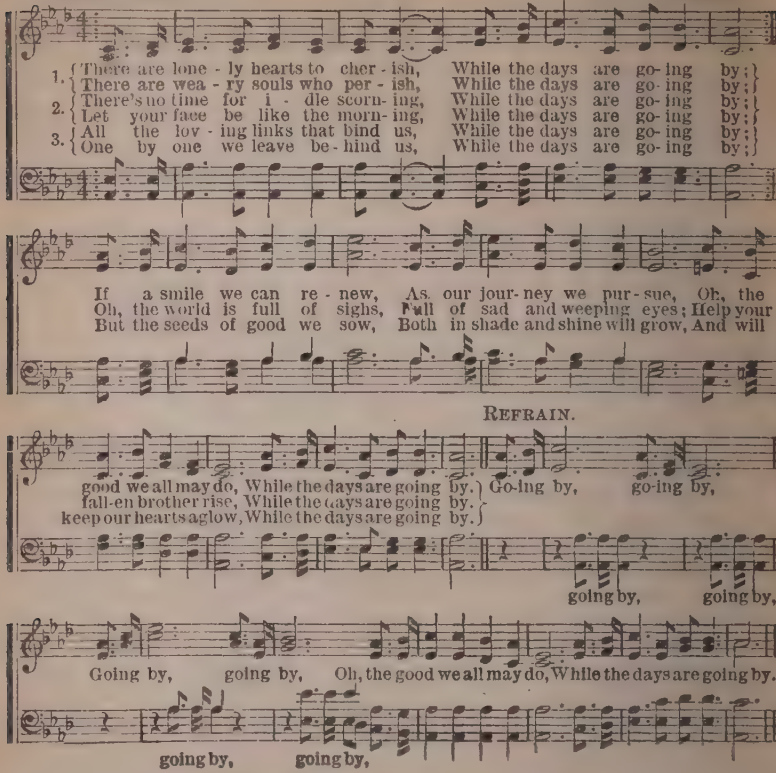
No. 162. While the Days are going By.

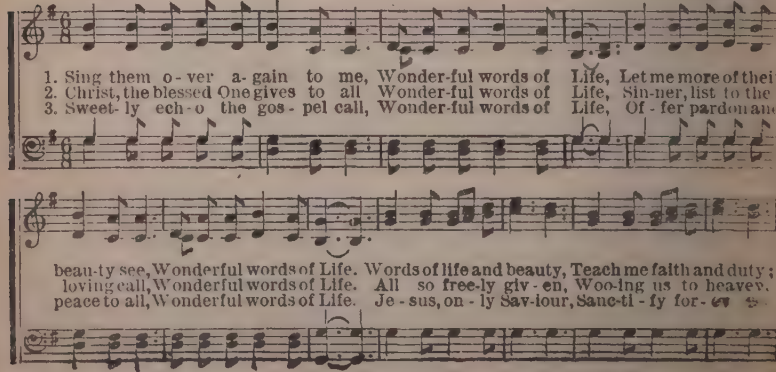
GEORGE COOPER, by per. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. There are lone - ly hearts to cher - ish, While the days are go- ing by;
There are wea - ry souls who per - ish, While the days are go- ing by;
2. There's no time for i - dle scorn- ing, While the days are go- ing by;
Let your face be like the morn- ing, While the days are go- ing by;
3. All the lov - ing links that bind us, While the days are go- ing by;
One by one we leave be- hind us, While the days are go- ing by;
If a smile we can re - new, As our jour- ney we pur- sue, Oh, the
Oh, the world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weeping eyes; Help your
But the seeds of good we sow, Both in shade and shine will grow, And will
REFRAIN.
good we all may do, While the days are going by. Go-ing by, go-ing by,
fall-en brother rise, While the days are going by.
keep our hearts aglow, While the days are going by.
going by, going by,
Going by, going by, Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are going by.
going by, going by,

Copyright, 1881, by Ira D. Sankey.

No. 163. Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.


1. Sing them o - ver a- gain to me, Wonder-ful words of Life, Let me more of their
2. Christ, the blessed One gives to all Wonder-ful words of Life, Sin-ner, list to the
3. Sweet- ly ech-o the gos - pel call, Wonder-ful words of Life, Of - fer pardon and
beau-ty see, Wonderful words of Life. Words of life and beauty, Teach me faith and duty;
lov-ing call, Wonderful words of Life. All so free-ly giv - en, Woo-ing us to heaven.
peace to all, Wonderful words of Life. Je - sus, on - ly Sav-iour, Sanc-ti - fy for -

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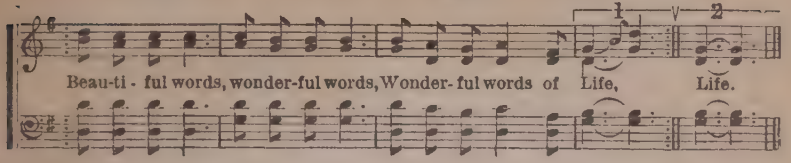
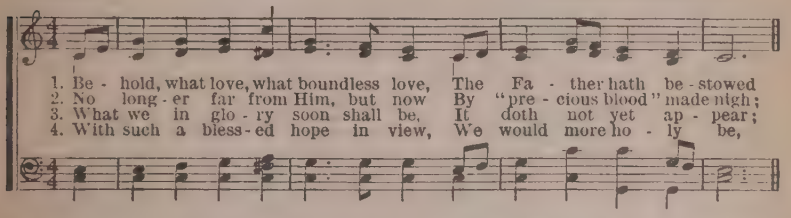
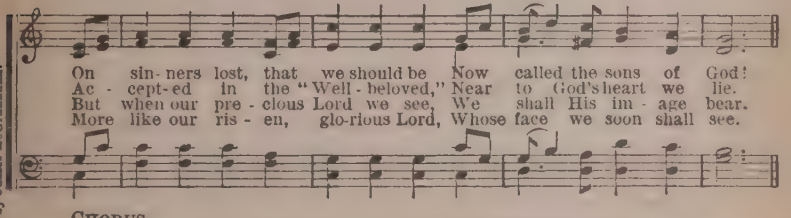


No. 164. Behold, what Love!

M. S. S. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.


1. Be - hold, what love, what boundless love, The Fa - ther hath be - stowed
2. No long - er far from Him, but now By "pre - cious blood" made nigh;
3. What we in glo - ry soon shall be, It doth not yet ap - pear;
4. With such a bless - ed hope in view, We would more ho - ly be,


On sin - ners lost, that we should be Now called the sons of God!
Ac - cept - ed in the "Well - beloved," Near to God's heart we lie.
But when our pre - cious Lord we see, We shall His im - age bear.
More like our ris - en, glo - rious Lord, Whose face we soon shall see.

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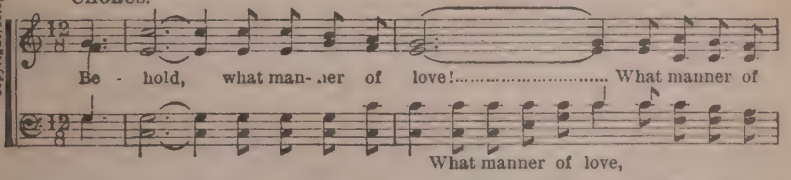
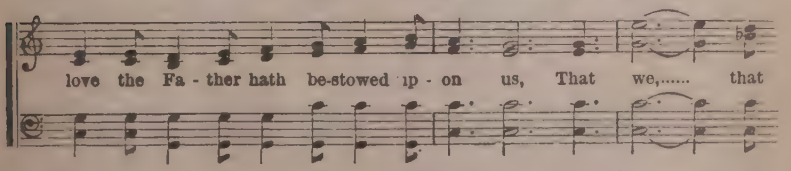
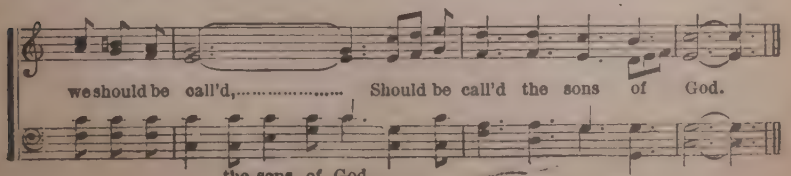
CHORUS.

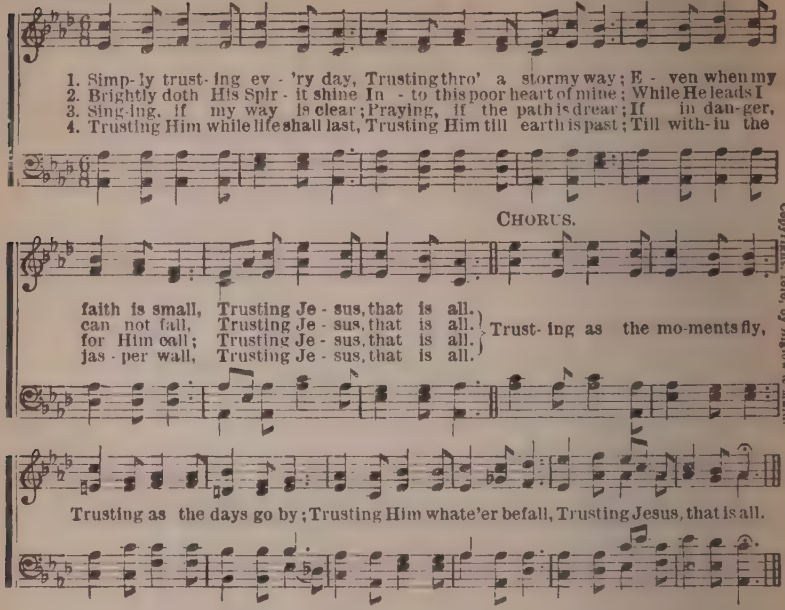






No. 165. Trusting Jesus, That is All.

E. P. STITES. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Simp-ly trust-ing ev-'ry day, Trusting thro' a stormy way; E-ven when my
2. Brightly doth His Spir-it shine In-to this poor heart of mine; While He leads I
3. Sing-ing, if my way is clear; Praying, if the path is drear; If in dan-ger,
4. Trusting Him while life shall last, Trusting Him till earth is past; Till with-in the
CHORUS.
faith is small, Trusting Je-sus, that is all.
can not fall, Trusting Je-sus, that is all.
for Him call; Trusting Je-sus, that is all.
jas-per wall, Trusting Je-sus, that is all.
Trust-ing as the mo-ments fly,
Trusting as the days go by; Trusting Him whate'er befall, Trusting Jesus, that is all.

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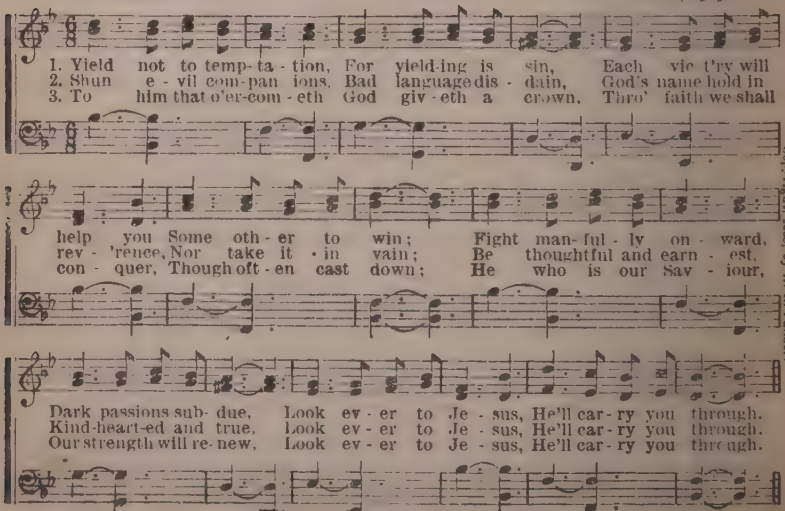
No. 166. Yield Not to Temptation.

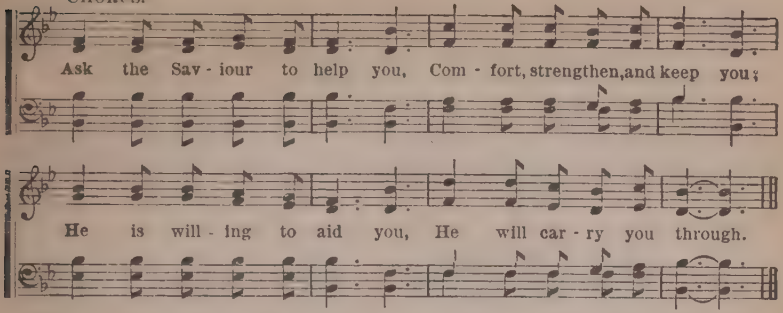
H. R. PALMER. H. R. PALMER, by per.


1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yield-ing is sin, Each vic-t'ry will
2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ions, Bad language dis-dain, God's name hold in
3. To him that o'er-com-eth God giv-eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall
help you Some oth-er to win; Fight man-ful-ly on-ward,
rev-'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earn-est,
con-quer, Though oft-en cast down; He who is our Sav-iour,
Dark passions sub-due, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Our strength will re-new, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.

Copyright, 1880, by H. R. Palmer.

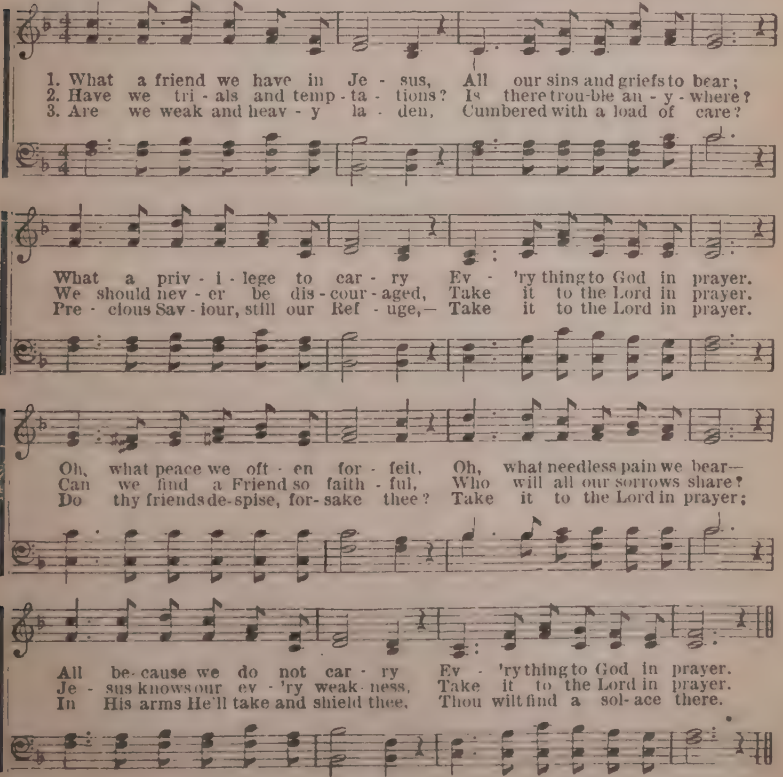
Yield Not to Temptation.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



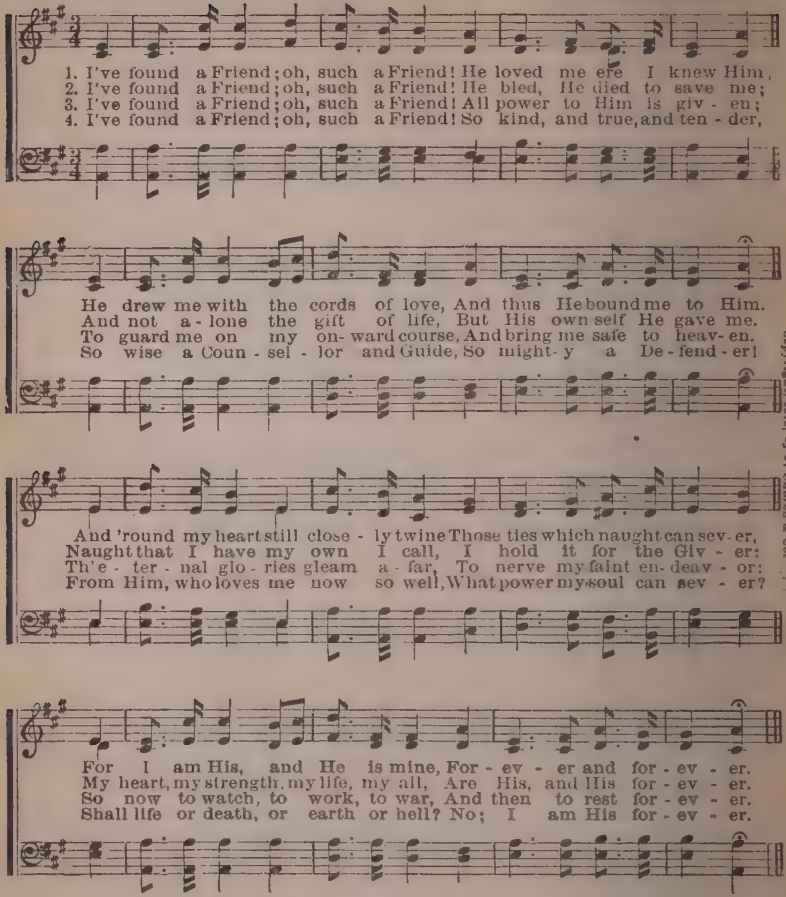
No. 167. What a Friend We have in Jesus.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN. Alt. CHARLES C. CONVERSE, by per.


1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trou-ble an - y - where?
3. Are we weak and heav - y la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer.
We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre - cious Sav - iour, still our Ref - uge,— Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear—
Can we find a Friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sorrows share?
Do thy friends de-spise, for-sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;
All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer.
Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

No. 168. I've Found a Friend.

J. G. SMALL. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him,
2. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me;
3. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! All power to Him is giv - en;
4. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! So kind, and true, and ten - der,
He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him.
And not a - lone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me.
To guard me on my on - ward course, And bring me safe to heav - en.
So wise a Coun - sel - lor and Guide, So might - y a De - fend - er!
And 'round my heart still close - ly twine Those ties which naught can sev - er,
Naught that I have my own I call, I hold it for the Giv - er:
Th'e - ter - nal glo - ries gleam a - far, To nerve my faint en - deav - or:
From Him, who loves me now so well, What power my soul can sev - er?
For I am His, and He is mine, For - ev - er and for - ev - er.
My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for - ev - er.
So now to watch, to work, to war, And then to rest for - ev - er.
Shall life or death, or earth or hell? No; I am His for - ev - er.

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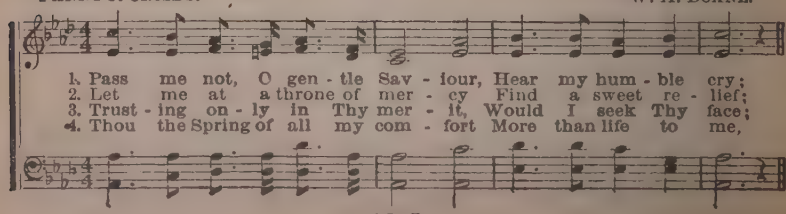
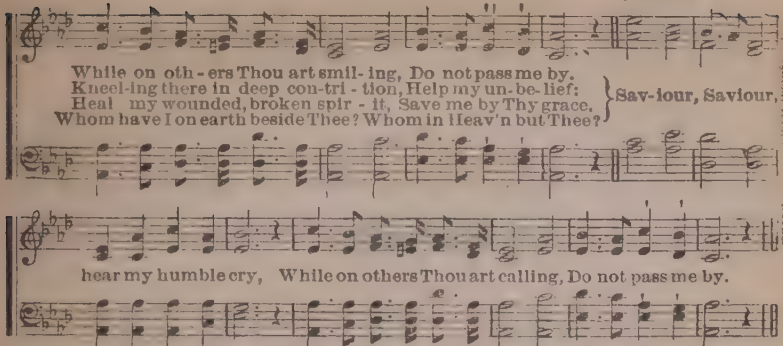
No. 169. Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear my hum - ble cry;
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief;
3. Trust - ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face;
4. Thou the Spring of all my com - fort More than life to me,

Pass Me Not.—Concluded.

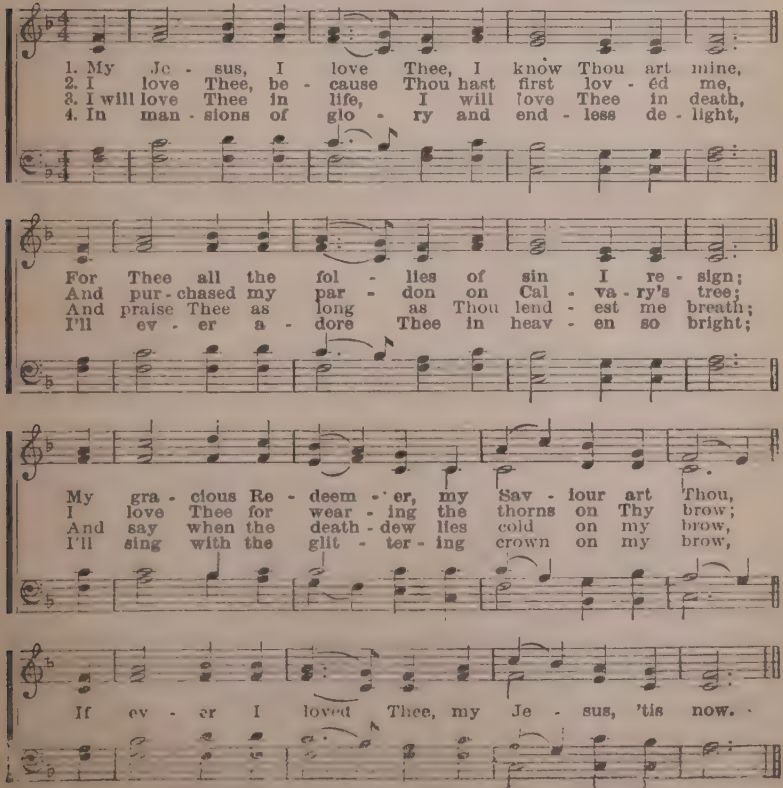
CHORUS.


While on oth - ers Thou art smil- ing, Do not pass me by.
Kneel-ing there in deep con-tri - tion, Help my un-be-lief;
Heal my wounded, broken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
Whom have I on earth beside Thee? Whom in Heav'n but Thee?
Sav-iour, Saviour,
hear my humble cry, While on others Thou art calling, Do not pass me by.

Copyrighted, 1870, by Dana.

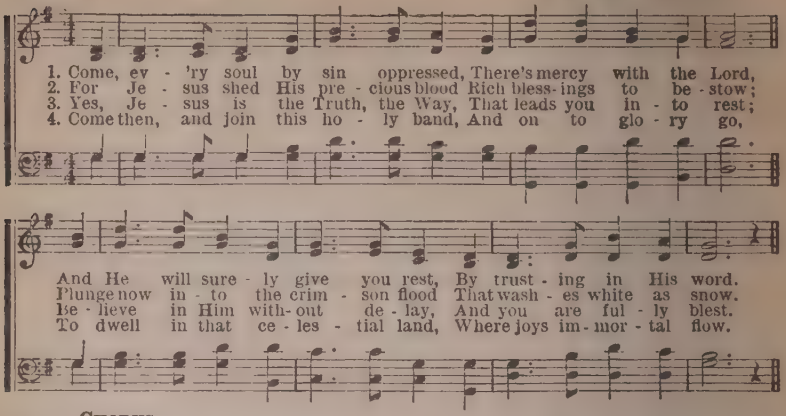
No. 170. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

A. J. GORDON, by per.

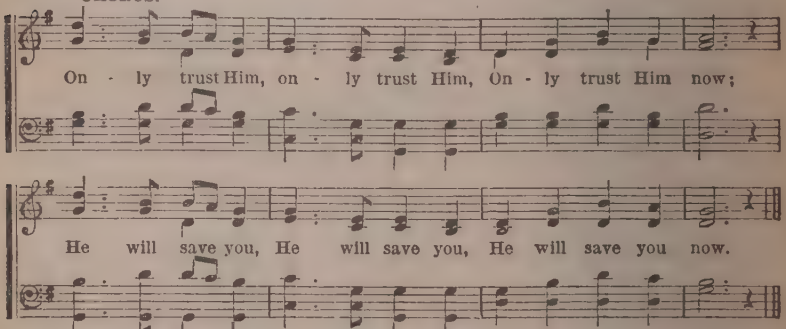

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,
2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - éd me,
3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light,
For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
And pur - chased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
And praise Thee as long as Thou lend - est me breath;
I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav - en so bright;
My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - iour art Thou,
I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow;
And say when the death - dew lies cold on my brow,
I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow,
If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

No. 171. Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. J. H. STOCKTON, by per.

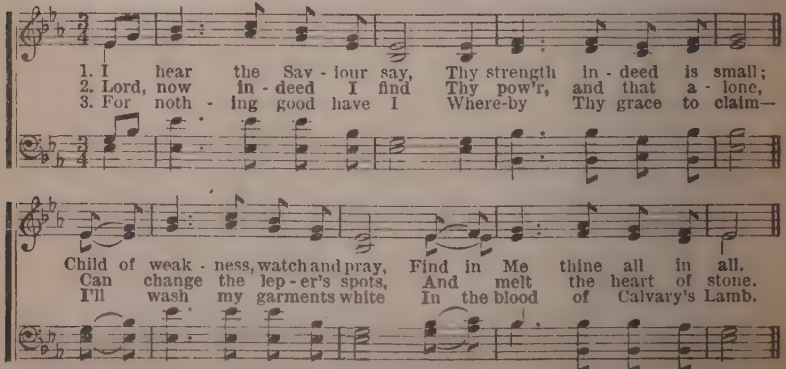

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mercy with the Lord,
2. For Je - sus shed His pre - cious blood Rich bless - ings to be - stow;
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
4. Come then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,
And He will sure - ly give you rest, By trust - ing in His word.
Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
Be - lieve in Him with - out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow.

CHORUS.



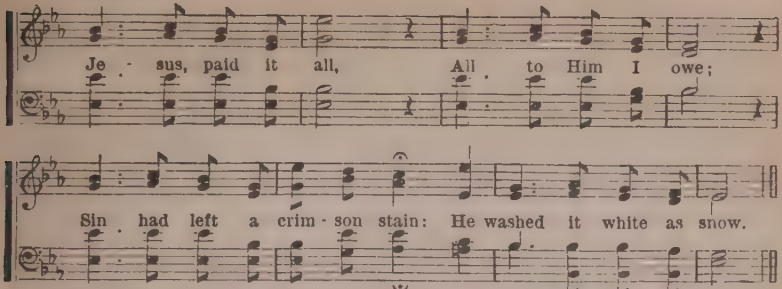
No. 172. All to Christ I Owe.

ELVINA M. HALL. JOHN T. GRAPE, by per.


1. I hear the Sav - iour say, Thy strength in - deed is small;
2. Lord, now in - deed I find Thy pow'r, and that a - lone,
3. For noth - ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim—
Child of weak - ness, watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all.
Can change the lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
I'll wash my garments white In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

All to Christ I Owe.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

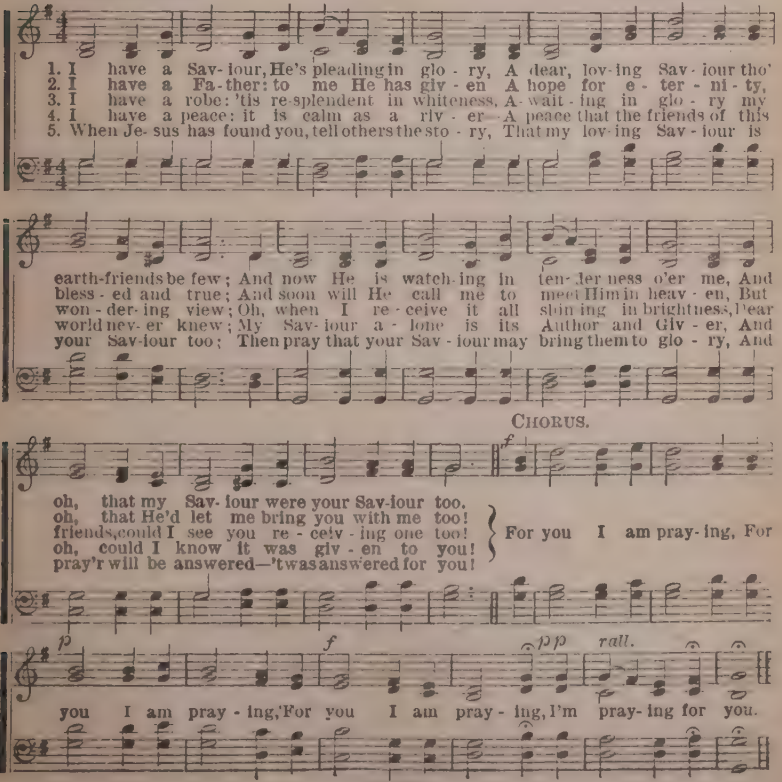


4 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.—CHO.

5 And when before the throne
I stand in Him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet.—CHO.

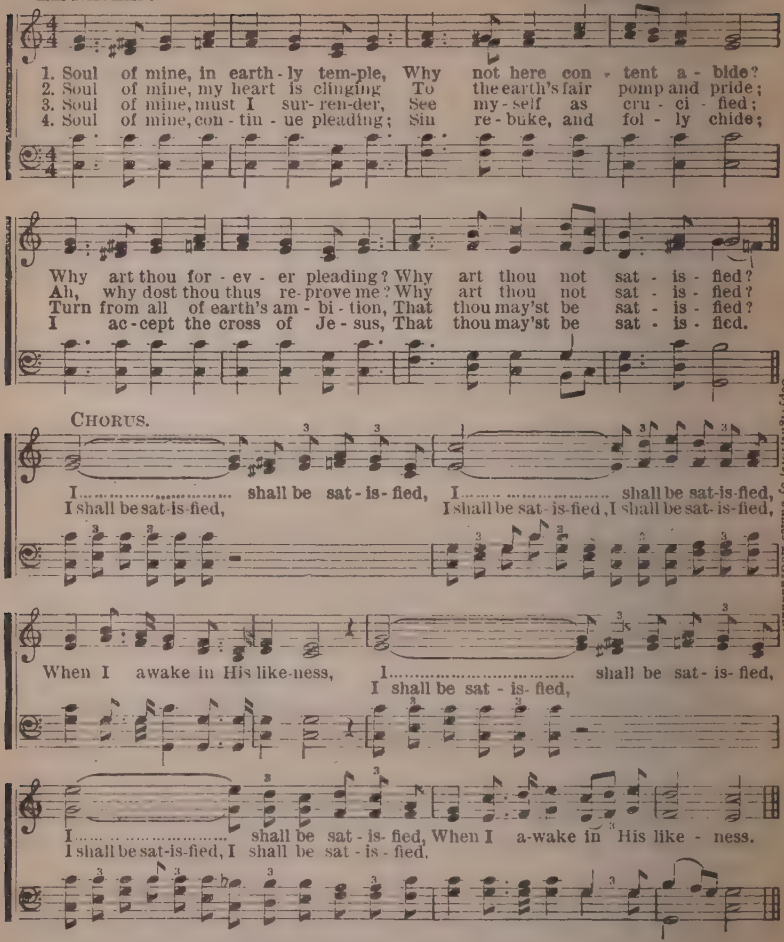
No. 173. I Am Praying for You.

S. O'MALEY CLUFF. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. I have a Sav-iour, He's pleading in glo - ry, A dear, lov-ing Sav - iour tho'
2. I have a Fa-ther: to me He has giv - en A hope for e - ter - ni - ty,
3. I have a robe: 'tis re-splendent in whiteness, A-wait - ing in glo - ry my
4. I have a peace: it is calm as a riv - er—A peace that the friends of this
5. When Je-sus has found you, tell others the sto - ry, That my lov-ing Sav - iour is
earth-friends be few; And now He is watch-ing in ten-der ness o'er me, And
bless - ed and true; And soon will He call me to meet Him in heav - en, But
won - der-ing view; Oh, when I re - ceive it all shin-ing in brightness, Dear
world nev - er knew; My Sav-iour a - lone is its Author and Giv - er, And
your Sav-iour too; Then pray that your Sav - iour may bring them to glo - ry, And
CHORUS.
f
oh, that my Sav-iour were your Sav-iour too,
oh, that He'd let me bring you with me too!
friends, could I see you re - ceiv - ing one too!
oh, could I know it was giv - en to you!
pray'r will be answered—'twas answered for you!
For you I am pray-ing, For
p
f
pp
rall.
you I am pray - ing, For you I am pray - ing, I'm pray-ing for you.

No. 174. I shall be Satisfied.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.


1. Soul of mine, in earth-ly tem-ple, Why not here con - tent a - bide?
2. Soul of mine, my heart is clinging To the earth's fair pomp and pride;
3. Soul of mine, must I sur-ren-der, See my-self as cru - ci - fied;
4. Soul of mine, con - tin - ue pleading; Sin re - buke, and fol - ly chide;
Why art thou for - ev - er pleading? Why art thou not sat - is - fied?
Ah, why dost thou thus re-prove me? Why art thou not sat - is - fied?
Turn from all of earth's am - bi - tion, That thou may'st be sat - is - fied?
I ac-cept the cross of Je - sus, That thou may'st be sat - is - fied.
CHORUS.
I..... shall be sat - is - fied, I..... shall be sat-is-fied,
I shall be sat-is-fied, I shall be sat-is-fied, I shall be sat-is-fied,
When I awake in His like-ness, I..... shall be sat - is - fied,
I shall be sat - is - fied,
I..... shall be sat - is - fied, When I a-wake in His like - ness.
I shall be sat-is-fied, I shall be sat - is - fied.

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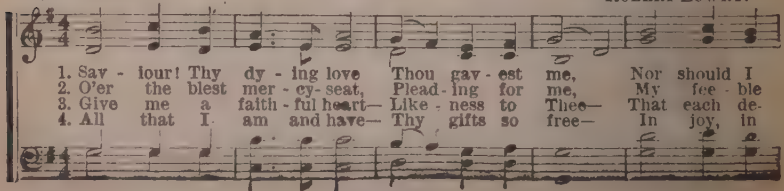
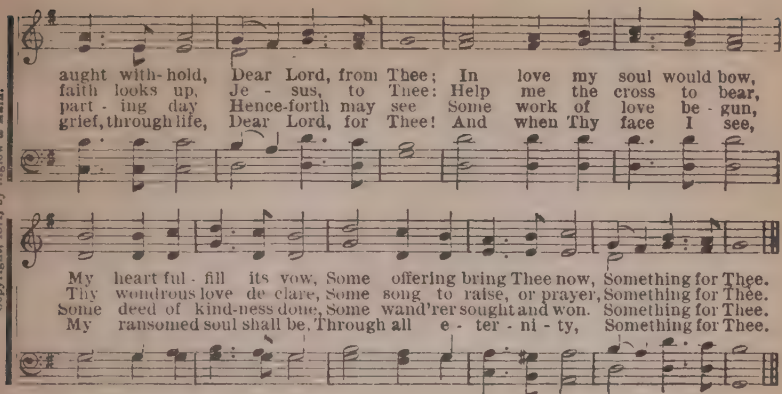
No. 175. Something for Jesus.

S. D. PHELPS. ROBERT LOWRY.

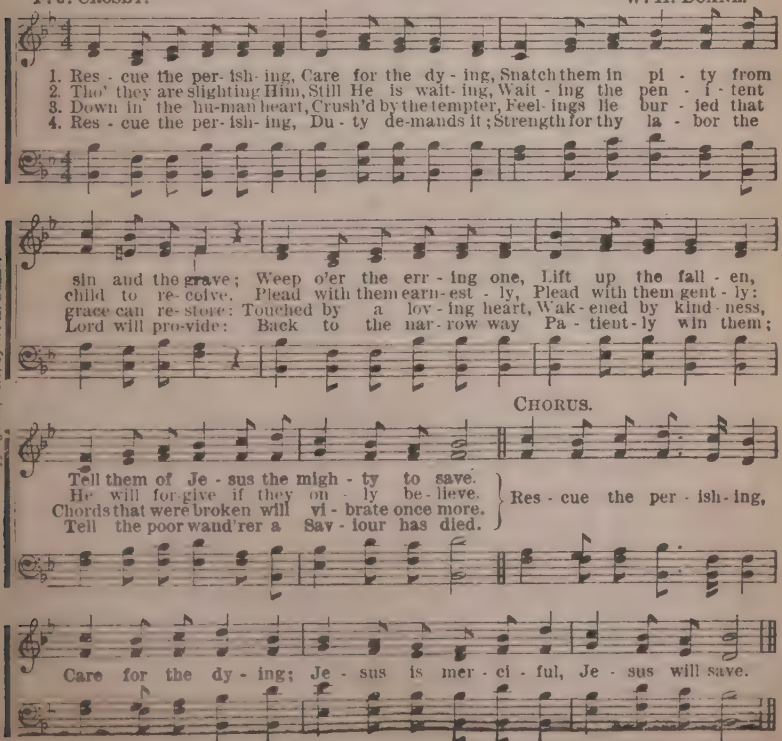

1. Sav - iour! Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I
2. O'er the blest mer - cy-seat, Plead - ing for me, My fee - ble
3. Give me a faith - ful heart— Like - ness to Thee— That each de-
4. All that I am and have— Thy gifts so free— In joy, in


aught with-hold, Dear Lord, from Thee; In love my soul would bow,
faith looks up, Je - sus, to Thee: Help me the cross to bear,
part - ing day Hence-forth may see Some work of love be - gun,
grief, through life, Dear Lord, for Thee! And when Thy face I see,
My heart ful - fill its vow, Some offering bring Thee now, Something for Thee.
Thy wondrous love de - clare, Some song to raise, or prayer, Something for Thee.
Some deed of kind-ness done, Some wand'rer sought and won. Something for Thee.
My ransomed soul shall be, Through all e - ter - ni - ty, Something for Thee.
Copyright, 1871, by Biglow & Main.

No. 176.

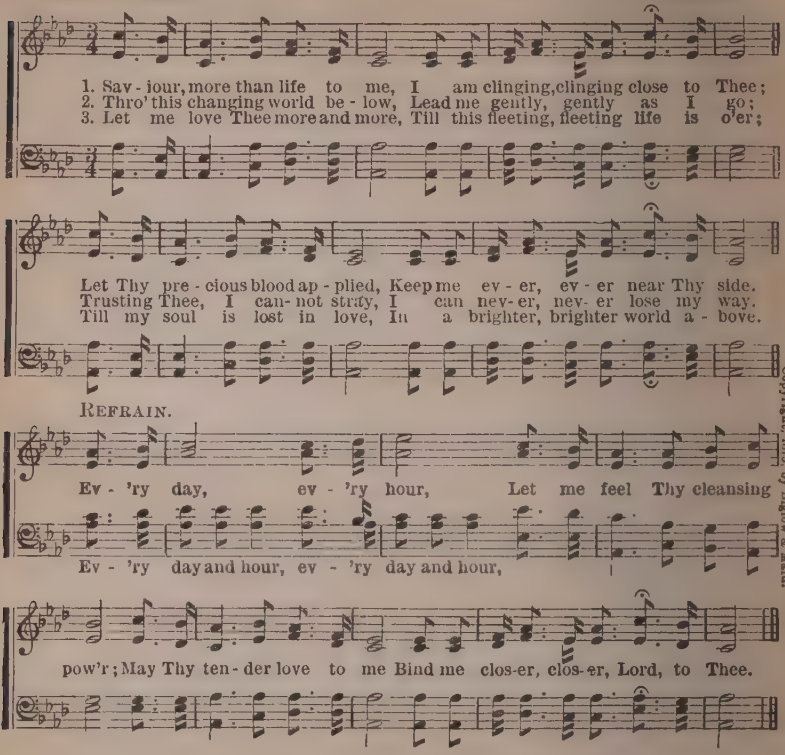
Rescue the Perishing.

F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pi - ty from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait - ing the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the hu-man heart, Crush'd by the tempter, Feel-ings lie bur - ied that
4. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Du - ty de-mands it; Strength for thy la - bor the
sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fall - en,
child to re-ceive. Plead with them earn-est - ly, Plead with them gent - ly:
grace can re-store: Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wak-ened by kind-ness,
Lord will pro-vide: Back to the nar-row way Pa - tient-ly win them;
CHORUS.
Tell them of Je - sus the migh - ty to save.
He will for-give if they on - ly be-lieve.
Chords that were broken will vi - brate once more.
Tell the poor wand'rer a Sav - iour has died.
Res - cue the per - ish - ing,
Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.
Copyrighted, 1870, by W. H. Doane.

No. 177. Saviour, More than Life.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. Sav - iour, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
2. Thro' this changing world be - low, Lead me gently, gently as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;
Let Thy pre - cious blood ap - plied, Keep me ev - er, ev - er near Thy side.
Trusting Thee, I can - not stray, I can nev - er, nev - er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a brighter, brighter world a - bove.
REFRAIN.
Ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing
Ev - 'ry day and hour, ev - 'ry day and hour,
pow'r; May Thy ten - der love to me Bind me clos - er, clos - er, Lord, to Thee.

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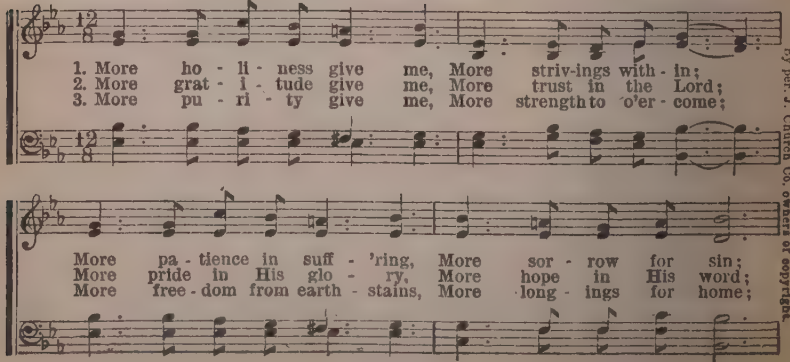
No. 178. My Prayer.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS.


1. More ho - li - ness give me, More striv-ings with - in;
2. More grat - i - tude give me, More trust in the Lord;
3. More pu - ri - ty give me, More strength to o'er - come;
More pa - tience in suff - 'ring, More sor - row for sin;
More pride in His glo - ry, More hope in His word;
More free - dom from earth - stains, More long - ings for home;

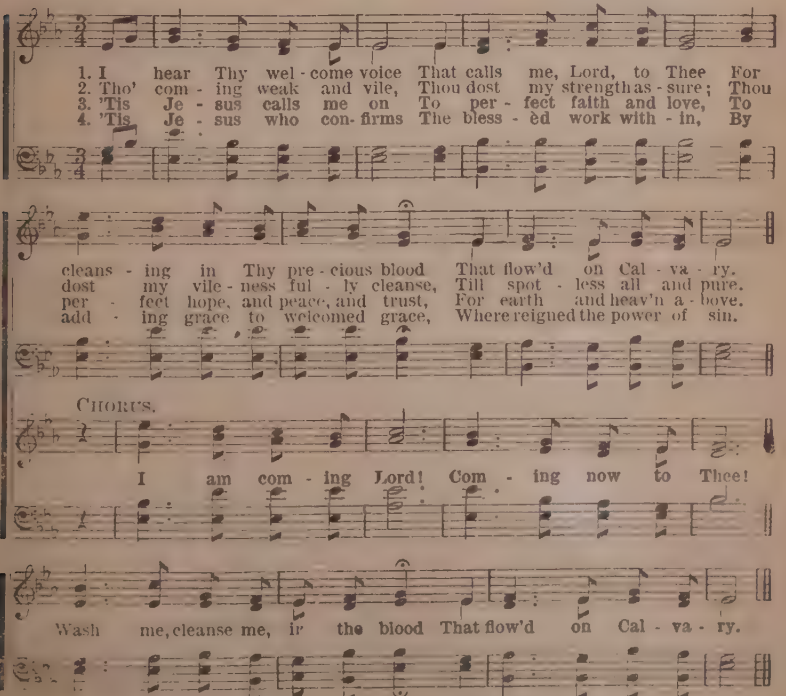
By per. J. Church Co. owners of copyright.

My Prayer.—Concluded.

More faith in my Sav - iour, More sense of His care;
More tears for His sor - rows, More pain at His grief;
More fit for the king - dom, More used would I 'be;
Rit.
More joy in His ser - vice, More pur - pose in prayer.
More meek-ness in tri - al, More praise for re - lief.
More bless - ed and ho - ly, More, Sav - iour, like Thee.

No. 179. I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

L. H. LEWIS HARTSOUGH.


1. I hear Thy wel - come voice That calls me, Lord, to Thee For
2. Tho' com - ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as - sure; Thou
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per - fect faith and love, To
4. 'Tis Je - sus who con - firms The bless - èd work with - in, By
cleans - ing in Thy pre - cious blood That flow'd on Cal - va - ry.
dost my vile - ness ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all and pure.
per - fect hope, and peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a - bove.
add - ing grace to welcomed grace, Where reigned the power of sin.
CHORUS.
I am com - ing Lord! Com - ing now to Thee!
Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flow'd on Cal - va - ry.

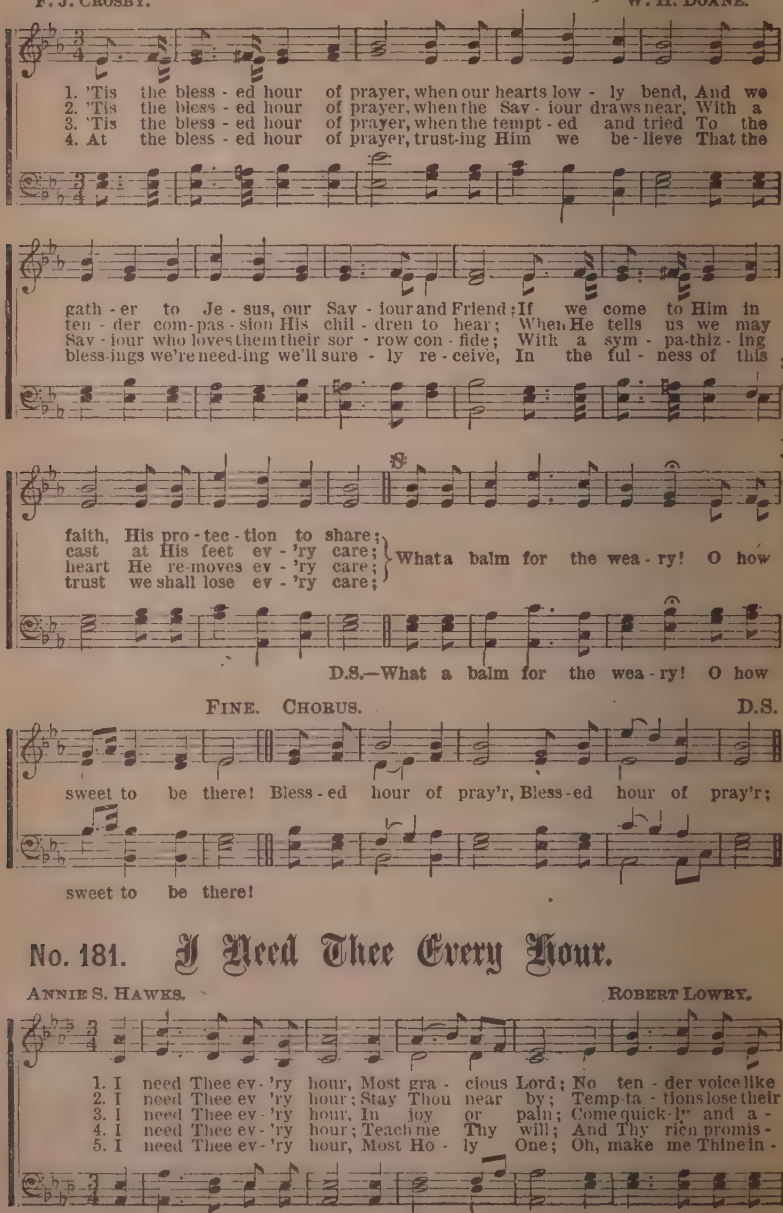
By per. Philip Phillips owner of the copyright.

5 And He the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

6 All hail, atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the Gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness!

No. 180. 'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.

F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when our hearts low - ly bend, And we
2. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when the Sav - iour draws near, With a
3. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when the tempt - ed and tried To the
4. At the bless - ed hour of prayer, trust-ing Him we be - lieve That the
gath - er to Je - sus, our Sav - iour and Friend; If we come to Him in
ten - der com-pas - sion His chil - dren to hear; When He tells us we may
Sav - iour who loves them their sor - row con - fide; With a sym - pa-thiz - ing
bless-ings we're need-ing we'll sure - ly re - ceive, In the ful - ness of this
faith, His pro - tec - tion to share;
cast at His feet ev - 'ry care;
heart He re-moves ev - 'ry care;
trust we shall lose ev - 'ry care;
What a balm for the wea - ry! O how
D.S.—What a balm for the wea - ry! O how
FINE. CHORUS. D.S.
sweet to be there! Bless - ed hour of pray'r, Bless - ed hour of pray'r;
sweet to be there!

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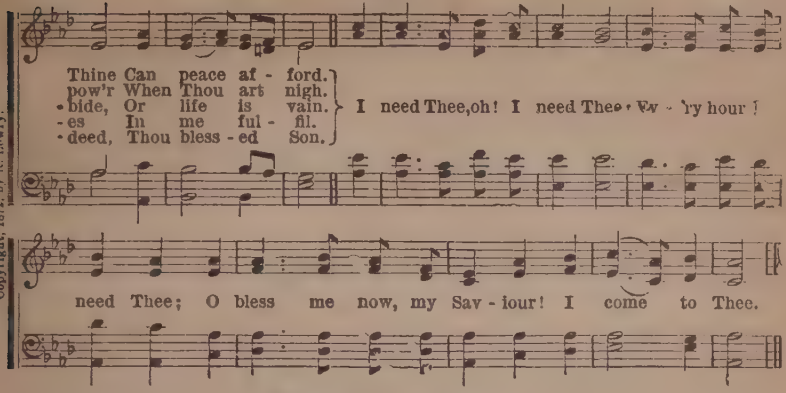
No. 181. I Need Thee Every Hour.

ANNIE S. HAWKS. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like
2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour; Stay Thou near by; Temp-ta - tions lose their
3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick-ly and a -
4. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour; Teach me Thy will; And Thy rich promis -
5. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; Oh, make me Thine in -

I Need Thee Every Hour.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.


Thine Can peace af - ford.
pow'r When Thou art nigh.
-bide, Or life is vain.
-es In me ful - fil.
-deed, Thou bless - ed Son.
I need Thee, oh! I need Thee ev - 'ry hour!
need Thee; O bless me now, my Sav - iour! I come to Thee.

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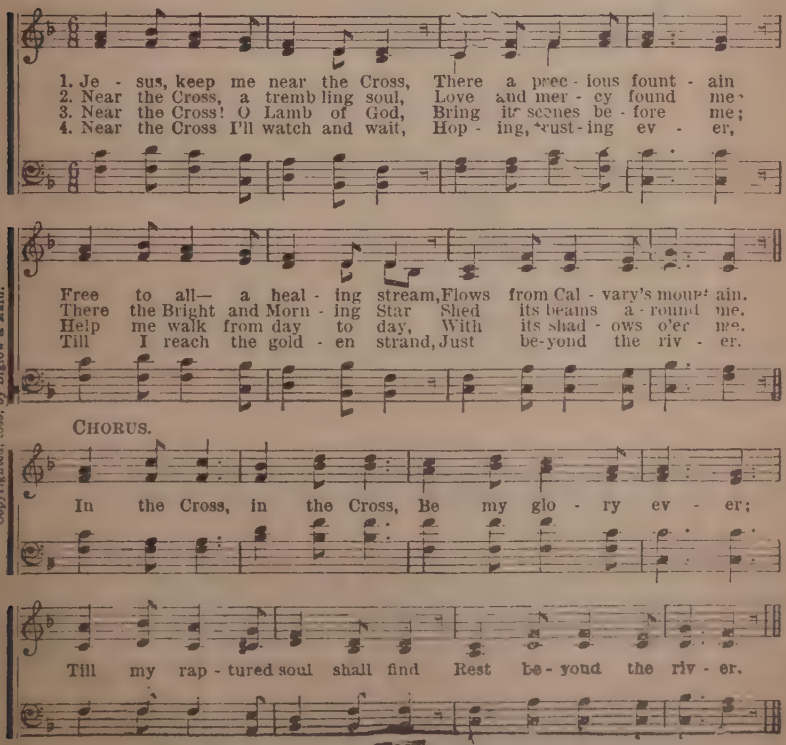
No. 182. Near the Cross.

F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. Je - sus, keep me near the Cross, There a prec - ious fount - ain
2. Near the Cross, a tremb - ling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;
3. Near the Cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me;
4. Near the Cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust - ing ev - er,
Free to all— a heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal - vary's mount - ain.
There the Bright and Morn - ing Star Shed its beams a - round me.
Help me walk from day to day, With its shad - ows o'er me.
Till I reach the gold - en strand, Just be - yond the riv - er.
CHORUS.
In the Cross, in the Cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er;
Till my rap - tured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.

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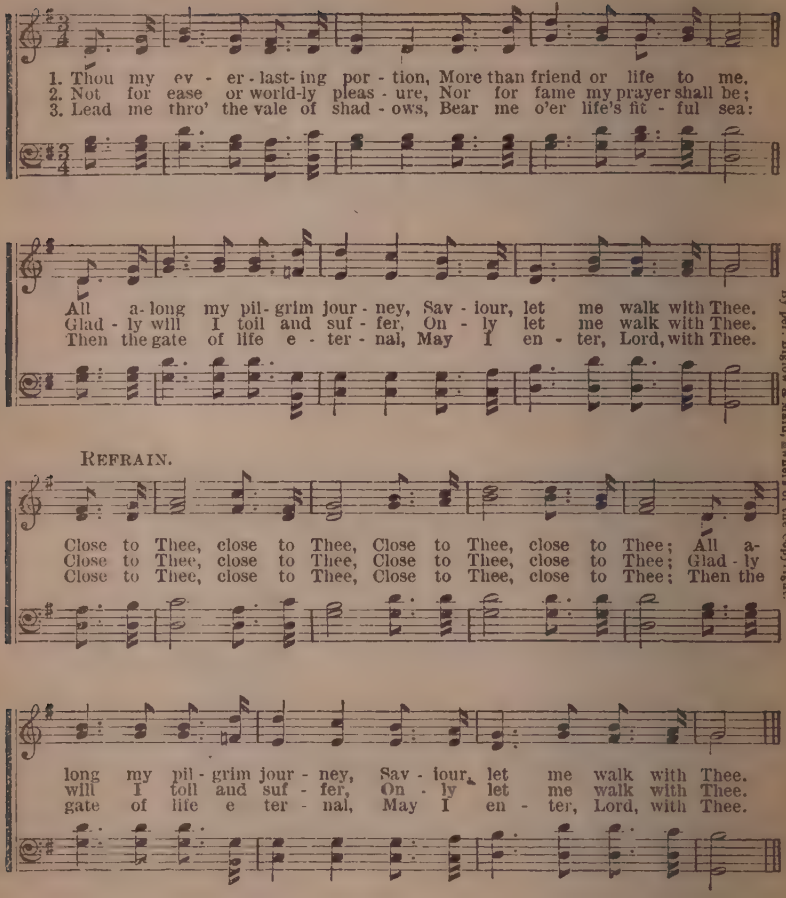
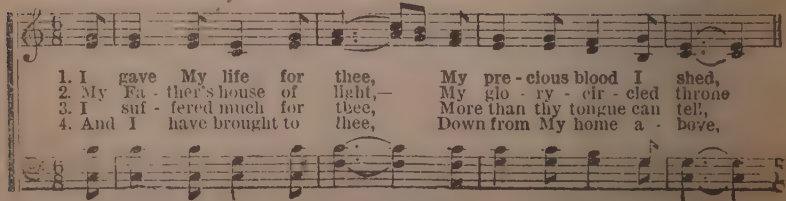
No. 183. Close to Thee.

F. J. CROSBY. S. J. VAIL.

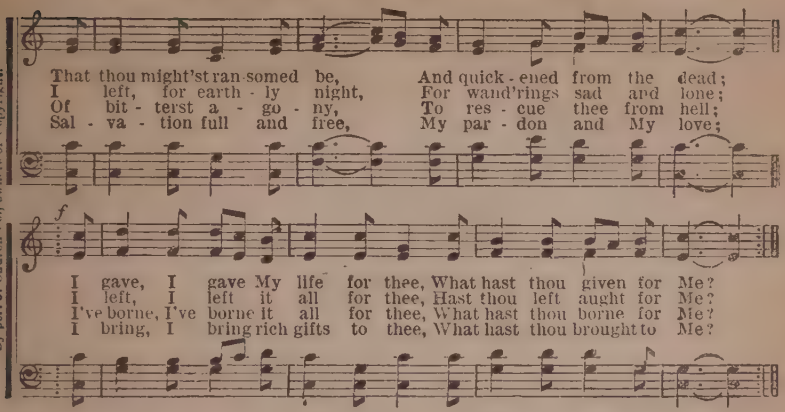

1. Thou my ev - er - last-ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me.
2. Not for ease or world-ly pleas - ure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad - ows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea:
All a-long my pil- grim jour - ney, Sav - iour, let me walk with Thee.
Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
Then the gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.
By per. Biglow & Main, owners of the Copyright.
REFRAIN.
Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee; All a-
Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee; Glad - ly
Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee; Then the
long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - iour, let me walk with Thee.
will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
gate of life e ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.

No. 184. I Gave My Life for Thee.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. P. P. BLISS.


1. I gave My life for thee, My pre - cious blood I shed,
2. My Fa - ther's house of light,— My glo - ry - cir - cled throne
3. I suf - fered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell,
4. And I have brought to thee, Down from My home a - bove,

I Gave My Life for Thee.—Concluded.

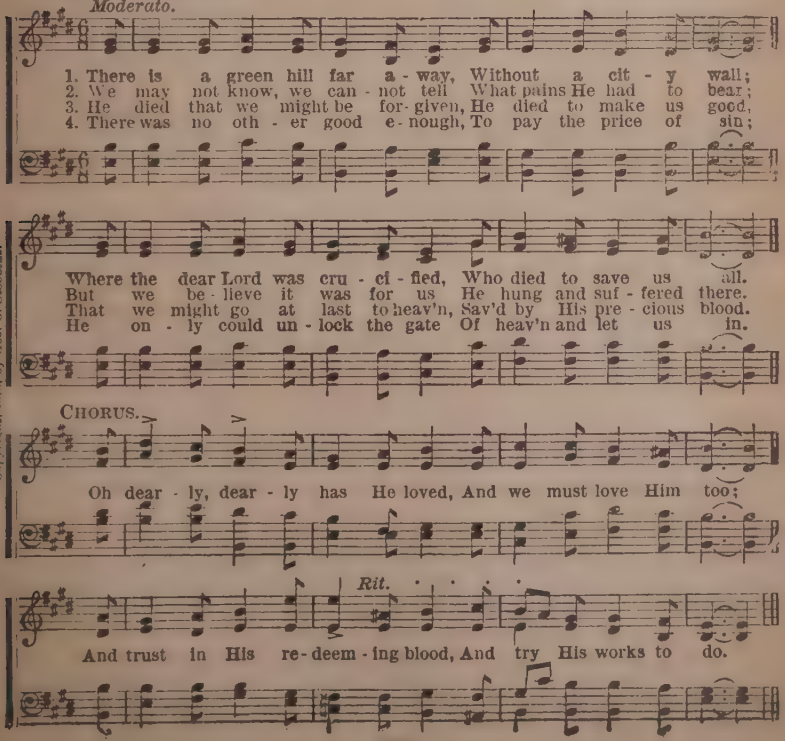

That thou might'st ran-somed be, And quick-ened from the dead;
I left, for earth-ly night, For wand'rings sad and lone;
Of bit-terst a-go-ny, To res-cue thee from hell;
Sal-va-tion full and free, My par-don and My love;
I gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou given for Me?
I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to Me?

By per. J. Church Co., owners of Copyright.

No. 185. There is a Green Hill far away.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

Moderato.


1. There is a green hill far a-way, Without a cit-y wall;
2. We may not know, we can-not tell What pains He had to bear;
3. He died that we might be for-given, He died to make us good,
4. There was no oth-er good e-nough, To pay the price of sin;
Where the dear Lord was cru-ci-fied, Who died to save us all.
But we be-lieve it was for us He hung and suf-fered there.
That we might go at last to heav'n, Sav'd by His pre-cious blood.
He on-ly could un-lock the gate Of heav'n and let us in.
CHORUS.
Oh dear-ly, dear-ly has He loved, And we must love Him too;
Rit.
And trust in His re-deem-ing blood, And try His works to do.

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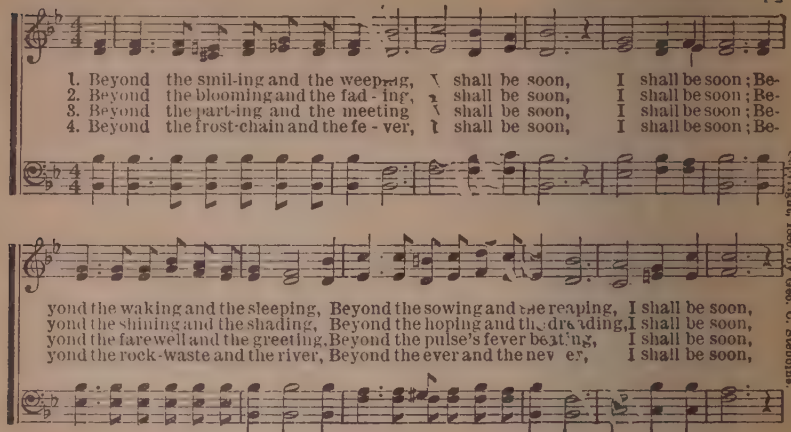
No. 186. Beyond the Wailing and the Weeping.

HORATIUS BONAR. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Beyond the smil-ing and the weep-ing, I shall be soon, I shall be soon; Be-
2. Beyond the blooming and the fad-ing, I shall be soon, I shall be soon; Be-
3. Beyond the part-ing and the meeting I shall be soon, I shall be soon; Be-
4. Beyond the frost-chain and the fe-ver, I shall be soon, I shall be soon; Be-
yond the waking and the sleeping, Beyond the sowing and the reaping, I shall be soon,
yond the shining and the shading, Beyond the hoping and the dreading, I shall be soon,
yond the farewell and the greeting, Beyond the pulse's fever beating, I shall be soon,
yond the rock-waste and the river, Beyond the ever and the never, I shall be soon,

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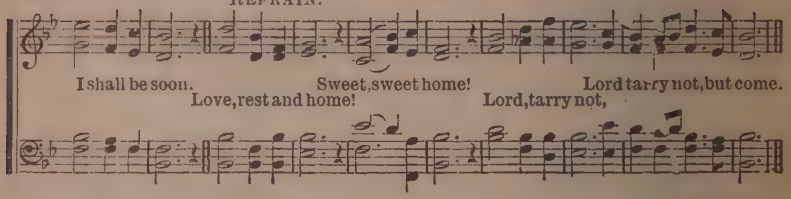
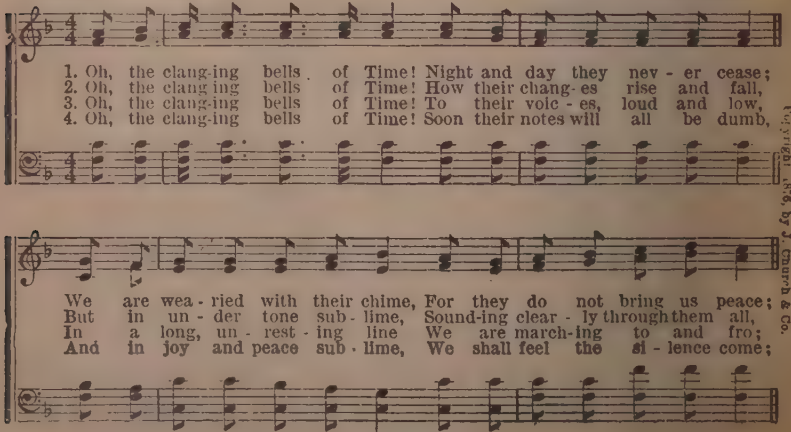
REFRAIN.



No. 187. Eternity.

ELLEN M. H. GATES. P. P. BLISS.


1. Oh, the clang-ing bells of Time! Night and day they nev-er cease;
2. Oh, the clang-ing bells of Time! How their chang-es rise and fall,
3. Oh, the clang-ing bells of Time! To their voic-es, loud and low,
4. Oh, the clang-ing bells of Time! Soon their notes will all be dumb,
We are wea-ried with their chime, For they do not bring us peace;
But in un-der tone sub-lime, Sound-ing clear-ly through them all,
In a long, un-rest-ing line We are march-ing to and fro;
And in joy and peace sub-lime, We shall feel the si-lence come;

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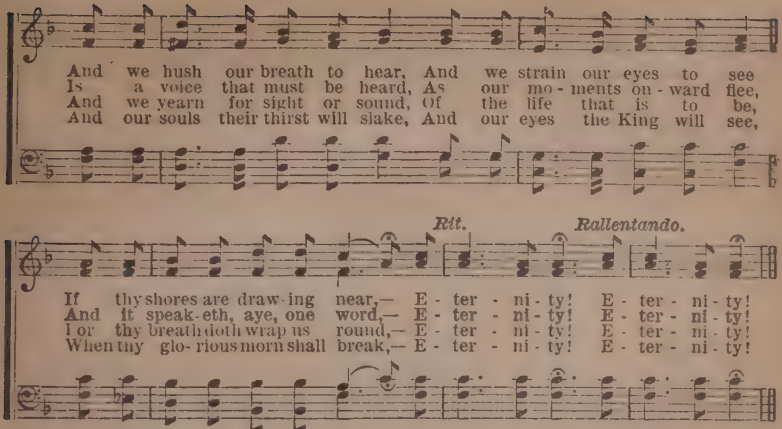
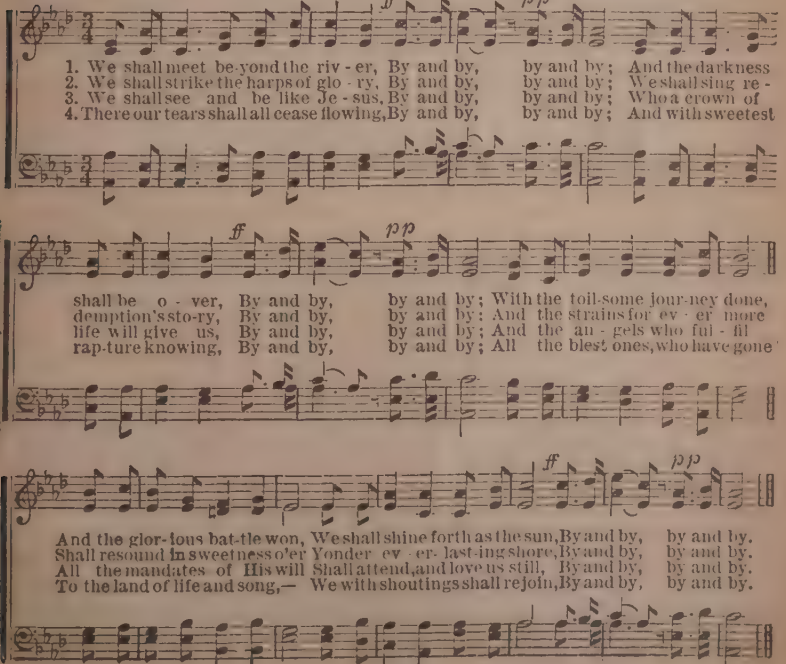

And we hush our breath to hear, And we strain our eyes to see
Is a voice that must be heard, As our mo-ments on-ward flee,
And we yearn for sight or sound, Of the life that is to be,
And our souls their thirst will slake, And our eyes the King will see,
Rit.
Rallentando.
If thy shores are draw-ing near,— E-ter-ni-ty! E-ter-ni-ty!
And it speak-eth, aye, one word,— E-ter-ni-ty! E-ter-ni-ty!
For thy breath doth wrap us round,— E-ter-ni-ty! E-ter-ni-ty!
When thy glo-rious morn shall break,— E-ter-ni-ty! E-ter-ni-ty!

No. 188. We Shall Meet, By and By.

JOHN ATKINSON. HUBERT P. MAIN.


ff
pp
1. We shall meet be-yond the riv-er, By and by, by and by; And the darkness
2. We shall strike the harps of glo-ry, By and by, by and by; We shall sing re-
3. We shall see and be like Je-sus, By and by, by and by; Who a crown of
4. There our tears shall all cease flowing, By and by, by and by; And with sweetest
shall be o-ver, By and by, by and by; With the toil-some jour-ney done,
demption's sto-ry, By and by, by and by; And the strains for ev-er more
life will give us, By and by, by and by; And the an-gels who fol-fil
rap-ture knowing, By and by, by and by; All the blest ones, who have gone
And the glor-ious bat-tle won, We shall shine forth as the sun, By and by, by and by.
Shall resound in sweetness o'er Yonder ev-er-last-ing shore, By and by, by and by.
All the mandates of His will Shall attend, and love us still, By and by, by and by.
To the land of life and song,— We with shoutings shall rejoin, By and by, by and by.

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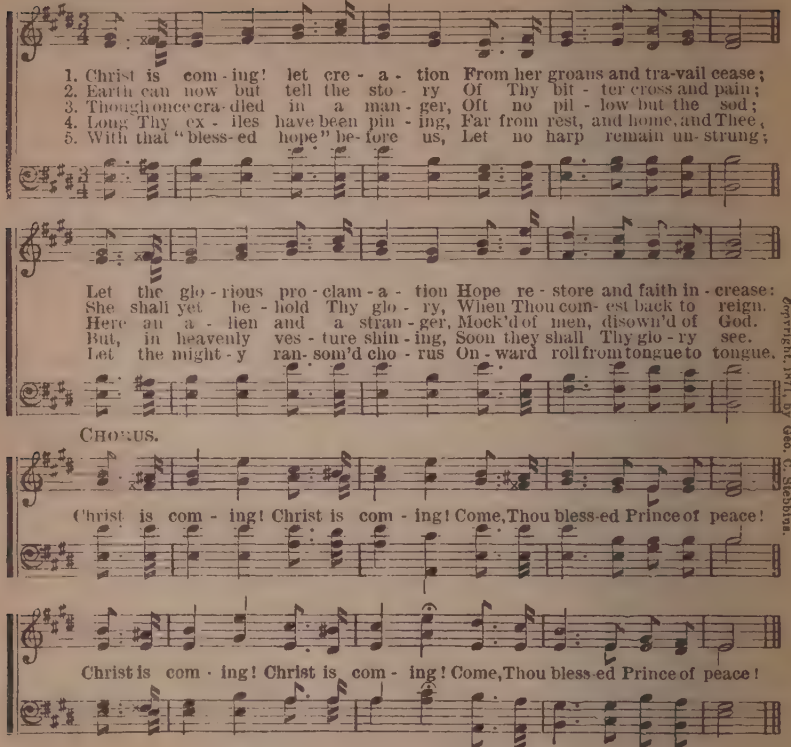
No. 189. Christ is Coming.

J. R. MACDUFF. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Christ is com-ing! let cre-a-tion From her groans and tra-vail cease;
2. Earth can now but tell the sto-ry Of Thy bit-ter cross and pain;
3. Though once cra-dled in a man-ger, Oft no pil-low but the sod;
4. Long Thy ex-iles have been pin-ing, Far from rest, and home, and Thee,
5. With that "bless-ed hope" be-fore us, Let no harp remain un-strung;
Let the glo-rious pro-clam-a-tion Hope re-store and faith in-crease:
She shall yet be-hold Thy glo-ry, When Thou com-est back to reign.
Here an a-lien and a stran-ger, Mock'd of men, disown'd of God.
But, in heavenly ves-ture shin-ing, Soon they shall Thy glo-ry see.
Let the might-y ran-som'd cho-rus On-ward roll from tongue to tongue,
CHORUS.
Christ is com-ing! Christ is com-ing! Come, Thou bless-ed Prince of peace!
Christ is com-ing! Christ is com-ing! Come, Thou bless-ed Prince of peace!

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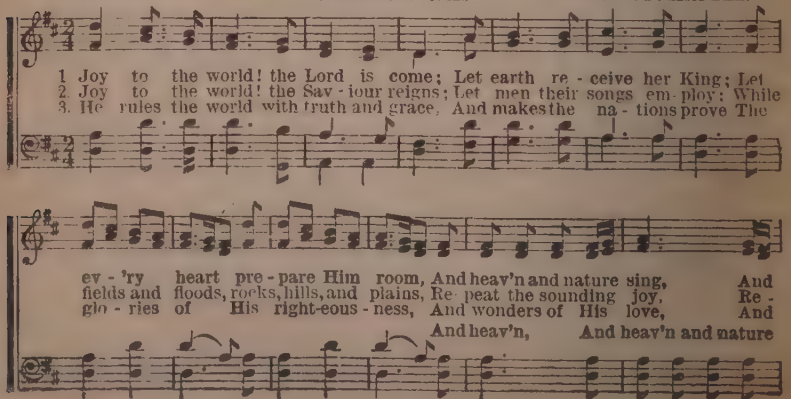
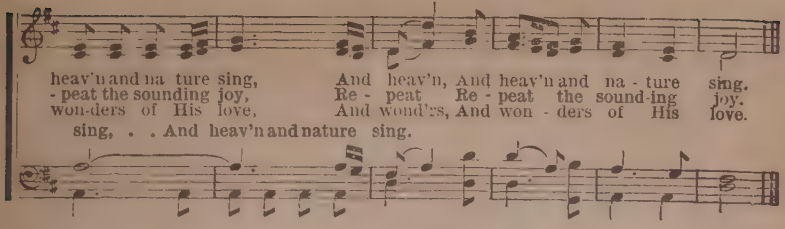
No. 190. Joy to the World.

I. WATTS. (ANTIOCH. C. M.) Arr. fr GEO. F. HANDEL.

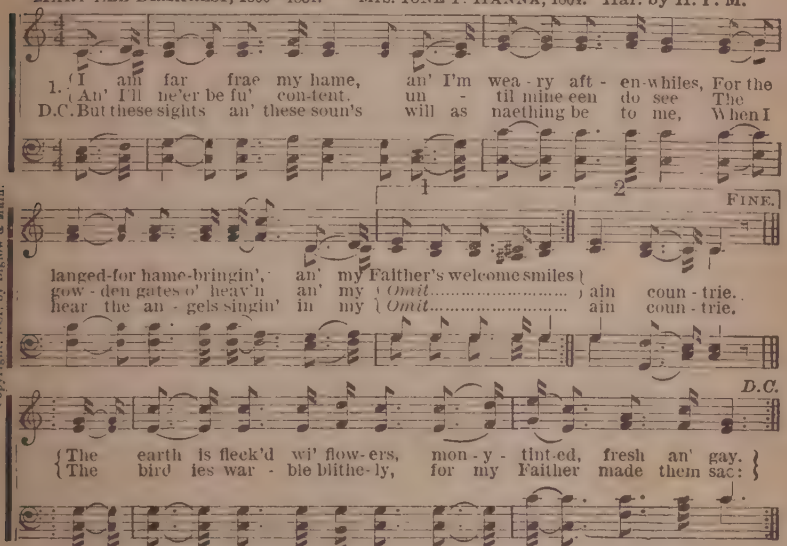

1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King; Let
2 Joy to the world! the Sav-iour reigns; Let men their songs em-ploy; While
3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions prove The
ev-'ry heart pre-pare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And
fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains, Re-peat the sounding joy, Re-
glo-ries of His right-eous-ness, And wonders of His love, And
And heav'n, And heav'n and nature

Joy to the World.—Concluded.


heav'n and na ture sing, And heav'n, And heav'n and na - ture sing.
- peat the sounding joy, Re - peat Re - peat the sound-ing joy.
won-ders of His love, And wond'rs, And won - ders of His love.
sing, . . And heav'n and nature sing.

No. 191. My Ain Countrie.

MARY LEE DEMAREST, 1860—1881. Mrs. IONE T. HANNA, 1864. Har. by H. P. M.


1. I am far frae my hame, an' I'm wea - ry aft - en-whiles, For the
(An' I'll ne'er be fu' con-tent. un - til mine een do see The
D.C. But these sights an' these soun's will as naething be to me, When I
1
2
FINE.
langed-for hame-bringin', an' my Faither's welcome smiles
gow - den gates o' heav'n an' my (Omit) ain coun - trie.
hear the an - gels singin' in my (Omit) ain coun - trie.
D.C.
The earth is fleck'd wi' flow-ers, mon - y - tint-ed, fresh an' gay.
The bird ies war - ble blithe-ly, for my Faither made them sae:

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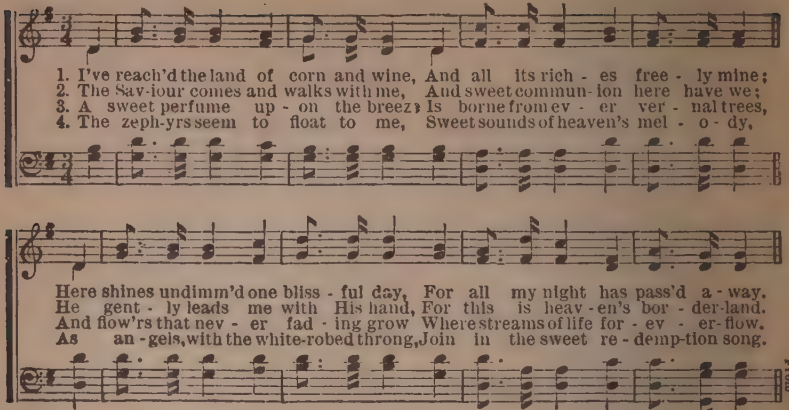
2 I've His gude word o' promise that some gladsome day, the King
To His ain royal palace His banished hame will bring;
Wi' een an' wi' hert rinnin' ower, we shall see
The King in His beauty, in oor ain countrie.
My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been sair,
But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair
For His bluid has made me white, and His han' shall dry my e'e,
When He brings me hame at last, to my ain countrie.

3 Sae little noo I ken, o' yon blessed, bonnie place,
I only ken it's Hame, whaur we shall see His face;
It wad surely be eneuch for ever mair to be
In the glory o' His presence, in oor ain countrie.
Like a bairn to his mither, a wee birdie to its nest,
I wad fain be gangin' noo, unto my Saviour's breast,
For He gathers in His bosom witless, worthless lambs like me,
An' carries them Himsel', to His ain countrie.

4 He is faithfu' that hath promised, an' He'll surely come again,
He'll keep His tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken;
But He bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be,
To gang at ony moment to my ain countrie.
Sae I'm watching aye, and singin' o' my hame, as I wait
For the soun'ing o' His footfa' this side the gowden gate;
God gie His grace to ilka ane wha' listens noo to me,
That we a' may gang in gladness to oor ain countrie.

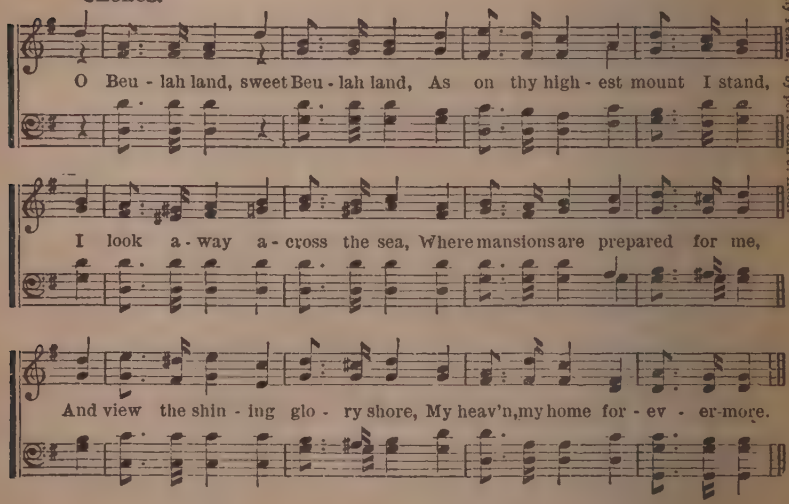
No. 192. Beulah Land.

E. P. STITES. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. I've reach'd the land of corn and wine, And all its rich - es free - ly mine;
2. The Sav-iour comes and walks with me, And sweet commun-ion here have we;
3. A sweet perfume up - on the breeze Is borne from ev - er ver - nal trees,
4. The zeph-yrs seem to float to me, Sweet sounds of heaven's mel - o - dy,
Here shines undimm'd one bliss - ful day, For all my night has pass'd a - way.
He gent - ly leads me with His hand, For this is heav-en's bor - der-land.
And flow'rs that nev - er fad - ing grow Where streams of life for - ev - er-flow.
As an - gels, with the white-robed throng, Join in the sweet re - demp-tion song.

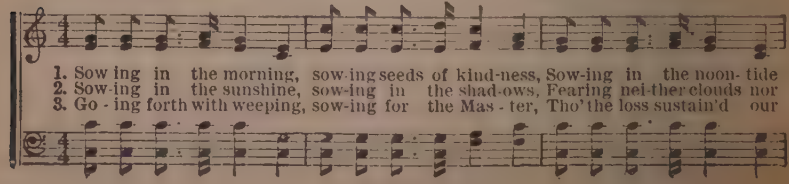
From "Goodly Pearls," by per. John J. Hood.

CHORUS.

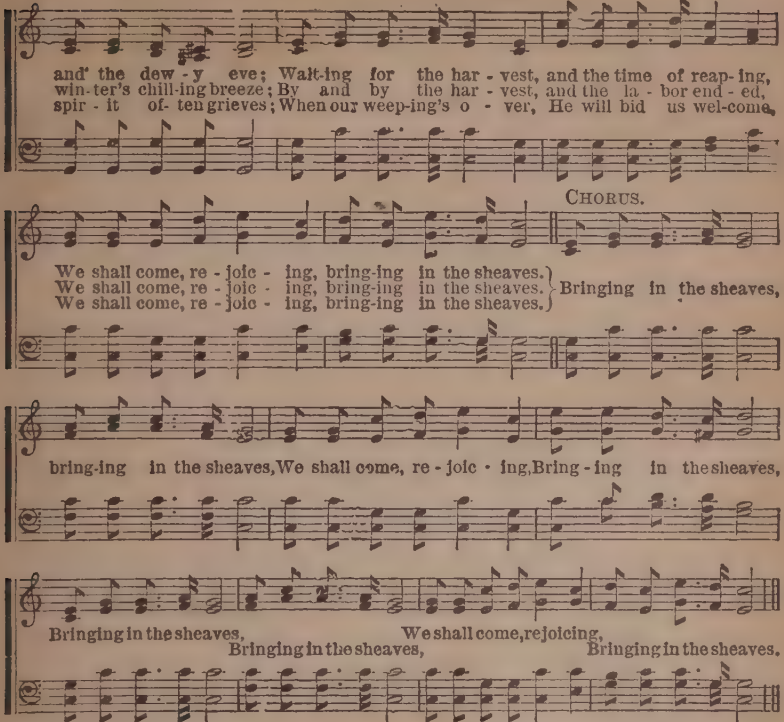

O Beu - lah land, sweet Beu - lah land, As on thy high - est mount I stand,
I look a - way a - cross the sea, Where mansions are prepared for me,
And view the shin - ing glo - ry shore, My heav'n, my home for - ev - er-more.

No. 193. Bringing in the Sheaves.

KNOWLES SHAW. GEORGE A. MINOR, by per.

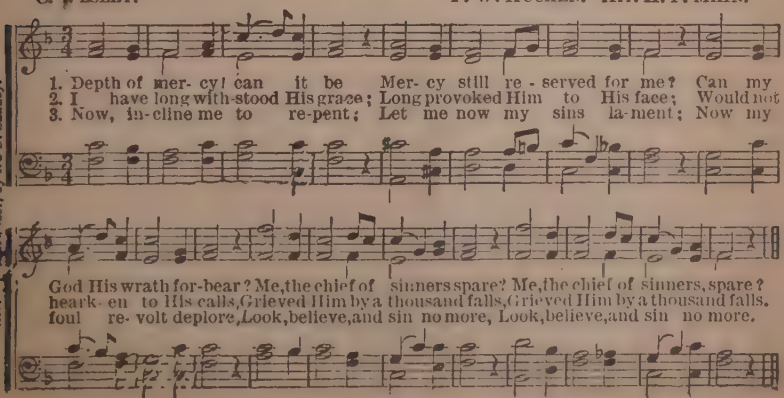

1. Sow ing in the morning, sow-ing seeds of kind-ness, Sow-ing in the noon- tide
2. Sow-ing in the sunshine, sow-ing in the shad-ows, Fearing nei-ther clouds nor
3. Go - ing forth with weeping, sow-ing for the Mas - ter, Tho' the loss sustain'd our

Bringing in the Sheaves.—Concluded.


and the dew - y eve; Wait-ing for the har - vest, and the time of reap-ing,
win-ter's chill-ing breeze; By and by the har - vest, and the la - bor end - ed,
spir - it of- ten grieves; When our weep-ing's o - ver, He will bid us wel-come,
CHORUS.
We shall come, re - joic - ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
We shall come, re - joic - ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
We shall come, re - joic - ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
Bringing in the sheaves,
bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall come, re - joic - ing, Bring - ing in the sheaves,
Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, rejoicing,
Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves.

No. 194. Depth of Mercy.

C. WESLEY. F. W. KÜCKEN. Arr. H. P. MAIN.


1. Depth of mer- cy! can it be Mer- cy still re - served for me? Can my
2. I have long with-stood His grace; Long provoked Him to His face; Would not
3. Now, in- cline me to re-pent; Let me now my sins la-ment; Now my
God His wrath for-bear? Me, the chief of sinners spare? Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
heark- en to His calls, Grieved Him by a thousand falls, Grieved Him by a thousand falls.
foul re- volt deplore, Look, believe, and sin no more, Look, believe, and sin no more.

Arr. ... 1887, by Ira D. Sankey.

No. 195. The Crowning Day.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Our Lord is now re - ject - ed, And by the world disowned,
2. The heav'ns shall glow with splen - dor, But bright-er far than they
3. Our pain shall then be o - ver, We'll sin and sigh no more,
4. Let all that look for, has - ten The com - ing joy - ful day,
By the *ma - ny* still ne - glect - ed, And by the *few* en-throned,
The saints shall shine in glo - ry, As Christ shall them ar - ray,
Be - hind us all of sor - row, And naught but joy be - fore,
By ear - nest con - se - cra - tion, To walk the nar - row way.
But soon He'll come in glo - ry, The hour is draw - ing nigh,
The beau - ty of the Sav - iour, Shall daz - zle ev - 'ry eye,
A joy in our Re - deem - er. As we to Him are nigh,
By gath-'ring in the lost ones, For whom our Lord did die,
For the crown - ing day is com - ing by and by.
In the crown - ing day that's com - ing by and by.
In the crown - ing day that's com - ing by and by.
For the crown - ing day that's com - ing by and by.
CHORUS.
Oh, the crown-ing day is com - ing, Is com - ing by and by,
When our Lord shall come in "pow - er," And "glo - ry" from on high.

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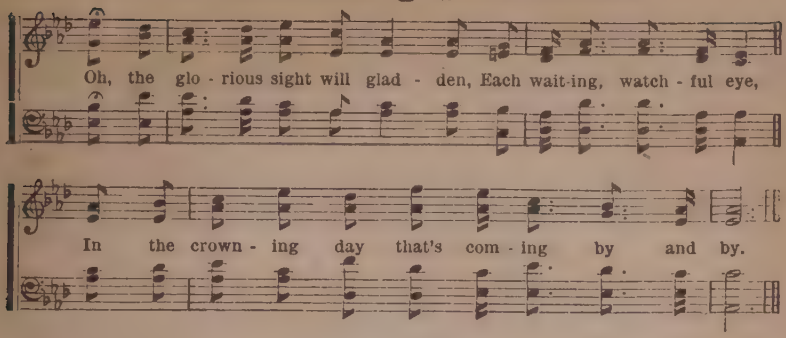
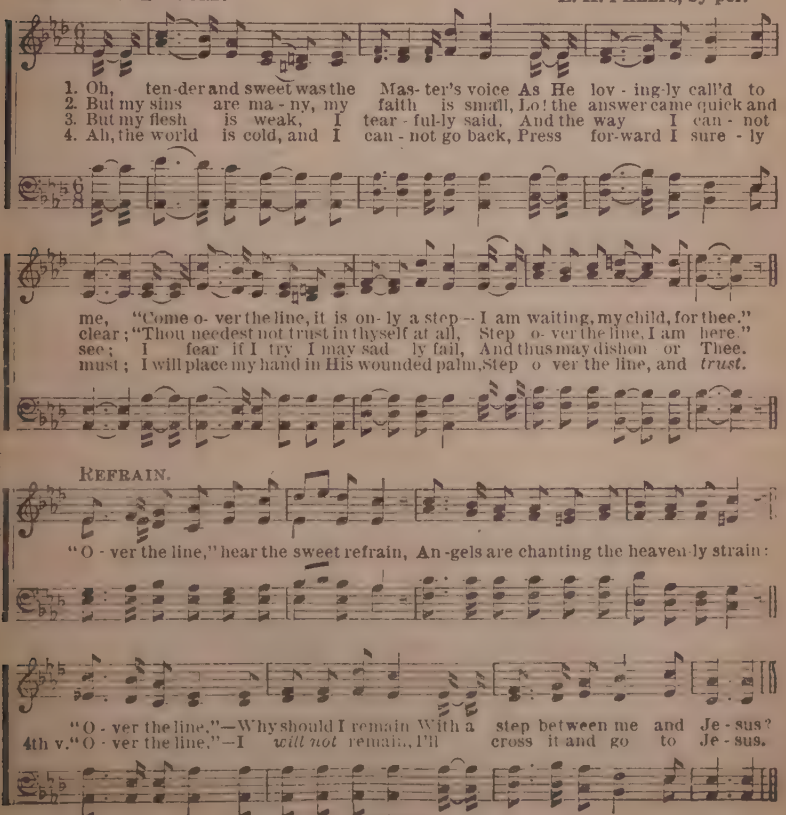
The Crowning Day—Concluded.



No. 196. Over the Line.

ELLEN K. BRADFORD. E. H. PHELPS, by per.


1. Oh, ten-der and sweet was the Mas-ter's voice As He lov - ing-ly call'd to
2. But my sins are ma - ny, my faith is small, Lo! the answer came quick and
3. But my flesh is weak, I tear - ful-ly said, And the way I can - not
4. Ah, the world is cold, and I can - not go back, Press for-ward I sure - ly
me, "Come o- ver the line, it is on- ly a step – I am waiting, my child, for thee."
clear; "Thou needest not trust in thyself at all, Step o- ver the line, I am here."
see; I fear if I try I may sad ly fail, And thus may dishon or Thee.
must; I will place my hand in His wounded palm, Step o ver the line, and trust.
REFRAIN.
"O - ver the line," hear the sweet refrain, An-gels are chanting the heaven-ly strain:
"O - ver the line."—Why should I remain With a step between me and Je - sus?
4th v. "O - ver the line."—I will not remain, I'll cross it and go to Je - sus.

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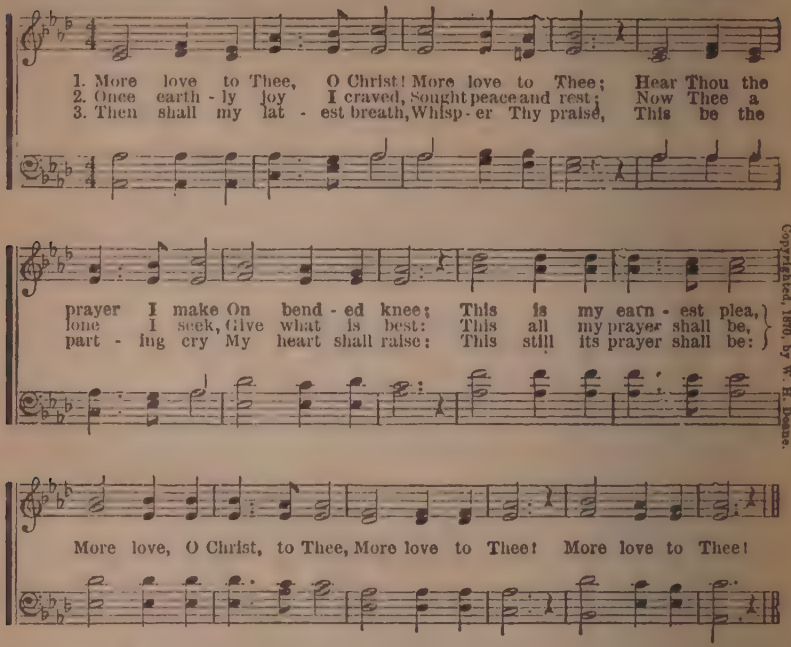
No. 197. More Love to Thee.

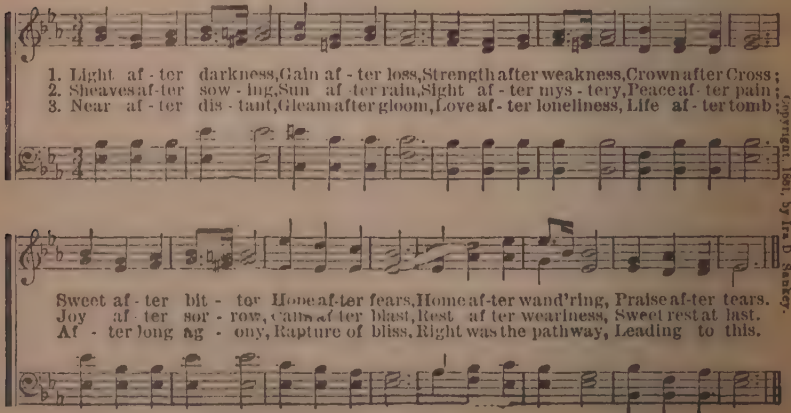
ELIZABETH PRENTISS. W. H. DOANE.


1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee; Hear Thou the
2. Once earth - ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a
3. Then shall my lat - est breath, Whisp - er Thy praise, This be the
prayer I make On bend - ed knee; This is my earn - est plea,
lone I seek, Give what is best: This all my prayer shall be,
part - ing cry My heart shall raise: This still its prayer shall be:
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!

Copyrighted, 1870, by W. H. Doane.

No. 198. Light after Darkness.

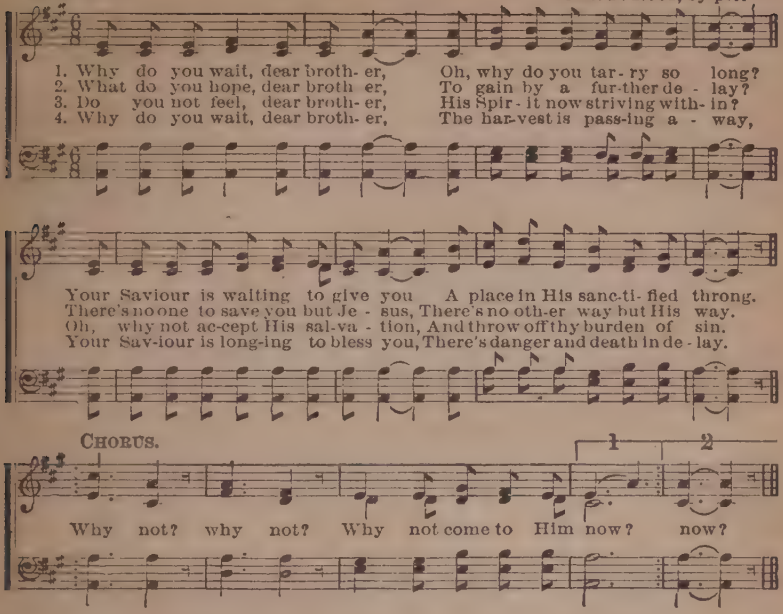
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Light af - ter darkness, Gain af - ter loss, Strength after weakness, Crown after Cross;
2. Sheaves af - ter sow - ing, Sun af - ter rain, Sight af - ter mys - tery, Peace af - ter pain;
3. Near af - ter dis - tant, Gleam after gloom, Love af - ter loneliness, Life af - ter tomb;
Sweet af - ter bit - ter Home af-ter fears, Home af-ter wand'ring, Praise af-ter tears.
Joy af - ter sor - row, Calm af-ter blast, Rest af ter weariness, Sweet rest at last.
Af - ter long ag - ony, Rapture of bliss, Right was the pathway, Leading to this.

Copyright, 1881, by Ira D. Sankey.

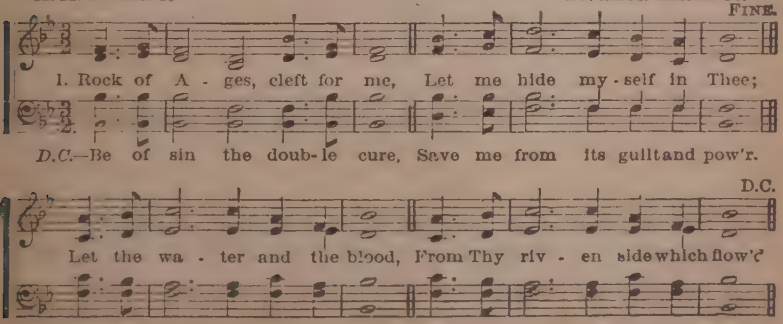
No. 199. Why do You Wait?

G. F. R. GEO. F. ROOT, by per.


1. Why do you wait, dear broth- er, Oh, why do you tar- ry so long?
2. What do you hope, dear broth er, To gain by a fur-ther de - lay?
3. Do you not feel, dear broth- er, His Spir - it now striving with- in?
4. Why do you wait, dear broth- er, The har-vest is pass-ing a - way,
Your Saviour is waiting to give you A place in His sanc-ti- fied throng.
There's no one to save you but Je - sus, There's no oth-er way but His way.
Oh, why not ac-cept His sal-va - tion, And throw off thy burden of sin.
Your Sav-iour is long-ing to bless you, There's danger and death in de - lay.
CHORUS.
1
2
Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now? now?

No. 200. Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY. DR. THOS. HASTINGS.


FINE.
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
D.C.—Be of sin the doub- le cure, Save me from its guilt and pow'r.
D.C.
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flow'd

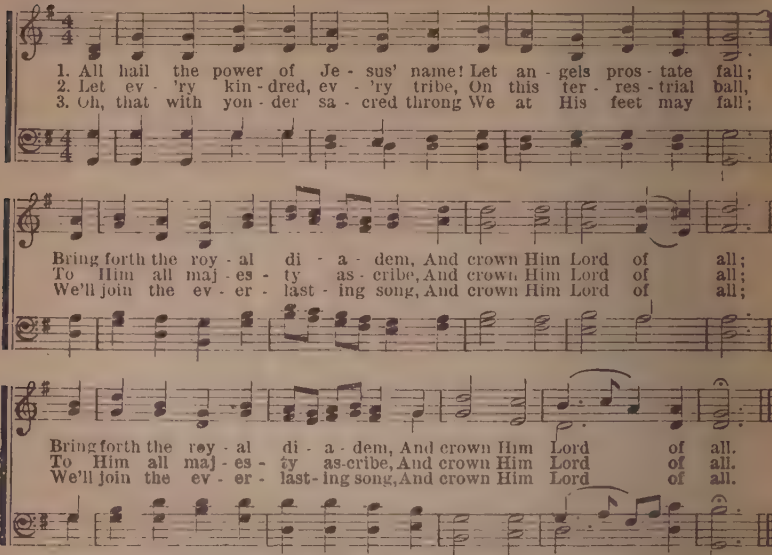
2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress.
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 201. All Hail the Power.

E. PERRONET. (CORONATION. C.M.) OLIVER HOLDEN.


1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
2. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
3. Oh, that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 202. O for a Thousand Tongues.

1 O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.

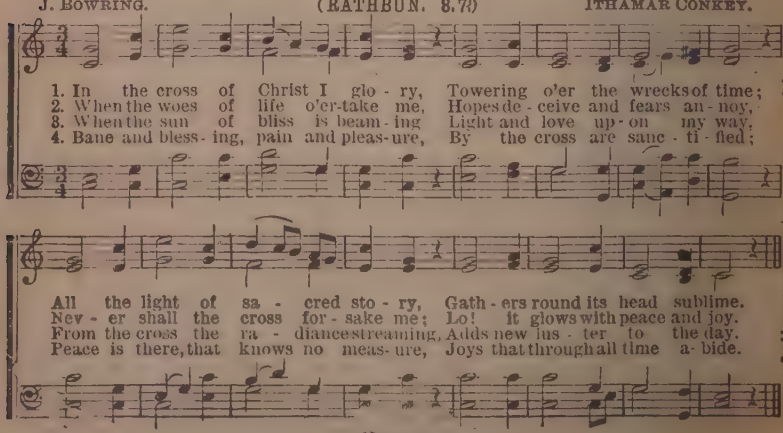
2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim —
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy Name.

3 Jesus! the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avail'd for me. C. WESLEY.

No. 203. In the Cross of Christ.

J. BOWRING. (RATHBUN. 8.7.) ITHAMAR CONKEY.


1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de - ceive and fears an - noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beam - ing Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bane and bless - ing, pain and pleas - ure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry, Gath - ers round its head sublime.
Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the ra - diance streaming, Adds new lus - ter to the day.
Peace is there, that knows no meas - ure, Joys that through all time a - bide.

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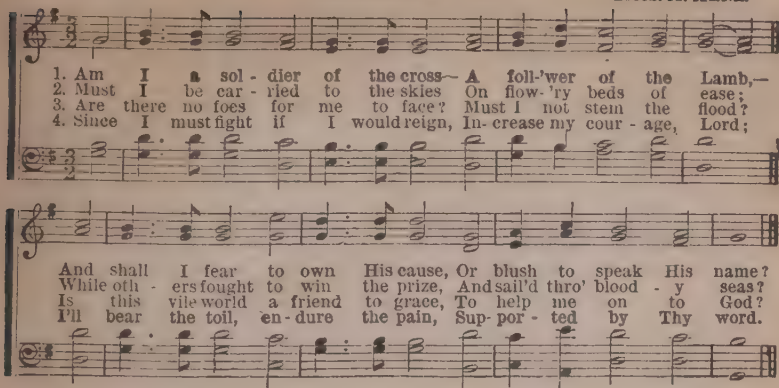
No. 204. Am I a Soldier.

ISAAC WATTS. (ARLINGTON. C.M.) THOS. A. ARNE.


1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross— A foll-'wer of the Lamb,—
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow-'ry beds of ease;
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Since I must fight if I would reign, In- crease my cour - age, Lord;
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sail'd thro' blood - y seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup- por - ted by Thy word.

No. 205. Awake, my Soul.

1 Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

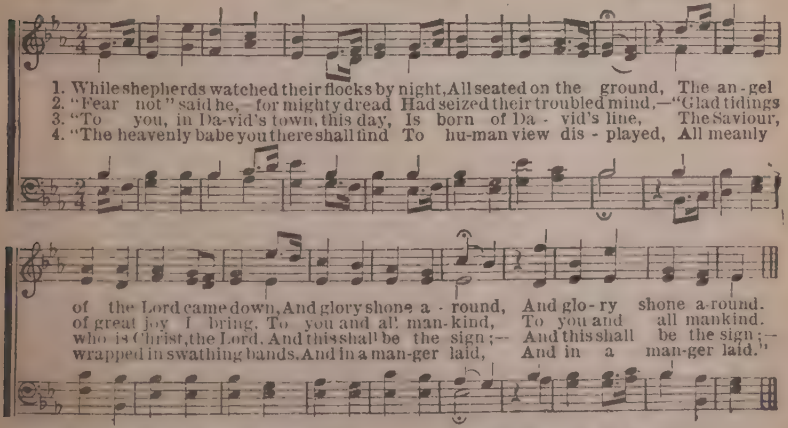
3 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high,
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

P. DODDRIDGE.

No. 206. While Shepherds Watched.

N. TATE. (CHRISTMAS. C.M.) G. F. HANDEL.

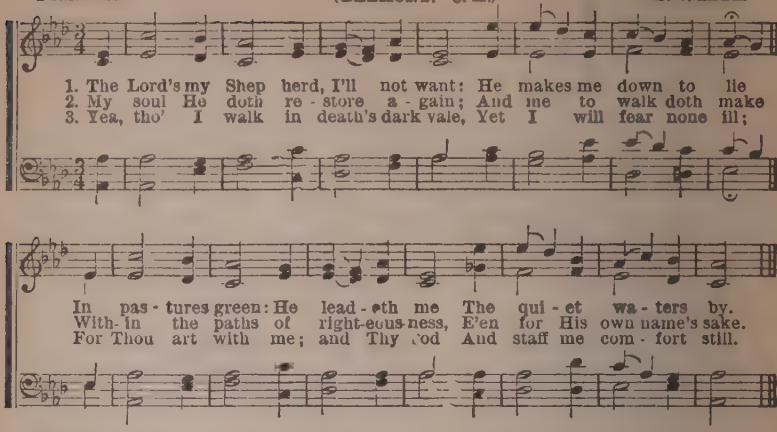

1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seated on the ground, The an - gel
2. "Fear not" said he,—for mighty dread Had seized their troubled mind,—"Glad tidings
3. "To you, in Da-vid's town, this day, Is born of Da - vid's line, The Saviour,
4. "The heavenly babe you there shall find To hu-man view dis - played, All meanly
of the Lord came down, And glory shone a - round, And glo - ry shone a-round.
of great joy I bring, To you and all man-kind, To you and all mankind.
who is Christ, the Lord. And this shall be the sign;— And this shall be the sign;—
wrapped in swathing bands, And in a man-ger laid, And in a man-ger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph—and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:—

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease!"

No. 207. The Lord's My Shepherd.

Psalm 23. (BELMONT. C. M.) S. WEBBE.


1. The Lord's my Shep herd, I'll not want: He makes me down to lie
2. My soul He doth re - store a - gain; And me to walk doth make
3. Yea, tho' I walk in death's dark vale, Yet I will fear none ill;
In pas - tures green: He lead - eth me The qui - et wa - ters by.
With- in the paths of right-eous-ness, E'en for His own name's sake.
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod And staff me com - fort still.

4 My table Thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

No. 208. Come, Holy Spirit. C. M.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove!
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look! how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys!
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs;
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate—
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove!
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's Love,
And that shall kindle ours.

ISAAC WATTS.

No. 209. Must Jesus bear. C. M.

1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

2 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

3 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear name repeat.

4 Oh, precious cross! oh, glorious crown!
Oh, resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

T. SHEPHERD, *alt.*

No. 210. I heard the voice. C. M.

1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast."

2 I came to Jesus as I was—
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold I freely give
The living water—thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."

4 I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quench'd, my soul revived
And now I live in Him.

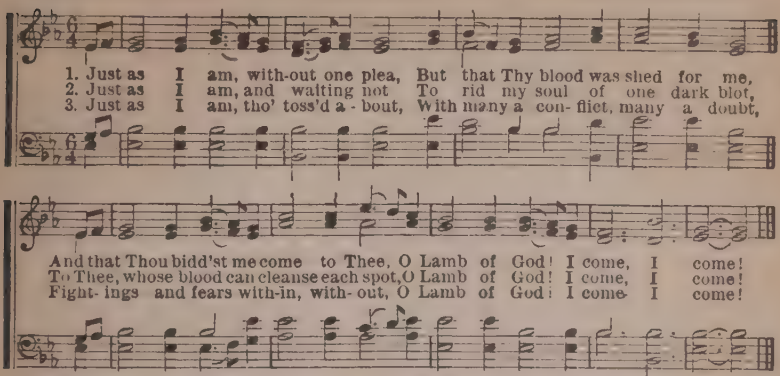
5 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."

6 I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that Light of Life I'll walk
Till trav'ling days are done.

HORATIUS BONAR.

No. 211. Just as I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. (WOODWORTH. L. M.) WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd a - bout, With many a con- flict, many a doubt,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
Fight- ings and fears with-in, with- out, O Lamb of God! I come I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

5 Just as I am; Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

No. 212. When I survey. L. M.

1 When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord! that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God,
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

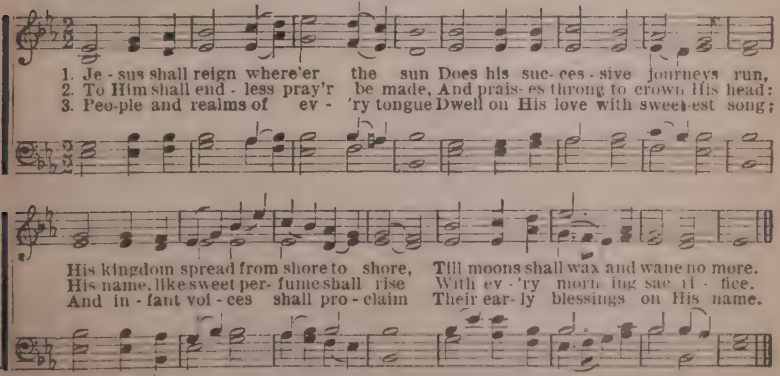
4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er His body on the tree;
Then I am dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

ISAAC WATTS.

No. 213. Jesus Shall Reign.

ISAAC WATTS. (DUKE STREET. L. M.) JOHN HATTON.


1. Je - sus shall reign where'er the sun Does his suc- ces - sive journeys run,
2. To Him shall end - less pray'r be made, And prais- es throng to crown His head;
3. Peo-ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweet- est song;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
His name, like sweet per- fume shall rise With ev - 'ry morn- ing sac- ri - fice.
And in - fant voi - ces shall pro - claim Their ear- ly blessings on His name.

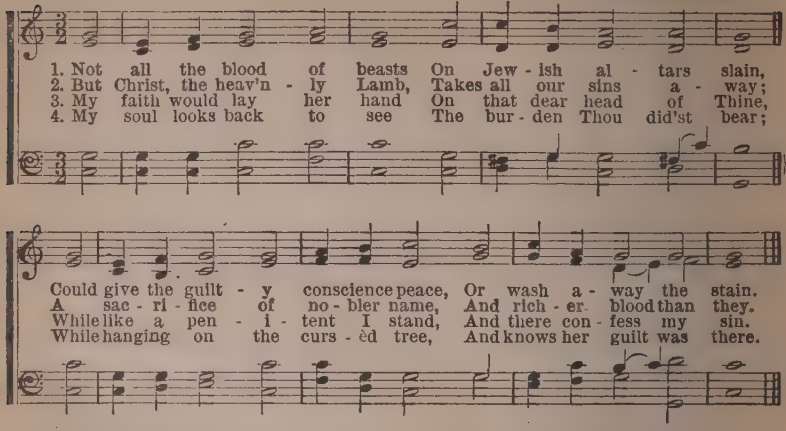
4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honors to our King:
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud amen.

No. 214. Not all the Blood of Beasts.

(BOYLSTON. S.M.)

ISAAC WATTS. LOWELL MASON.


1. Not all the blood of beasts On Jew - ish al - tars slain,
2. But Christ, the heav'n - ly Lamb, Takes all our sins a - way;
3. My faith would lay her hand On that dear head of Thine,
4. My soul looks back to see The bur - den Thou did'st bear;
Could give the guilt - y conscience peace, Or wash a - way the stain.
A sac - ri - fice of no - bler name, And rich - er blood than they.
While like a pen - i - tent I stand, And there con - fess my sin.
While hanging on the curs - èd tree, And knows her guilt was there.

No. 215. Lord, Bless and Pity Us.

1 Lord, bless and pity us,
Shine on us with Thy face:
That th'earth Thy way, and nations all
May know Thy saving grace.

2 Let people praise Thee, Lord!
Let people all Thee praise!
Oh, let the nations all be glad,
In songs their voices raise!

3 Thou'lt justly people judge,
On earth rule nations all:
Let people praise Thee, Lord! let them
Praise Thee, both great and small!

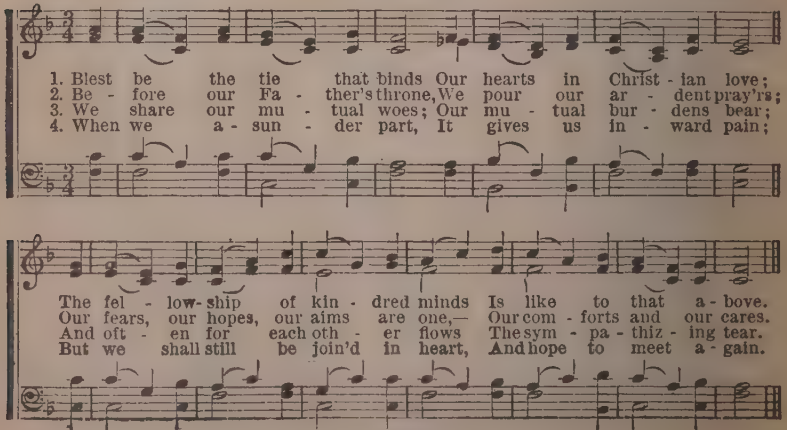
4 The earth her fruit shall yield,
Our God shall blessing send;
God shall us bless: men shall Him fear
Unto earth's utmost end.

PSALM 67.

No. 216. Blest be the Tie.

(DENNIS. S.M.)

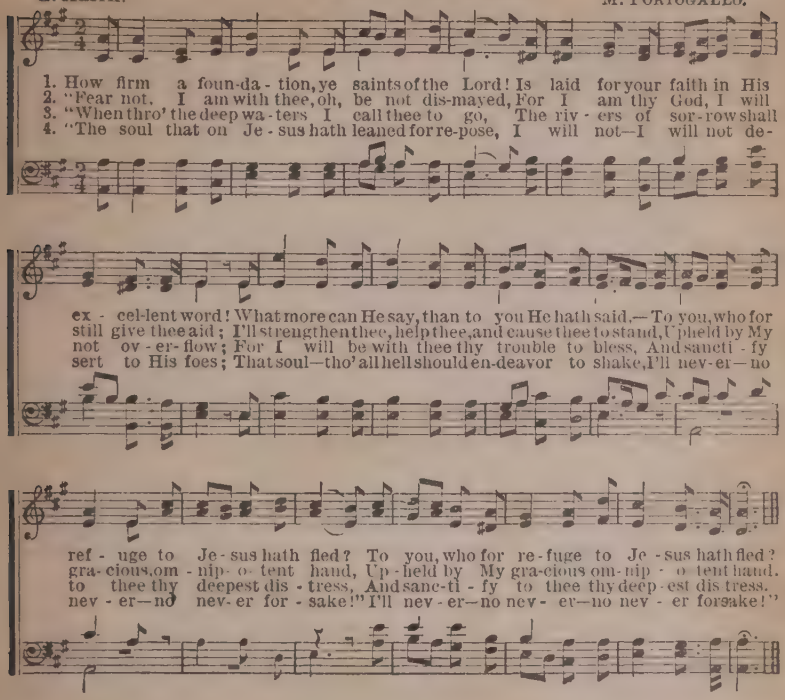
JOHN FAWCETT. H. G. NÄGELI.


1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christ - ian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;
3. We share our mu - tual woes; Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;
The fel - low-ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,— Our com - forts and our cares.
And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
But we shall still be join'd in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

No. 217. How Firm A Foundation.

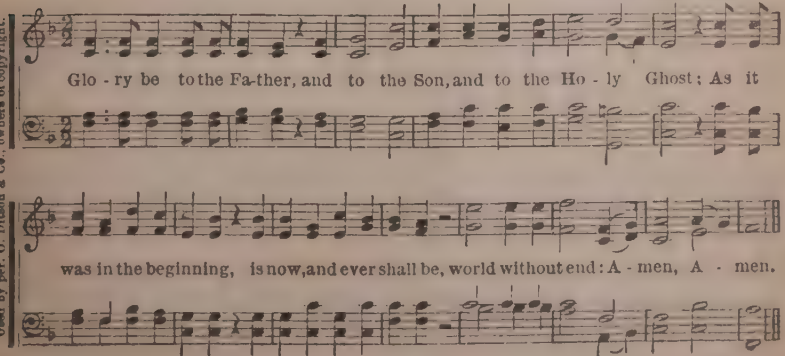
(PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.)

G. KEITH. M. PORTOGALLO.


1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord! Is laid for your faith in His
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dis-mayed, For I am thy God, I will
3. "When thro' the deep wa-ters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of sor-row shall
4. "The soul that on Je-sus hath leaned for re-pose, I will not—I will not de-
ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say, than to you He hath said.—To you, who for
still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Upheld by My
not ov-er-flow; For I will be with thee thy trouble to bless, And sanctify
sert to His foes; That soul—tho' all hell should en-deavor to shake, I'll nev-er—no
ref-uge to Je-sus hath fled? To you, who for re-fuge to Je-sus hath fled?
gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand, Up-held by My gra-cious om-nip-o-tent hand.
to thee thy deepest dis-tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
nev-er—no nev-er for-sake!" I'll nev-er—no nev-er—no nev-er forsake!"

No. 218. Glory be to the Father.

H. W. GREATOREX.


Glo-ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost; As it
was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end: A-men, A-men.

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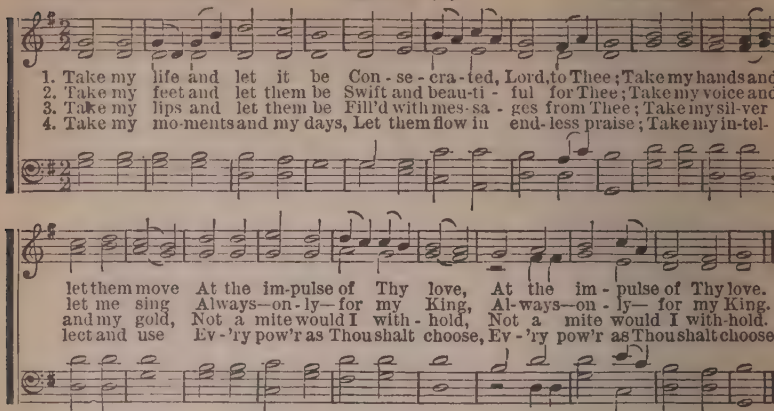
No. 219. Take my Life and let it Be.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. (HENDON. 7s.) C. H. A. MALAN.


1. Take my life and let it be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee; Take my hands and
2. Take my feet and let them be Swift and beau-ti - ful for Thee; Take my voice and
3. Take my lips and let them be Fill'd with mes-sa - ges from Thee; Take my sil-ver
4. Take my mo-ments and my days, Let them flow in end-less praise; Take my in-tel-
let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love, At the im - pulse of Thy love.
let me sing Always—on-ly—for my King, Al-ways—on - ly— for my King.
and my gold, Not a mite would I with - hold, Not a mite would I with-hold.
lect and use Ev - 'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose, Ev - 'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.

5 Take my will and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne.

6 Take my love, my God, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

No. 220. Come, said Jesus.

1 Come, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home,
Weary pilgrim, hither come!

2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

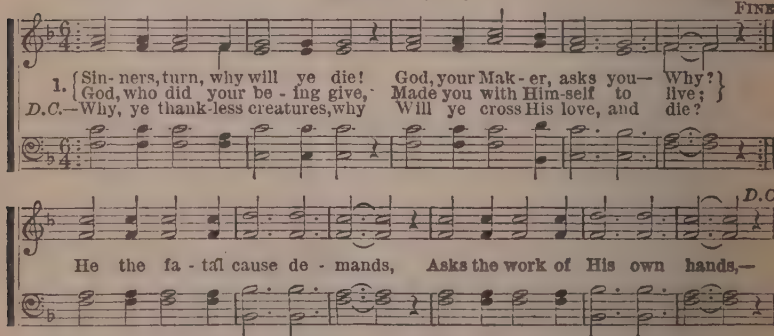
3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn;—

4 Hither come! for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

ANN L. BARBAULD.

No. 221. Sinners, Turn.

C. WESLEY. (MARTYN. 7s. D.) S. B. MARSH.

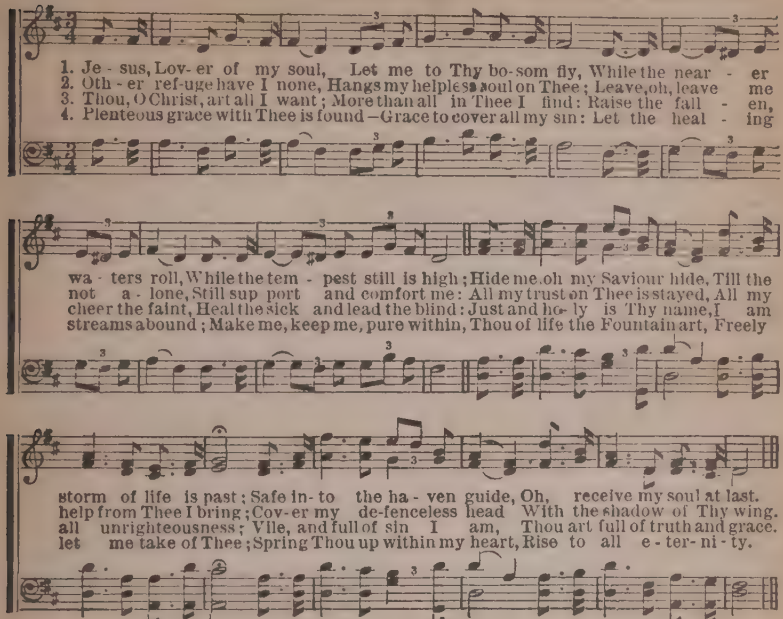

FINE.
1. { Sin-ners, turn, why will ye die! God, your Mak-er, asks you— Why?
God, who did your be - ing give, Made you with Him-self to live;
D.C.—Why, ye thank-less creatures, why Will ye cross His love, and die?
D.C.
He the fa - tal cause de - mands, Asks the work of His own hands,—

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you—why?
He who did your souls retrieve,
Died Himself that ye might 'live.
Will ye let Him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight His grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you—Why?
He, who all your lives hath strove,
Urged you to embrace His love:
Will ye not His grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners! why,
Will ye grieve your God, and die?

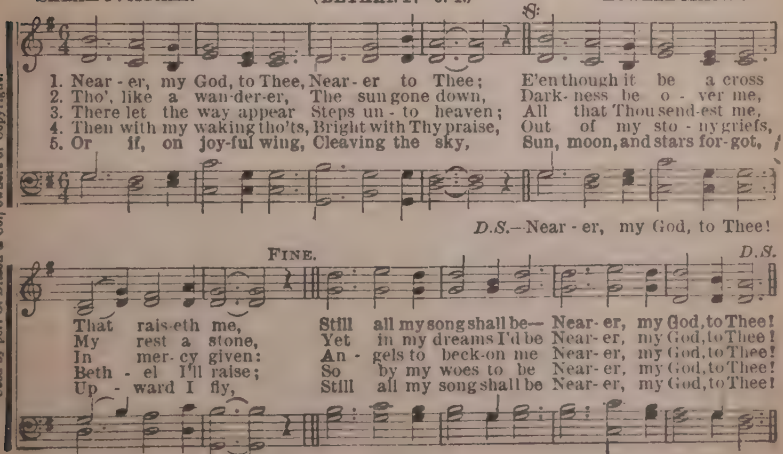
No. 222. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

C. WESLEY. (REFUGE. 7s. D.) JOS. P. HOLBROOK, by per.


1. Je - sus, Lov- er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly, While the near - er
2. Oth - er ref-uge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, oh, leave me
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find: Raise the fall - en,
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found—Grace to cover all my sin: Let the heal - ing
wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high; Hide me, oh my Saviour hide, Till the
not a - lone, Still sup port and comfort me: All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my
cheer the faint, Heal the sick and lead the blind: Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am
streams abound; Make me, keep me, pure within, Thou of life the Fountain art, Freely
storm of life is past; Safe in- to the ha - ven guide, Oh, receive my soul at last.
help from Thee I bring; Cov-er my de-fenceless head With the shadow of Thy wing.
all unrighteousness; Vile, and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
let me take of Thee; Spring Thou up within my heart, Rise to all e - ter- ni - ty.

No. 223. Nearer, my God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS. (BETHANY, 6. 4.) LOWELL MASON.


1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee; E'en though it be a cross
2. Tho', like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Dark- ness be o - ver me,
3. There let the way appear Steps un - to heaven; All that Thou send-est me,
4. Then with my waking tho'ts, Bright with Thy praise, Out of my sto - ny griefs,
5. Or if, on joy-ful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for-got,
D.S.—Near - er, my God, to Thee!
FINE.
D.S.
That rais-eth me, Still all my song shall be— Near- er, my God, to Thee!
My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be Near- er, my God, to Thee!
In mer- cy given: An - gels to beck-on me Near- er, my God, to Thee!
Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near- er, my God, to Thee!
Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be Near- er, my God, to Thee!
Near - er to Thee!

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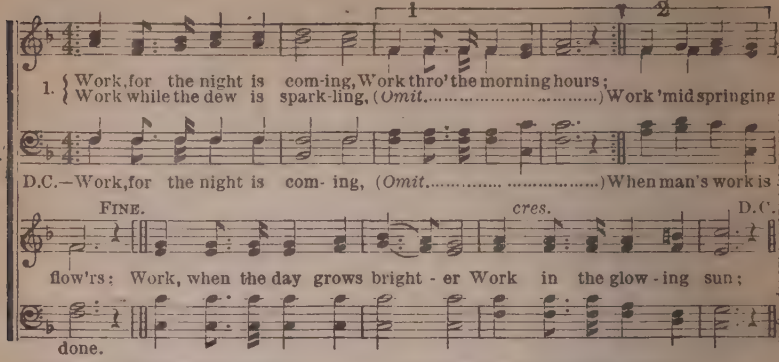
No. 224. Work, for the Night is Coming.

ANNIE L. WALKER. LOWELL MASON.


1. { Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the morning hours;
{ Work while the dew is spark-ling, (Omit.....) Work 'mid springing
D.C.—Work, for the night is com- ing, (Omit.....) When man's work is
FINE.
cres.
D.C.
flow'rs; Work, when the day grows bright - er Work in the glow - ing sun;
done.

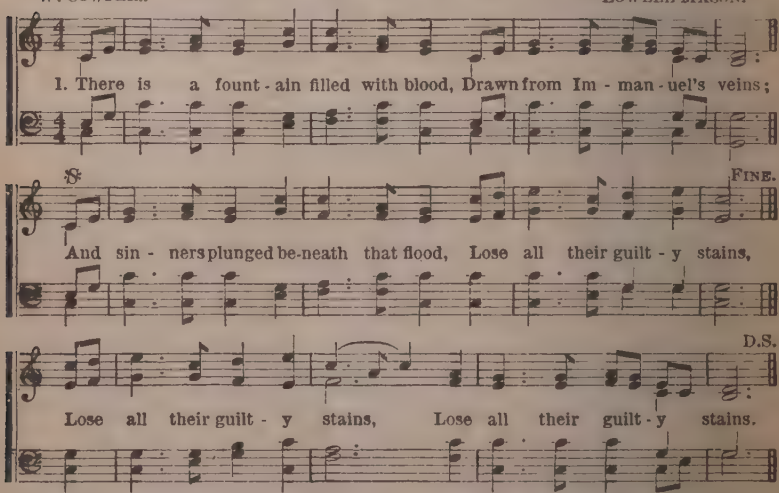
By per. O. Ditson & Co., owners of the copyright.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon,
Give every flying minute,
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies,
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

No. 225. There is a Fountain.

W. COWPER. LOWELL MASON.


1. There is a fount - ain filled with blood, Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins;
And sin - ners plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains,
FINE.
D.S.
Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

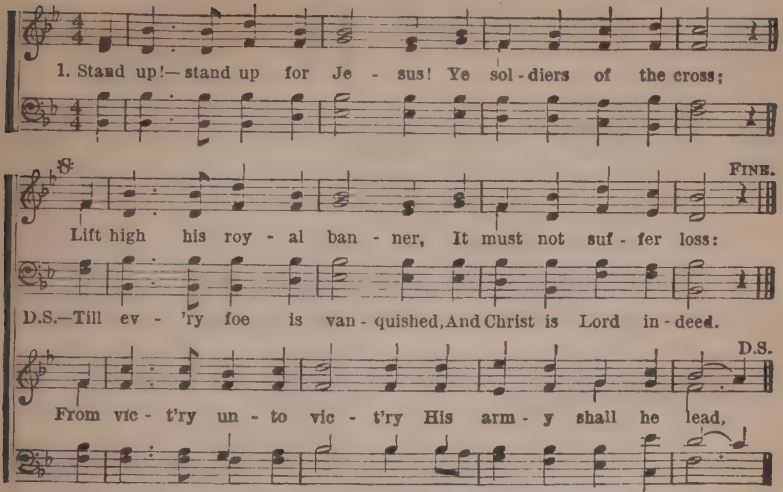
3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweet song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

No. 226. Stand up for Jesus.

G. DUFFIELD. (WEBB. 7.6.) G. J. WEBB.


1. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross;
Lift high his roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:
FINE.
D.S.—Till ev - 'ry foe is van - quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
D.S.
From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His arm - y shall he lead,

2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day, the noise of battle,
The next, the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally!

No. 227. The Morning Light. 7s. 6s.

1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears!
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing—
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation!
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim—"The Lord is come!"

S. F. SMITH.

No. 228. Sometimes a Light Surprises.

1 Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in his wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy comtemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

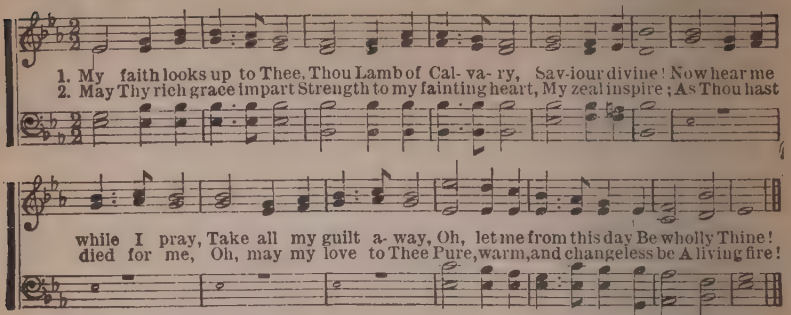
3 It can bring with it nothing,
But He will bring us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe His people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens,
Will give His children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither,
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks, nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice,
For while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

W. COWPER.

No. 229. My Faith Looks up to Thee.

RAY PALMER. (OLIVET. 6s, 4s.) LOWELL MASON.

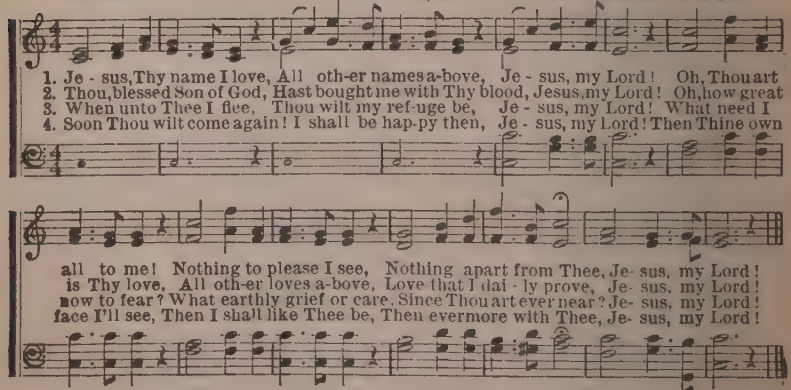

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal- va- ry, Sav-iour divine! Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire; As Thou hast
while I pray, Take all my guilt a- way, Oh, let me from this day Be wholly Thine!
died for me, Oh, may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

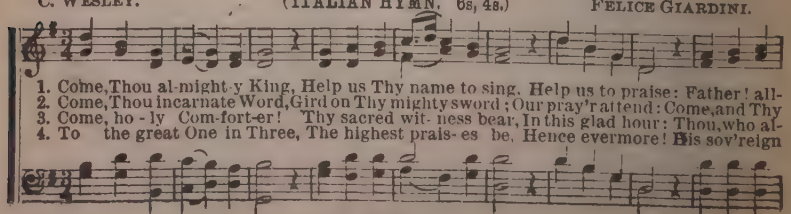
No. 230. Jesus, Thy Name I Love.

J. G. DECK. (LYTE. 6s, 4s.) J. P. HOLBROOK, by per.

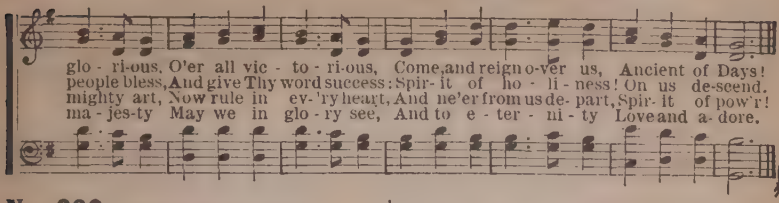

1. Je - sus, Thy name I love, All oth-er names a-bove, Je - sus, my Lord! Oh, Thou art
2. Thou, blessed Son of God, Hast bought me with Thy blood, Jesus, my Lord! Oh, how great
3. When unto Thee I flee, Thou wilt my ref-uge be, Je - sus, my Lord! What need I
4. Soon Thou wilt come again! I shall be hap-py then, Je - sus, my Lord! Then Thine own
all to me! Nothing to please I see, Nothing apart from Thee, Je- sus, my Lord!
is Thy love, All oth-er loves a-bove, Love that I dai - ly prove, Je- sus, my Lord!
now to fear? What earthly grief or care, Since Thou art ever near? Je- sus, my Lord!
face I'll see, Then I shall like Thee be, Then evermore with Thee, Je- sus, my Lord!

No. 231. Come, Thou Almighty King.

C. WESLEY. (ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4s.) FELICE GIARDINI.


1. Come, Thou al-might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise: Father! all-
2. Come, Thou incarnate Word, Gird on Thy mighty sword; Our pray'r attend: Come, and Thy
3. Come, ho - ly Com-fort-er! Thy sacred wit- ness bear, In this glad hour: Thou, who al-
4. To the great One in Three, The highest prais- es be, Hence evermore! His sov'reign

Come, Thou Almighty King.—Concluded.


glo - ri-ous. O'er all vic - to - ri-ous, Come, and reign o-ver us, Ancient of Days!
people bless, And give Thy word success: Spir- it of ho - li - ness! On us de-scend.
mighty art, Now rule in ev-'ry heart, And ne'er from us de- part, Spir- it of pow'r!
ma - jes-ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a- dore.

No. 232. Sound, sound the Truth.

1 Sound, sound the truth abroad,
Bear ye the word of God
Through the wide world:
Tell what our Lord has done,
Tell how the day is won,
And from His lofty throne
Satan is hurled.

2 Speed on the wings of love,
Jesus, who reigns above,
Bids us to fly;
They who His message bear
Should neither doubt nor fear,
He will their friend appear,
He will be nigh.

3 Ye, who forsaking all,
At your loved Master's call,
Comforts resign;
Soon will your work be done;
Soon will the prize be won;
Brighter than yonder sun
Then shall ye shine.

T. KELLY.

No. 233. Rise, glorious Conquerer, rise.

1 Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise
Into Thy native skies,—
Assume Thy right;
And where in many a fold
The clouds are backward rolled—
Pass through those gates of gold,
And reign in light!

2 Victor o'er death and hell!
Cherubic legions swell
Thy radiant train:
Praises all heaven inspire;
Each angel sweeps his lyre,
And waves his wings of fire,—
Thou Lamb once slain!

3 Enter, incarnate God!—
No feet but Thine, have trod
The serpent down
Blow the full trumpets, blow!
Wider yon portals throw!
Saviour triumphant—go,
And take Thy crown!

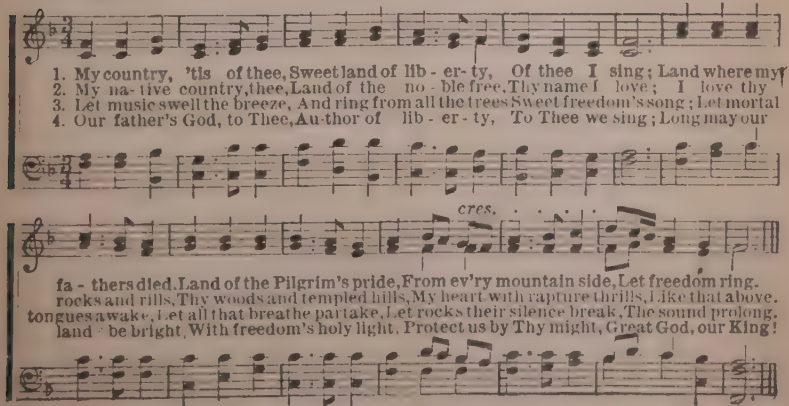
4 Lion of Judah—Hail!
And let Thy name prevail
From age to age;
Lord of the rolling years!
Claim for Thine own the spheres,
For Thou hast bought with tears
Thy heritage.

5 And then was heard afar
Star answering to star—
"Lo! these have come,
Followers of Him who gave
His life their lives to save;
And now their palms they wave,
Brought safely home."

M. BRIDGES.

No. 234. My Country, 'tis of Thee,

S. F. SMITH. (AMERICA. 6s, 4s.)


1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er-ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My na- tive country, thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal
4. Our father's God, to Thee, Au-thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our
cres.
fa - thers died. Land of the Pilgrim's pride, From ev'ry mountain side, Let freedom ring.
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills, My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above.
tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
land be bright, With freedom's holy light, Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

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